Saturday Review

MAY 16, 1970/50¢

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A Little Bit of Chaos

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by Beatrice and Ronald Gross

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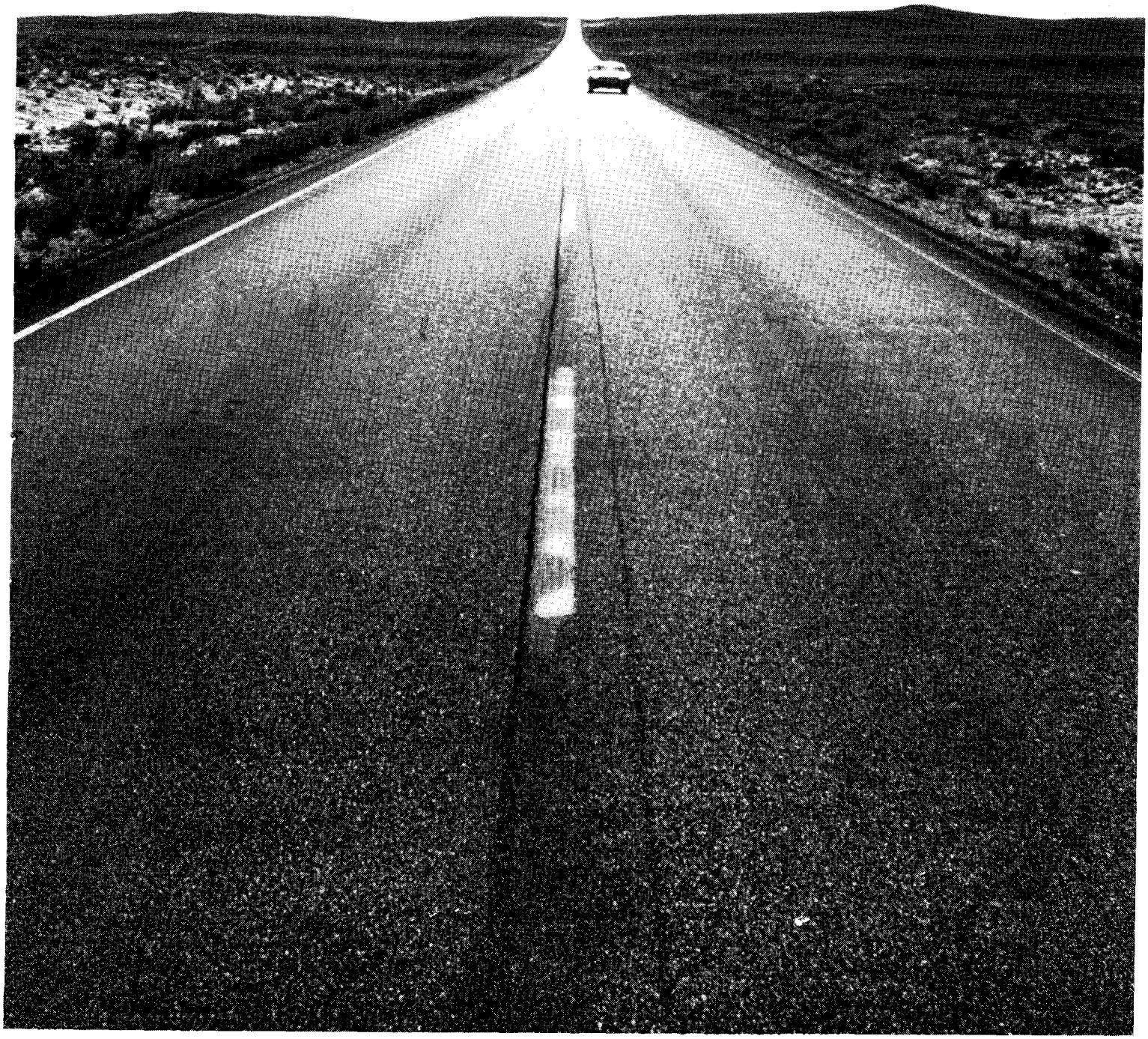

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Some new words have been added to my vocabulary during the last few years. Words like over-kill, body-count, napalm, God-is-dead, Vietnamization, Biafra, My Lai. I've never marched for anything and I've never demonstrated for anything. Because of this, some of my friends would have me believe that I'm not involved. I think I am. And I suspect there are a lot of people like me. People who are torn by what they see, every bit as much as the most dedicated marchers.

But in spite of the caring and feeling, it is easy to forget that the figures we watch on the television news programs, those human beings who are falling and dying, are real people. They know how to laugh and cry. Like us. They can love or hate. Like us. We need writers like D. Keith Mano, and books like his latest novel, WAR IS HEAVEN!, to jolt us back to what is real and important.

John Leonard of the New York Times, after reading WAR IS HEAVEN!, wrote: "Mr. Mano is very young in years, and very old in miracles, scars, mysteries, talent." D. Keith Mano is twenty-eight years old. His characters are timeless. There have always been, and probably always will be, sinner-saints like Sergeant Hook. Their blessings and curses can either destroy those who follow them or show them the way to greatness. They destroy or build, enslave or set free. It depends as much on the followers as the followed. I still may never demonstrate with a sign in my hands for causes in which I earnestly believe. WAR IS HEAVEN! hasn't changed that. But I'm beginning to better understand some of the meanings of the new words I've been using. And I talk a lot more about the things I see that I like and don't like.

My thanks to D. Keith Mano for letting me borrow some of the wisdom that John Leonard spoke about. Right now I'm going to read WAR IS HEAVEN!. Again.

L. L. Day
Editor-at-Large

WAR IS HEAVEN! ($5.95), by D. Keith Mano, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located at 724 Fifth Avenue, New York 10019.

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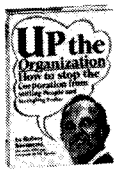

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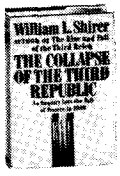

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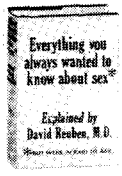

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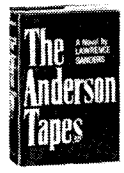

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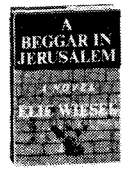

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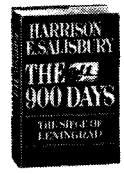

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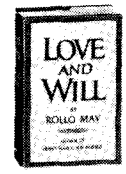

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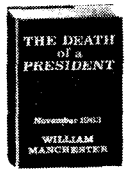

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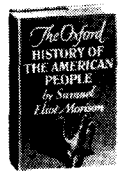

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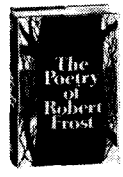

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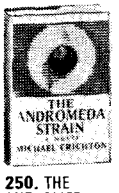

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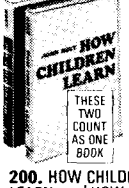

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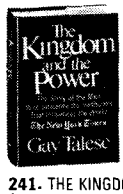

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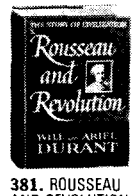

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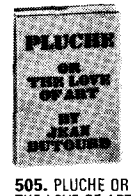

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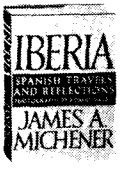

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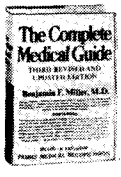

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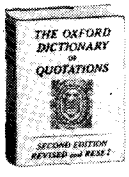

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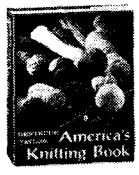

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Why Must the Mail Go Through?

IF YOU ARE one who feels unwanted and unloved when the mailman fails to leave a single letter for you, you've come to the right place.

All you have to do is sit down and write a lighthearted little piece about the feminist movement [TOP OF MY HEAD, May 9], and two or three lettermen, stooped under the weight of their sacks, will beat a path to your mailbox. After reading all those letters you may not feel wanted or loved, but, by heaven, you will feel written to.

There's a catch to it. You'll have to answer those letters. But again you've come to the right place. Recently I wrote a fan note to David Brinkley. In his reply he said if he stalls long enough, letters do not have to be written at all. "Leave them all in a pile," he suggests, "and any letter that can be left in the pile until it yellows at the edges can safely be discarded unanswered."

Good system. But it takes heart. Which this chicken doesn't have. Besides, there's this adolescent compulsion to get back into the good graces of the letter writers. Which I do by simply apologizing for living, and for thinking, and by promising to go and sin no more.

I too have been guilty of writing ill-considered letters in haste and heat. Such as the one I wrote to a company that makes headache tablets, which it guarantees will stop headaches Fast, Fast, Fast. I wrote that my headache had stopped on the Fourth Fast, and, since their product didn't live up to its guaranteed promise, I demanded a return of my money. That letter must have yellowed Fast, Fast, Fast. No reply.

This cavalier treatment of angry letters is the vogue these days. Take the amusing story in *The New York Times* recently about one Lawrence H. Zisman of New Jersey, twenty-eight, a Rutgers University graduate, former Army captain, who wrote President Nixon last autumn complaining about the long Vietnam War. There was no reply. When the President went on TV to make his famous November 4 speech, in which he put forth his war policy, Mr. Zisman wrote again, saying he didn't think Vietnamization would end the war. Still no reply.

Undaunted, Captain Zisman, who claims to be neither "a nut or a kook," sent follow-up letters in December, January, and February. Five letters and no reply. In March, he wrote one more letter—with only a single declarative sentence, expressing his "support of your policies in the war in Vietnam." It was, Mr. Zisman admits, a "test" letter. And he got his reply—a printed card bearing a replica of the Presidential seal in gold, thanking him for his "thoughtful concern for our country."

That was a sly thing to do to our harried President by Mr. Lawrence Zisman, who is now known to his friends as "Tricky Larry." He probably read the book *The Selling of the President* by Joe McGinnis and overreacted.

In this book, the author forwards the proposition that in the last campaign advertising men packaged and sold the Presidency on TV, as they would a product.

Just as I overreacted to the TV commercial of a headache tablet that didn't end my headache Fast Fast Fast according to its guaranteed promise and demanded my money back, so Mr. Zisman overreacted to the product that had not lived up to the guaranteed promise of ending the Vietnam War Fast Fast Fast, and demanded his money back. Tax money, that is.

Getting back to unanswered letters, try this one, told to me as a true happening by Jackie Vernon, the very funny deadpan comedian. As a lad in Pittsburgh, Jackie was an avid fan of Charlie Chaplin's genius. He wrote him a letter expressing his admiration. There was no reply.

For years he wrote to Chaplin but not one letter was answered. When he made it in show business, he stopped writing. Years later, his success brought him into TV and the better nightclubs. One of these clubs was in London, where Jackie recently had occasion to meet Chaplin.

It was in the dining room of the Savoy Hotel, where Jackie spied Chaplin alone at a corner table. He walked over, hoping to shake the hand of his long-time idol.

"Mr. Chaplin?" said Jackie.

Chaplin looked up. "Yes?" he replied.

"My name is Jackie Vernon."

"Jackie Vernon," said Chaplin, trying to recall the name. "Jackie Vernon—Jackie Ver—oh yes! Why did you stop writing?"

If this be Tuesday, make the most of it.

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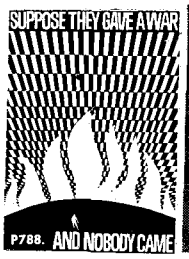

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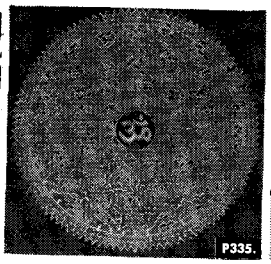
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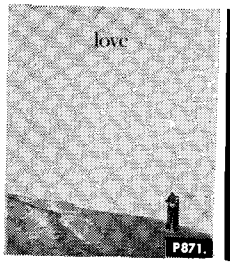

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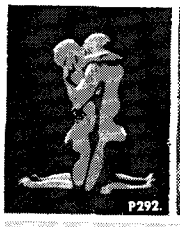
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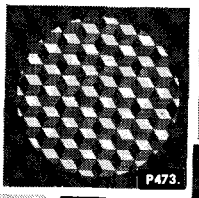
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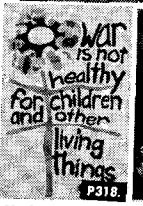

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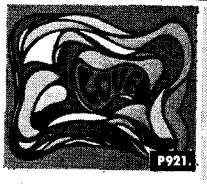
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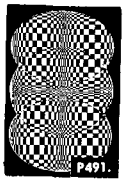
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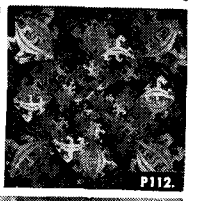
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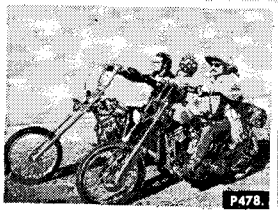
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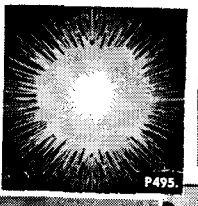
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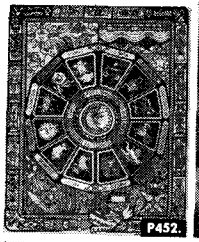
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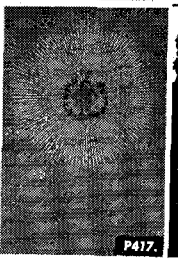
Dali: ZODIAC
Portfolio of 12.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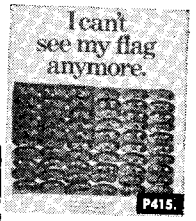

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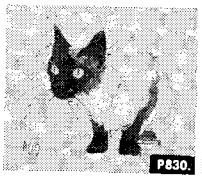
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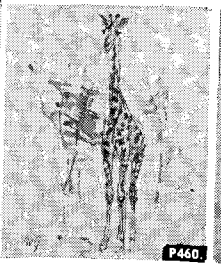
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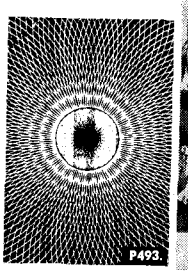
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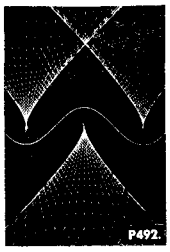

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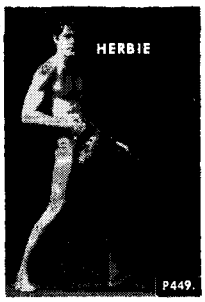

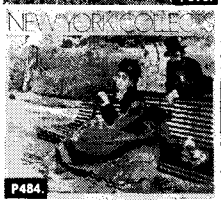

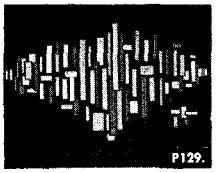

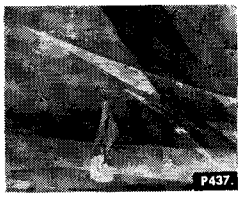

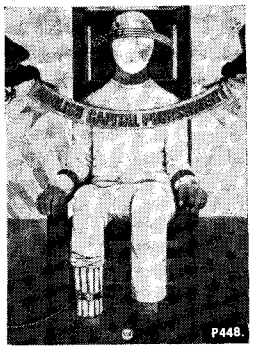

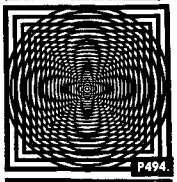

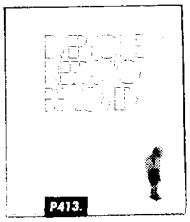

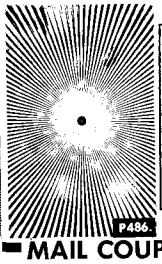

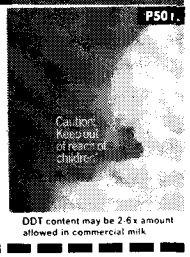

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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

Graffiti

GRAFFITI ARE ALWAYS WITH US, usually as dull repetitions of names or initials, plus dates, and perhaps a self-acclaiming slogan; or as clumsy pornographic drawings; or as standardized, roughly rhymed scatology. Occasionally, the writing on public walls touches the memorable, and intellectuals hurry to praise it as folk-wit. Yet, I suspect it is not the rude folk-bard but the disguised intellectual who makes these memorable moments. When a Harvard wall is inscribed ELOISE LOVES ABELARD, it is obvious that some college wit is playing sophisticated variations on the initialed heart carved into the old oak tree or tattooed on a sailor's forearm. There is perhaps a thrust of folk humor-in-invective in the message once painted on the wall of a public swimming pool in New York City. MARVIN IS A PREVERT it declared, perhaps as a true folk impulse, more likely as the work of a slyboots intellectual aping the folk manner. But there is no hope of hiding the wailing intellectual (between play and tears?) when the wall message reads WHY ARE WE ALL SO REMOTE FROM EVERYTHING?

The most moving, authentic graffito I ever came on was shown to me by a friend who was remodeling an old house he had just bought. On the side of an attic window frame, which had later been covered by a molding my friend had just removed, was written: JOE, THE LONELY ONE and a date. Joe, it turned out, was the adolescent son of the former owner. We tend to think of graffiti as announcements made to the world at large, and as prominently as possible. In the true sense, however, graffiti are wall scratchings of any sort, motivated by inner impulse, and addressed across the anonymity of time to any finder. They are small tombstones of sentiment. God knows what Joe had been feeling that lost afternoon in his attic. Clearly, his message was not for his parents to find. It was left for whatever kindred soul might find it and be moved to understand Joe had been there and had wished for more than there was.

Intellectual or folk, there is something about the humbleness, honesty, playfulness, and anonymity of graffiti that can catch the attention and kindle a response as more formal writing cannot. So it is that some people are forever collecting graffiti. At intervals then graffiti become an intellectual fad, only to fade back to their eternal walls as the fad passes, there to be reacclaimed in time by a new discoverer.

Today, graffiti are in fashion again. A few years ago some advertising agents sponsored a contest to find the best graffiti and even offered samples (MADISON AVENUE IS A ONE WAY STREET). As far as I know, no one has yet based a TV commercial on graffiti, but it is probably an even money bet that this simple suggestion is enough to start the agency boys on the idea and that a graffiti commercial will show up within a year.

As part of the current fad, collectors' samplings of graffiti have been published in book form, with hopefully analytical comments on the various genres of graffiti. And, as further evidence, I notice that a number of colleges have set up "graffiti boards"—large sheets of white cardboard tacked to a wall. Without defacing the wall, all comers are free to scribble their impulses on the graffiti board or to enter their replies to some earlier scribbler's impulse. What I like about these college union and smoking room graffiti boards is that they readily turn into conversations to which various speakers, identified by their handwriting, keep returning.

A fair example of such graffiti interplay runs:

HELP STAMP OUT RHETORICAL QUESTIONS.
—BORED.

HELP STAMP OUT UNQUESTIONABLE BORES.
—RHETORICIAN.

Or the play may take off, fumble through all sorts of hits and misses, and yet manage to score unexpected points. Here is one sequence I copied from a graffiti board in a California college's student union (to keep *SR*'s compositor from having a nervous breakdown, let each number be taken to identify a particular handwriting):

1) I have lost the equivalence of my ability to live. Please help me find my way.

2) Be like Miss Muffet. Start with your curds and your whey will follow.

3) Solipsist! Can't you tell a heavy question by the weigh?

4) Encores away, my lads?
—USNA.

2) Yr lads are laid
Yr anchors weighed
And yr the fools yr mothers made.
—USMA.

3) All of you look like targets to me. (USAF)

1) See what I mean? Send out an S.O.S. and every S.O.B. within range jams the airwaves!

What such graffiti seem to have at best is an irreverent irrelevance en route to a mortal thrust, which itself is probably both irreverent and irrelevant, although the reader is never quite sure. We are left thinking we can guess more than has been said, and since we are all intellectual peeping Toms, we are gratified by our sense of secret insight, even when it isn't wholly justified.

Yet, all styles should be tried. As it happens I do not have a graffiti board at hand, nor any wall I am moved to scribble on. I must try my luck at nonmural graffiti. Call them Graffiti for the Inside of a Skull Wall. Once again the marginal letters must identify the writers as their handwriting would do in an actual graffiti-exchange.

Panel One:

1) I'm getting older no better. What's your rate of attrition?

2) Sorry, I'm feeling too well to be sensitive.

3) Not all dolts are healthy, but to be healthy in an imperialist capitalist society is doltishly insensitive.
—Chairman Mao.

4) My father isn't well. He's just high in the tax brackets.

3) Mainline it, Dad: it's less addictive.

Panel Two:

1) I'm lonelier now than I was when I first came to wherever I am.

2) Good. Avoid infection. This is a plague year.

1) I didn't say alone. I said lonely.

3) If you two will leave me some

(*Continued on page* 63)

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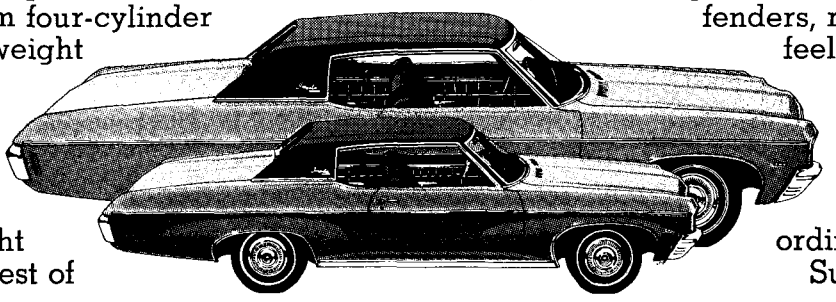

The car will also have its own strong body, its own disc/drum brake system, its own kind of front bucket seats, its own colors, its own impressive array of talents and abilities.

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We've put a lot of money into this car. And it shows.

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

The Dance of Liberation

WASHINGTON, D.C.

THERE IS NO JOY like liberation, which may be why the current Arena Stage production of *Dance of Death* is so thrilling. Strindberg's masterpiece, in the wrong hands, can emerge as a pessimistic exercise in gloom. But here Paul Avila Mayer's abridged version of the play emphasizes those actions that most urgently and immediately will occupy the actor, so that Rip Torn and Viveca Lindfors can play the Captain and his wife Alice like two hungry dogs with a juicy bone. As the performance begins, the dance of death has been building up for twenty-five years. For the closer inevitable death looms, the harder the Captain and his wife fight each other in the lonely Swedish military outpost where they are stationed. Their love-hate relationship is fueled less by genuine assessments of faults and virtues than it is by their lonely inner battles to free themselves from the confines of their marriage. But unlike most couples, this strong-willed pair voice their desperation to the point where they have acquired a habitual need to hit and be hit.

Torn is grizzled, sharp, and recklessly arrogant. He curses his wife's former suitor, Kurt, who brought them together, describing it as "a foolish gesture for which *we've* had to pay, *not him.*" He smokes, he drinks, he dances despite his calcified heart, which keeps sending him into strokes. The suddenness and complete lack of self-pity that mark these seizures make them abruptly funny. And the demonic hilarity is augmented by his wife's eagerness that they be fatal.

Miss Lindfors is also at her most relaxed best as his sparring partner. She is totally fearless as she battles him, absolutely determined to outlast him. Indeed, she seems to relish the struggle so much that it is hard for us to take seriously either the resumption of her love affair with Kurt or her hopes for a divorce. She is marvelously bizarre, as in the middle of a fight she stands smoking the lighted cigar her husband has shoved in her mouth. Similarly the final scene is splendidly uninhibited. As the Captain lies dying, he explodes a puree of spit and biscuit crumbs in her face, and she responds by plucking out his beard.

Mitchell Ryan gives a strong performance as the weak Kurt, which makes his ultimate humiliations more of a feat. Julie Garfield as the Captain's daughter and Robert Walden as Kurt's son nicely defeat their parents' destructive adult games.

Alfred Ryder has directed the play inventively, particularly in a duel when the Captain slashes Alice's defending umbrella with his saber. And he makes most effective use of Leo Kerz's revolving stage by rotating it to heighten moments of maximum emotional chaos. This is a production that should be toured to New York and to other regional theaters as long as Mr. Torn and Miss Lindfors continue to enjoy playing it with such relish.

The New York premiere of the Bertolt Brecht-Kurt Weill opera *The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny* is a disappointment. Some of us who have seen the work more satisfactorily presented at London's Sadler's Wells or at Stratford, Ontario, were prepared for what has always seemed a ridiculous plot, and a somewhat unnecessary demonstration that capitalism can be destructive of human values. But the songs are great, and to hear them played so ineffectually makes this *Mahagonny* an ungratifying experience indeed. Barbara Harris does have a few lovely moments as Jenny, the prostitute, and Frank Porretta has the strong operatic voice most of the others lack. As for the translation of the lyrics, one has only to compare the current ineffective adaptation of "As You Make Your Bed, You Must Lie in It," with the one sung so marvelously by Alvin Epstein and Martha Schlamme last summer Off-Broadway [see *SR*, Aug. 2, 1969] to recognize the kind of loss that has occurred.

Jean-Louis Barrault's spectacular production of *Rabelais* (scheduled to play at City Center from May 19 through May 31) promises to be the outstanding event of New York's current theater season. For *Rabelais*, an uninhibited free-for-all based on the works of the great sixteenth-century writer, has already been hailed by various overseas critics as an inspired combination of *Hair* and the Living Theatre, plus the unique intellectual and poetic imagination of Barrault's theatrical genius.

When M. Barrault was here in February, we briefly discussed the genesis of what for him was a radically new kind of work. It came out of the French

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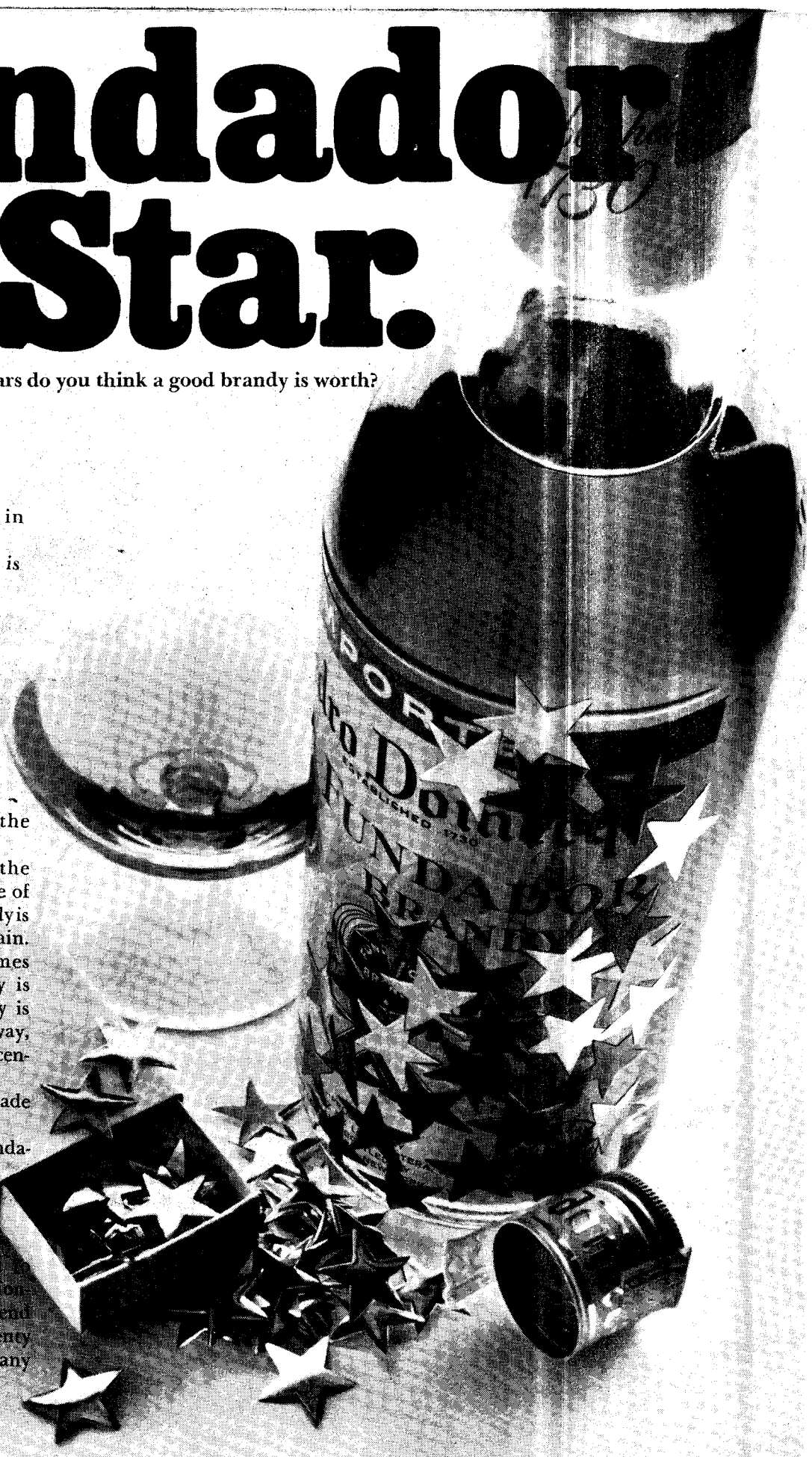

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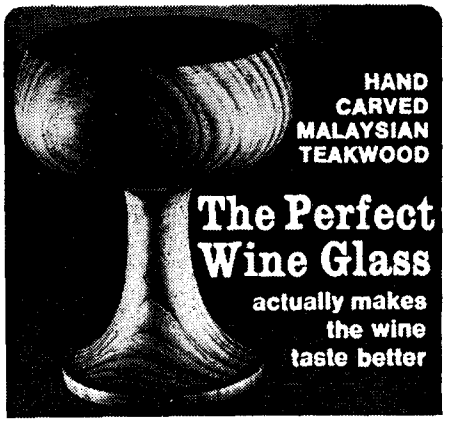
student revolt of 1969, in which Barrault's sympathetic surrender to the students resulted in his company's losing its home at the government-owned Théâtre de France.

For the then fifty-eight-year-old Barrault, the experience was at first frustrating. But soon he began to feel a liberation that eventually led him to Rabelais, the supreme evangelist of freedom. Barrault tried to look at the world as if he were twenty in order to understand the students. He deliberately avoided making a political analysis, to "think above" such complexities. He saw mankind as being divided into two families, one of domination, the other of liberation. He placed himself in the second family, but felt that liberation also went hand in hand with individual responsibility and the discriminating application of trust. The first law was to respect the kingdom of others, and then build one's own morality. "If you speak to the young men and young girls," he says, "they *have* a sense of morality, which is their own. For the morality of the established party of order is not always moral, and may be built on false foundations. Then if we accept the party of order, we may become accomplices of something false."

Barrault feels that what is happening is that some among the youth are refusing to become accomplices in a race for domination of the world between East and West. Instead they choose to try to create a new race of man for the modern epoch, and we of the older generation should let them do it their way. Barrault sees our times as having many parallels with the era of Rabelais. The discovery of new continents and the exploration of space; the Inquisition's jailing of Ignatius of Loyola and our current eruptions of police brutality; Gargantua's free-swinging Abbey of Thélème and the hippie communes. Furthermore, Rabelais's scatology and his attack on old-fashioned education, plus the refusal of Erasmus to become Pope, are most modern qualities.

Although *Rabelais* is pro-religious in a humanistic way, Barrault says, "It is not ontological theater. If it were, it would be school." Rather, he sees it as "total theater," which he defines as his actors' attempt "to re-create life with the totality of the human being." And he hopes that experiencing *Rabelais* will make us realize that, if we really want to be free, we must choose our own order.



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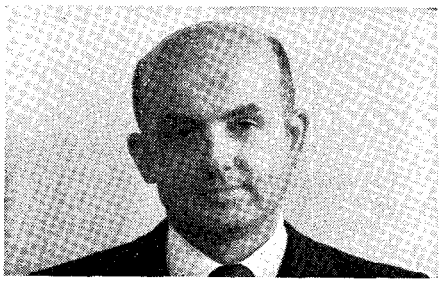

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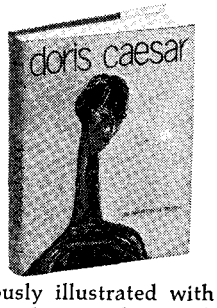

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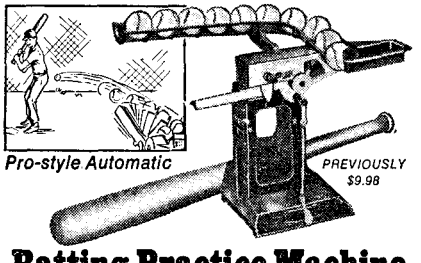

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Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

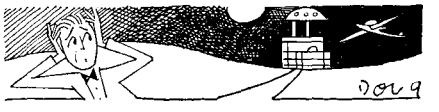
A lady in the Bronx, according to *The New York Times*, has finally found a solution to the frequent burglaries of her apartment. At first, she had thought that by adding more locks to the door, she could eventually foil the thieves. Over the years, she had accumulated eight locks. Still her place was broken into. She went to a locksmith for consultation. But instead of selling her a ninth lock, he told her to leave four of the locks unlocked and four locked when she left home. Since then she has been free from robberies. When a burglar picks her eight locks, he is locking just as many as he is unlocking.

A public relations man in New York City has registered a group called Joggers for Conservation. Members belong to that large body of urbanites who, between sunrise and sunset, do their jogging around the reservoir in Central Park. William Houlton, the organizer, says that joggers have always been more aware than any others of pollution. Because of the deep breathing that goes with jogging, they are sensitive to the condition of the air. But their main concern at this stage is to preserve the reservoir area for runners. They are trying to get the cooperation of the Police Department, without much success. They are up against dog owners, a powerful lobby, who want to let their animals use the area. Not only do the pets mess up the ground, making it necessary for joggers to watch their step, but when a dog sees a jogger he is apt to think of him as quarry. Joggers are also unhappy about bicyclers who are making illegal use of the jogging turf. There has even been some talk about filling in the reservoir. As Houlton says, "Ridiculous! The reservoir is the kind of thing that, if it wasn't there, they would be talking about creating it." Joggers for Conservation is also fighting a Police Department scheme to erect a big building smack in the center of the park. These joggers are united, and their ultimate goal is to have the park closed permanently to automobile traffic.

Once in a while a book title becomes part of the language. For example, Vance Packard elevated "status seeker" and William Whyte, "organization man." One of the most talked-about books of this year has given us another phrase that is going into the language. The interesting feature of the case is that the book has yet to be published. It has been seen in preview form by only a few people.

The book is *Future Shock* by Alvin Toffler, to be brought out in July by Random House. Five years ago, Toffler began to study the impact of high-speed change on the individual, his feelings, his ideas, his marriage, children, and job. He coined the phrase "future shock," which he has defined as "the dizzying disorientation brought on by the premature arrival of the future," or "what happens to ordinary people when they are overwhelmed by accelerating change." He first used the phrase in a 1965 article in *Horizon* magazine. Since then Toffler's word-invention has had quite a history.

A former Minister of Health of Canada appropriated the term and some of Toffler's article to warn that future shock "may well be the most important disease of tomorrow." The Los Angeles *Times West* magazine used the term and attributed it to a La Jolla psychiatrist. A record company borrowed the phrase for an ad campaign. Herman Kahn used it in his *The Year*



2000. Jacob Brackman, film critic of *Esquire*, said that the hero of *End of the Road* was a victim of future shock. Another publisher incorporated the phrase in its ads for a book about space.

Toffler is afraid that when his *Future Shock* is finally published he will be accused of swiping the words for the title from someone else.

A resurgence of chain letters has been causing the Postal Department some concern. It has been trying for a couple of generations to stop the craze, without success. One reason is that they are often fascinating, like this one a man in New Rochelle, New York, received:

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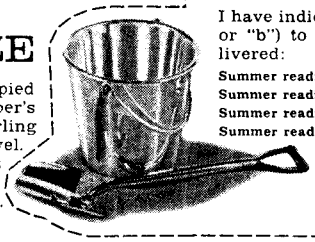

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SUCH A FRANK ACCOUNT OF WHAT'S GOING ON THAT SOME STORES WON'T DISPLAY IT

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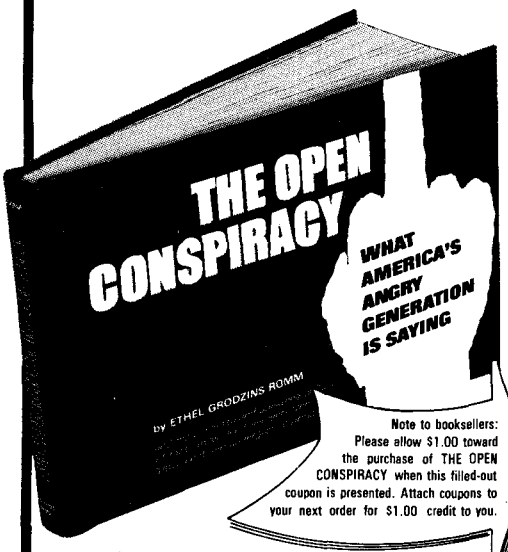

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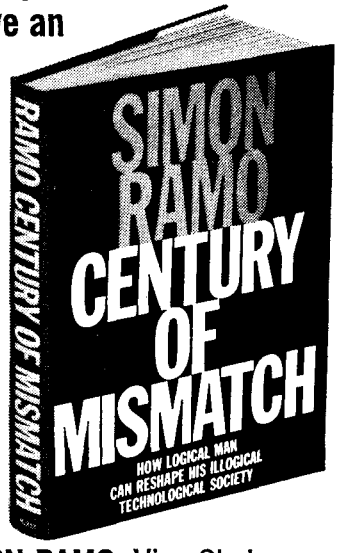
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Sharps and Flats: The slogan of the Crist Mortuary in Boulder, Colorado, is "Ask those we've served."

► The Metropolitan Museum of Art is holding a joust in Central Park June 20. The festivities will last all day, and the theme will be the fifteenth century. This is a most important century for the Richard III Society, Inc. The Richardians will be right in their element, manning a booth and taking part in the joust. They are now seeking people who can play fifteenth-century songs on lute or guitar, who can hold horses for the knights between jousts, and who can use a broadsword.

► Charles Webb, author of *The Graduate* and, recently, *The Marriage of a Young Stockbroker,* told me that his grandmother had saved every issue of *Saturday Review* from the first. They filled her bedroom closet. When she died last year, the collection went to the library in Covina, California, a rare acquisition.

► The weekly paper in Hurricane, West Virginia, is called *Breeze.*

► Whoever keeps the Ho Chi Minh Trail open, despite our heavy bombings, ought to be hired to show us how to keep traffic moving on a plain and simple city street.

► Sign on the door of an English professor at University of Nevada, Las Vegas: DELAYED INCEPTION OF OFFICE HOURS OF APPROXIMATELY ONE-HALF HOUR IS ANTICIPATED.

►Charles Anderson says he knows a baker who is a hermit, which proves that man *can* live by bread, alone.

► In an advertisement in this very magazine, Russia's Intourist travel agency suggested that Americans travel to Japan the scenic way, across the Soviet Union, adding, "It doesn't cost a red cent extra."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1883)

ALEXANDER KENDRICK:
PRIME TIME

Murrow . . . defined the purpose of controversy and believed its function was not only to provoke but to illuminate. The focusing searchlight affixed to the mirror made his kind of television truly the window on the world he felt it was designed to be.

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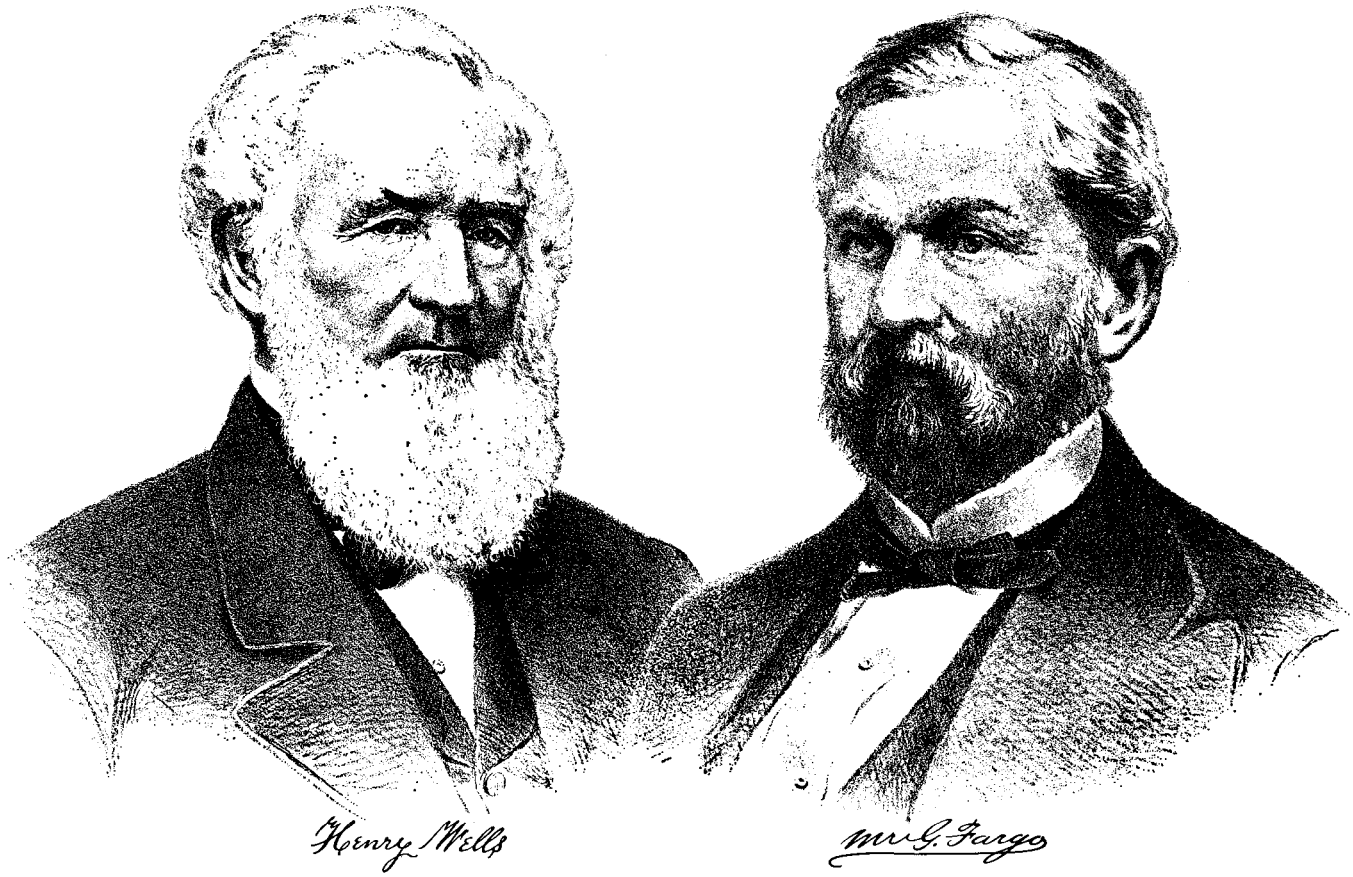

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—*Beverly Pabst.*

IONESCO ON OLYMPUS

"I am always surprised. I go through life perpetually astonished at everything that happens around me."

by TOM BISHOP

"Were you surprised to be elected to the Académie Française?" was the question asked of Eugène Ionesco, the granddaddy of modern avant-garde playwrights, following his recent, unexpected election to that most conservative of establishments. Ionesco replied quickly and with obvious sincerity: "Yes, I was surprised. But, you know," he added after a second's reflection and with a trace of puckish humor barely visible on his otherwise deadpan face, "I am always surprised. I go through life perpetually astonished at everything that happens around me." Looked at objectively, Ionesco's entry into the French Academy represents a milestone of sorts —and a very curious one. The "forty immortals," as they are known, embody the peak of intellectual respectability. It is rather amazing to imagine the author of *The Bald Soprano, The Chairs,* and other plays that irritated many and baffled most Parisians in the early 1950s resplendent in a new academician's green uniform fitted to his roundish, unimposing frame, taking his prized seat next to such traditional writers as Jules Romains, Marcel Achard, François Mauriac, and Marcel Pagnol.

To be elected, a writer, a philosopher, a statesman, a historian must wait for a seat to become vacant (when one of the forty dies), must declare his candidacy, pay courtesy visits to as many of the thirty-nine survivors as he can in the hope of winning their votes, and then await the results. The procedure is only slightly less formidable than a papal election, and in the more than three centuries since Cardinal Richelieu founded the Académie Française, only the distinguished playwright Henry de Montherlant, ten years ago, was elected even though he refused to present his candidacy. Many illustrious authors through the ages have not sought membership and would probably have been refused if they had. The list of nonmembers includes Molière, Pascal, Rousseau, Balzac, Gide, Camus, and Sartre.

Ionesco felt that his candidacy was a good joke to play on the Establishment. He had an impressive precedent: Near the end of his life, in 1955, the onetime *enfant terrible* of French letters, Jean Cocteau, solicited and gained admission to the august body. Asked how a man so imbued with the spirit of avant-garde could seek to join the seat of traditionalism, Cocteau said that, since so many important writers refused to have anything to do with it, the true spirit of avant-garde was to belong.

Ionesco's penchant for paradox is not limited to his plays; his wry irony is turned on himself as readily as on others. Upon greeting his visitor following the Academy election, the dramatist declared with mock seriousness: "I am a very academic person. After all, I have been a member of the College of 'Pataphysics for years and hold the exalted title of Satrap. And the uniform of the Académie Française will be nothing new to me. 'Pataphysicians also wear uniforms—invisible ones." The College, a tongue-in-cheek association of particularly literate wits in France and abroad,

TOM BISHOP has been named head of the All-University Department of French and Italian at New York University. His critical anthology *The French Theater Since 1950* was published in March.

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was founded to propagate the ideals of the iconoclastic turn-of-the-century playwright Alfred Jarry, the author of *Ubu roi* and the founder of 'Pataphysics, "the science of imaginary solutions." "The College is really much more formal than the Academy," Ionesco went on. "If you were visiting Ionesco the 'Pataphysician, protocol would require you to bow down to me and to withdraw when you leave without turning your back to me. But since it is Ionesco the Academician you are coming to see, a simple handshake will be perfectly adequate." With that, he thrust his hand out amiably.

It is not really so incongruous for this formal honor to befall the man who just twenty years ago launched the theater of the absurd. The avant-garde of 1950 is no longer shocking today. Ionesco has been played the world over and even at that other citadel of conservatism, the Comédie Française; his plays are taught in universities, and he is the subject of countless Ph.D. dissertations; his own theater has evolved along less radical, though still unconventional, lines; his influence in France and elsewhere has been considerable.

When *The Bald Soprano* opened in Paris on May 11, 1950, it was greeted mainly by anger or indifference. There were few instant supporters for this puzzling work, labeled an "anti-play" by its unknown, Rumanian-born author with an obvious flair for ambiguity. But with the passage of time, a sizable public responded to this metaphor of the emptiness of our prosaic lives and of the difficulty in communicating, to this dislocated language full of nonsense and non sequiturs. *The Bald Soprano* marked the opening of the massive assault on traditional theater in the Fifties, soon joined by Beckett, Adamov, and others in France, and eventually by playwrights in other countries.

The theater of the absurd had an English phrase book at its origins. Trying to learn English, Ionesco used a text whose sentences like those in many language manuals were platitudinous and nonsensical. He suddenly found himself thinking about language itself and about communication or the lack of it, based on language. Ionesco never did learn English (although he later wrote a playlet called *French Lesson for Americans,* which became the basis of a first-year French book used in American colleges), but he produced the hilariously funny yet anguishing *The Bald Soprano,* whose tragicomic image of life underlines the clichés of conformity, the dehumanizing stresses of modern society, and the breakdown of language as a means of communication. Like Beckett's *Waiting for Godot,* it has become a contemporary classic, no longer enigmatic to a vast public. For the past twelve years, it has run continuously for more than 4,000 performances at the tiny Left-Bank Théâtre de la Huchette.

The first, most inventive period of Ionesco's production—the 1950s—consists exclusively of short, radically anti-realistic plays, marked by a proliferation of objects, by language gone insane, and by a surrealistic brand of humor that coated a tragic conception of the absurd. However grotesque the old man and woman in *The Chairs* (1952) may be, their frantic efforts to pass on an incomprehensible message to posterity, as the stage fills ever more with invisible people and perfectly visible chairs, echo the nightmarish quality of our existence. Ionesco called it a "tragic farce"; his particular blend of these two contradictory elements is highly original. *Jack or the Submission* (1955) is the taming of an individualist by a coercive society—young Jack is made to admit that he adores hashed potatoes —while the value of words is again under fire. "All we need to designate things," says a character, "is one single word: cat. Cats are called cat, food: cat, insects: cat, chairs: cat, you: cat, me: cat . . . all the adverbs: cat, all the prepositions: cat. It's easier to talk that way."

In the Sixties, Ionesco turned to writing full-length plays whose central figure is an Everyman named Jean or Bérenger. The transition came with *The Killer* (1959), one of his strongest works, which deserves to be better known in the United States. The real turning point was *Rhinoceros* in 1960. Catapulted to fame far beyond the previous avant-garde in-circles, thanks to major productions in many countries (Jean-Louis Barrault at the Théâtre de France, Laurence Olivier at the Old Vic, Zero Mostel and Eli Wallach in Leo Kerz's New York staging), Ionesco seemed to some of his early admirers to have turned conservative in dramaturgy as well as in politics. Bérenger's struggle to remain a man even though everyone else had become a rhinoceros can be viewed as anti-fascism, anti-communism, or a glorification of individualism. Ionesco came under heavy ideological attack from the Left, during which many a scathing

"Every now and then Roger likes to cut himself off from all media."

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subjunctive was exchanged, notably with Kenneth Tynan. In reality, the metaphor of *Rhinoceros* relates more to man's solitude in an increasingly mechanistic society than to politics. As to the play's dramatic technique, there is no doubt that it signals a departure from the zany innovations of his early plays; but if his recent plays, beginning with *Rhinoceros*, appear less "avant-gardish," the answer is not only that Ionesco tempered his experimentation but more importantly that the techniques of the theater of the absurd, a true avant-garde in the Fifties, had become accepted forms in the Sixties.

Exit the King (1962) is perhaps Ionesco's finest play. It is certainly his most moving, his most human work, and it comes as close to being classic in its lines as is conceivable in contemporary terms. *Exit the King* is a profound meditation on the meaning of life and the need to die. Although poignant and tragic, it is also full of Ionesco's finest humor, which heightens rather than mitigates the tragedy. It is his most intensely personal work, one that translates into universal terms his deepest anxieties and his obsession with death.

Written for a Comédie Française production in 1966 and performed at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, last summer, *Hunger and Thirst* is a rambling, pessimistic, uneven play. Its last act, one of the most dramatic moments in all Ionesco, again enraged the Left since it satirized Marxist and Brechtian viewpoints via two clowns called Tripp and Brechtoll. Long opposed to the notion of commitment, Ionesco has repeatedly attacked engaged theater in general and Brecht in particular. And if the German dramatist is no longer here to defend himself, there is no shortage of his disciples and admirers who have taken up the challenge and regularly roast Ionesco over critical, Brechtian coals.

After a silence of four years, Ionesco premiered his most recent play, *The Massacre Game or the Epidemic in the City*, at the splendid new Düsseldorf Theater earlier this year. As in *Exit the King*, the theme is mortality, but this time on a grand scale and in allegro tempo; all the characters, all the people in a city die in a proliferation of death, like so many pins knocked down by a bowling ball. "I wanted to go beyond the absurd," Ionesco confided, "to underline the scandalous aspect of death—an elementary truth that people know but dismiss too readily." Acknowledging that this theme is treated by many if not most authors, Ionesco has come to consider man's mortality as the basic theme of his works and the primary concern of humanity. Like Camus's *The Plague*, *The Massacre Game* is inspired from Defoe's *The Journal of the Plague Year*. This modern dance of death carefully avoids the tragic, thanks to a constant dose of derision. It is a very funny play, although somewhat reminiscent of Ionesco's earlier writings.

"How do you do, Mr. Chase I just adored your latest earnings report."

The Massacre Game is not the first work Ionesco has premiered in Germany. Since heavily subsidized German theaters are relatively free of the financial difficulties that confront serious theater in France, he finds conditions there more promising for a satisfactory production. The new play will finally be created in Paris next fall, under Jorge Lavelli's direction.

Now fifty-seven years old, as much frightened as flattered by fame, Eugène Ionesco lives quietly in Montparnasse with his wife Rodika and their twenty-four-year-old daughter Marie-France, a few doors from La Coupole, where he frequently dines with friends. He is an anguished man, haunted by thoughts of death (as nearly every page of *Fragments of a Journal* testifies), harassed by occasional bouts with illness, despondent over what he deems the chaotic state of the world, terrorized by opening nights, perennially dissatisfied with his own work, and constantly at odds with critics whom he considers to be interested only in negating, in destroying. These attacks of insecurity often make it difficult for him to work, for, when he manages to flee from outside fears, he becomes an even easier prey to the personal hell of his solitude.

Ionesco often—too often—writes articles or gives interviews to explain what he meant in his works as if he were afraid the plays could not speak for themselves. Frequently solicited by newspapers and magazines to write on issues of the day, he pronounces himself readily on such topics as the Near East conflict and Biafra. These articles sometimes get him into trouble. Recently, a German court ordered rectified several pages of a collection of Ionesco's pieces in which he had accused playwrights Peter Weiss and Rolf Hochhuth of pro-Nasser, anti-Israel sentiments and of being conspicuously silent on some issues while speaking out loudly on others. Hochhuth was even singled out as having been pro-Nazi. This sort of amateur politicizing has earned Ionesco a rightist reputation.

While Ionesco would agree to be identified with a center or slightly right-of-center rather than a leftist position in the French political spectrum (although the traditional Right-Left dichotomy has been badly blurred in recent years and no longer means

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Cambodia

Three statements offered by President Nixon to justify the decision to send American fighting forces to Cambodia call for close examination:

Statement No. 1: American policy since the Geneva Agreements of 1954 has been to respect scrupulously the neutrality of the Cambodian people. From 1965 to 1969 we did not have any diplomatic mission whatsoever in Cambodia, and for the past five years we have provided no military and no economic assistance to Cambodia.

The statement is misleading. The reason the United States did not have a diplomatic mission in Cambodia for four years was that the government of Cambodia in 1965 requested the United States to leave after uncovering evidence that the U.S. had been involved in the 1965 effort to subvert and overthrow the legitimate government of Cambodia. Similarly, the reason no military or economic assistance was given was that none had been requested or would have been welcome if offered.

The United States was permitted to re-establish its diplomatic station in August 1969. The Cambodian government under Prince Sihanouk reaffirmed its position of neutrality. Increasingly, however, the surrounding war pressed in on Cambodia. North Vietnam invaded Cambodian territory. South Vietnamese and U.S. forces conducted military operations inside Cambodia. Cambodian villages were shelled by the U.S. Prince Sihanouk appealed to all belligerents to respect Cambodian neutrality, then embarked on a trip to various capitals, including Moscow and Hanoi, to seek support for his neutralist position. While he was gone, the government of Cambodia was overthrown on March 18, 1970. Within twenty-four hours the new military government was recognized by the United States.

The government of Prince Sihanouk, elected in 1955, was the established constitutional government of Cambodia. The United States not only did nothing to help protect it or to restore it, but immediately recognized the military group that overthrew it. Nothing was said about the right of self-determination of the people of Cambodia.

Statement No. 2: Beginning in mid-April 1970, North Vietnam intensified and enlarged its military operations in Cambodia.

Correct but incomplete. After the military overthrow of his government, Prince Minister Sihanouk called upon Hanoi for help in restoring his government. The major North Vietnamese presence and a great deal of the current upheaval in Cambodia date, therefore, from the time of the military coup. The slaughter of Vietnamese civilians inside Cambodia and the sporadic unorganized fighting within that country are manifestations of fast-mounting unrest and possibly oncoming civil war.

Statement No. 3: United States policy in Vietnam in particular and Indochina in general has been to uphold the right of self-determination of the people and to protect them against outside interference.

Historically inaccurate. The 1954 Geneva Agreements, cited by President Nixon, provided for free elections to ensure the right of self-determination. The United States supported the decision of the South Vietnam government to cancel the elections scheduled for August 1962, because, as President Eisenhower later said, the evidence was clear that the people would have voted against the existing government in South Vietnam. In 1963, the United States was an acquiescent partner in the overthrow and murder of President Diem of South Vietnam.

Earlier, in 1960, the United States had been involved in the attempted overthrow of the constitutional and neutral government of Prince Souvanna Phouma of Laos. Against the advice of Great Britain and France, which argued that a neutralist government was the best one possible under the circumstances, the United States underwrote a military coup led by General Phoumi Nosavan, son-in-law of the Prime Minister of Thailand. The coup touched off a civil war. The United States, officially and diplomatically, had pledged itself to support the legitimate Souvanna government; actually, it was financing and supplying Nosavan. Both sides wore American-made uniforms. Both sides fought with American guns and bullets. For a month or two, both armies received their pay from U.S. paymasters. Then the United States withdrew all support from Souvanna, who appealed to the Soviet Union for help. Moscow was glad to oblige.

More than 30,000 citizens of Laos were killed in the civil war. A specific result of the war was the strengthening of the Communist Pathet Lao, which then came before the people as the party of national independence.

President John F. Kennedy recognized the need to stop the bloodletting in Laos and to keep the fighting from spreading. He initiated steps to restore the government of Souvanna Phouma. In direct talks with Premier Nikita Khrushchev, he was able to obtain agreement on military withdrawal of both the U.S. and the Soviet Union, and

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Letters to the Editor

The Question of Monogamy

RE: "Has Monogamy Failed?" by Herbert A. Otto [*SR*, Apr. 25]. I believed I would have to wait for my unborn grandchildren's generation to realize that, when each marriage partner prizes the happiness of his mate over his own happiness, *both* win everything. I absolutely expect my grandchildren to know that for intelligent and educated human beings all problems of sex are so easy to solve with care that they might even be able to put sex in its place and find it a joy.

Mr. Otto's article gives hope that my own sons may realize the best life in a fine relationship. The more impersonal the world becomes, the more valuable the joy of a good marriage. Right now many young people seem to have taken onto themselves in their twenties what my peers at least reserved for their forties.

MRS. GENE HEIL,
York, Pa.

HAS MONOGAMY FAILED? A dumb question—can any human institution that has lasted so long be said to have failed? But leaving that aside, Mr. Otto has not failed; he has succeeded in writing an essay that is triumphant in its accumulation of clichés and "in" words, and in its gaseous expression of banalities. We have "Gestalt," "relevance," "potentialities," "personal growth," "dynamic," "flexible," "here-and-now," "actualization," "affirmation," "commitment," "regeneration," "involvement," "communication," "sex-roles," etc., ad nauseam. Any couple who are so dull and unimaginative as to have to go to a "growth center" to "actualize" their "potential" are obviously meant for each other and should live happily ever after.

WINTHROP C. HOPGOOD, M.D.,
Beverly Hills, Calif.

THOSE READERS in whom Herbert Otto's article has stimulated an interest in alternate styles of marriage and family might like to know of the existence of The Expanded Family, an organization that acts as a nationwide forum for the exchange of information in this area.

The Expanded Family is not affiliated with any other group; it is not itself a commune, nor does it set out to create communes. Members who have met others at discussion evenings, encounter weekends, or through the organization's directory or newsletter devise their own approaches to a new life-style. Some are contemplating communes, and others are venturing into group marriages, but the majority are currently satisfied by the equivalent of Dr. Frederick Stoller's "intimate network of families," involving a caring relationship between two or more nuclear families that leads to the growth and strengthening of each constituent marriage and a greater sense of relevancy for their children.

Whatever the path, exploration within the larger group of the meaning of their commitment seems to lead each couple into the growth and joys characteristic of Mr. Otto's "new marriage."

MICHAEL M. BERNET,
New York, N.Y.

Defining Libraries

IT WAS A PLEASURE to read David Dempsey's "Libraries and the Inner City" [*SR*, Apr. 18]. The book-guarding, shhhing librarian is on the way to retirement. The public library is transcending the home-for-old-duffers image, and is becoming a center of social action.

Most librarians have quit stewing about censorship and are becoming involved in city government and community concerns and events. The community center and the library may soon become synonymous.

D. G. STECK,
Lakeside, Calif.

NOW I HAVE READ everything. In my book, a library is a library and a book is a book. I think that it is an obnoxious concept to prate that we should sugar-coat reading to make it acceptable by transforming a free public library into a YMCA or a machine shop or into a headquarters for the anti-Establishment movement.

Perhaps even the various organizations for the overthrowal of everything that exists in the United States can give some thought to the fact that a book can be beautiful even if it is in a library.

MRS. BERTHA EPSTEIN,
Newark, N.J.

Seeing Eyes

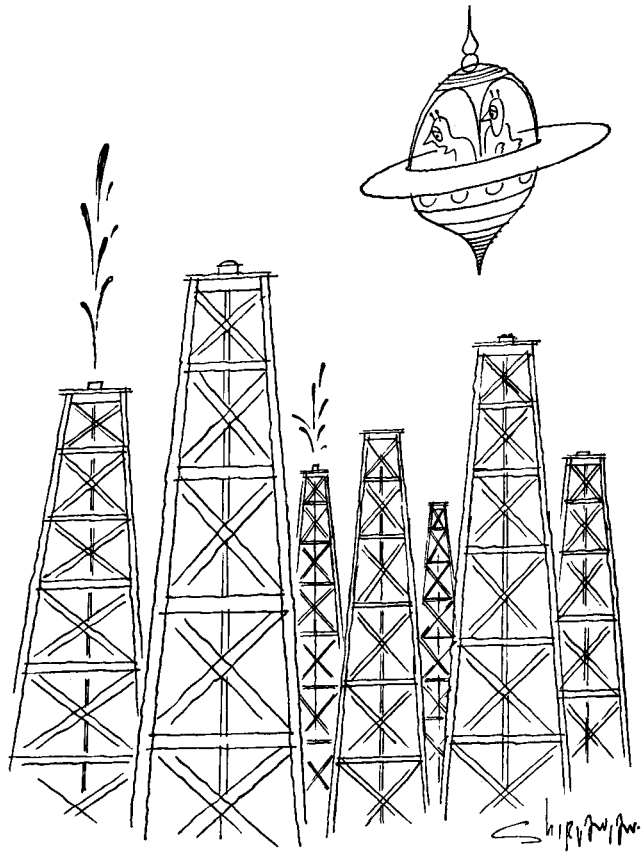
I READ with interest Katharine Kuh's comments in "The Open Eye" [THE FINE ARTS, Mar. 28] about the seven eyes in the fresco in Barcelona called *Apocalyptic Lamb*; perhaps I may be able to shed some light on this.

Last year, I did a Latin translation from 417 A.D. written by a Spanish priest named Paulus Orosius. It was a defense against the charges of heresy, and included, by necessity, an attack on his opponent, Pelagius of Britain. In his tirade, he writes:

> That perfect lamb, Jesus, . . . who has seven horns and seven eyes, does not choose to toss the Tempter in the air . . . yet, our man without horns, smooth of forehead, having only two eyes, considers this defense on his head as not necessary to him. . . . Miserable man: Who, according to the Gospel, would not have sinned more even if he were blind; but, because eyes are the seven spirits of God, boasts to have a superabundance of all of these; and he boasts . . . by means of the sevenfold might of grace; . . . as he is boasting of the same number of titles of his dogmas. . . ."

Apparently, as Miss Kuh stated, seven is a magical number. Later, Orosius enumerates these seven spirits: wisdom; understanding; knowledge; piety; fear of God; might, and the last one, spirit of science.

MRS. RUTH GOVER,
Uniondale, N.Y.



"They're still using that greasy kid stuff."

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Bow, Baton, and Bows by Lorin Maazel

LORIN MAAZEL qualified for courage above and beyond the call of conductorial duty at his latest appearance with the New York Philharmonic in Philharmonic Hall. As well as presenting a program of works by Bach, Mozart, and Stravinsky, Maazel challenged criticism on two fronts by adding solo performance on the violin to conducting. Thus, the normal scattering of critics in the audience was multiplied by the concentration of them in the string group with which he performed.

It was, in short, a prospect to make even a brave man blanch. But Maazel soon demonstrated that, as well as being courageous, he is well equipped for the special functions he assumed. As a teen-ager in training for a conductorial career, he spent several years as a violinist in the Pittsburgh Symphony observing one of the great masters of the conductorial craft, Fritz Reiner. Doubtless Reiner appreciated the high regard behind the observation; but he would not have tolerated it from less than a competent violinist.

That, however, was more than twenty years ago and a good deal of music has since flowed under rather than over the bridge for Maazel. The question at issue was not what he could do then with fiddle and bow, but what he can do now. In a first, tentative trial run he joined with David Nadien, the orchestra's concertmaster, in the D-minor Concerto of Bach. This has its musical demands, but the technical ones are not severe. If there was some murky passage playing in ensembles, who was to know whether they emanated from violin 1 or 2? What one did know was that Nadien's playing, as exposed in the slow movement, was vibrant, cultivated, and completely poised. Had it been otherwise, one would have been very much surprised.

But then the concertmaster left the stage; the strings were joined by enough wind players to flesh out the Mozartian ensemble; and Maazel reappeared to take his place amid the semicircle of players. This was, in itself, not without precedent. It was only weeks ago that David Oistrakh performed another Mozart concerto in similar wise with a group of Russian instrumentalists, and there have been comparable ventures with Menuhin, Stern, Szymon Goldberg, et al., as parties of both the first and the second parts.

But it required only a few measures of the G-major for a subtle distinction to assert itself. This was not Mozart by a violinist-conductor, but Mozart by a conductor-violinist. The pulse was steady, the accents firm, the balance perfect. Leadership was not an occasional concern when the soloist was otherwise unoccupied, but a dominant shaping factor throughout, thanks, no doubt, to careful preparation as well as to control that flowed from Maazel to the ensemble whether he was using one hand, two hands, or merely the sound of the instrument.

Not that Maazel is a "great" violinist. He is, by any measure, a decidedly good one, whose lack of overwhelming technical facility is, in music of the Bach-Mozart order, something of an asset. It restricts him from taking finger-facility for granted, which means that the result must, inevitably, be more measured, less dashing than may sometimes be the case. He commands a fine, even sound (especially in the middle register) from the Guadagnini on which he performed, and it was inflected with the intelligence to be expected of a musician as broadly based as Maazel. The outcome, thus, was that rarity, a totally sympathetic collaboration of soloist and conductor, in which there were none of the differences of opinion—however skillfully masked—that may intrude when the irresistible force (a name soloist) encounters an immovable object (a determined conductor).

In only one respect did Maazel, the performer, assert the soloist's prerogative to the detriment of a wholly consistent outcome. That was in the cadenzas, reputedly of his own making, and proof to the point that he may be a conductor-violinist or a violinist-conductor, but he is not a conductor-violinist-composer. The technical element was overstressed, some harmonic elements at variance with the Mozartian content introduced. One wonders what Maazel, the conductor, would have thought had they been preferred by someone other than Maazel the violinist.

Such a detail aside, it was a wholly persuasive demonstration of the value of dual capacity where works of the Bach-Mozart genre are concerned. It quite justified Maazel's risky procedure and gave rise to the suspicion that he was enjoying himself, a circumstance so rare among conductors since the late Sir Thomas Beecham to qualify as antiprofessional. Maazel also assumed the violinist's function in the succeeding concert suite from Stravinsky's *L'Histoire du soldat*. The evening ended with the same composer's Suite No. 1.

Sonnet: The Seer

by Carl Bode

There are holes in the sky, the goat-bearded astronomer
Says, sailing his charts like elegant paper
Airplanes or twirling his astrolabe between his fingers.

Nightly he climbs to a perch in the absolute blue
Armored in his long underwear with the dropseat.
He whistles on his knuckles under the frost.

The tune floats up to Cassiopeia in her chair,
Who hears it and stirs. She looks through the
Holes with her fixed frown, frowning.

There are holes all right, and who do you think
Is sitting at the bottom of the deepest one?
Me, you bloody astronomer, me.

And I have a message for you that you will remember.
I have the words spelled out against the farthest
Reach. They say: Happen, Happen, Happen.
Cassiopeia taught me not to pry.

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Seeing Into the Hidden Interior of Things

by CURT LEVIANT

TWENTY-ONE STORIES

by S. Y. Agnon, edited by Nahum N. Glatzer

Schocken, 287 pp., $6.50

THE FICTION OF S. Y. AGNON

by Baruch Hochman

Cornell University Press, 206 pp., $6.95

With the death of Shmuel Yosef Agnon in Israel in February, Hebrew literature lost its outstanding personality, a man who had become both a classic writer and a living legend in his lifetime. Born in Galicia, Poland, in 1888, he began his literary career in 1903, and continued it with undiminished creative strength for more than six decades. He was perhaps the last of the Hebrew writers to have both a diversity of interest in Western letters and a full command of the entire mainstream of Biblical, Talmudic-Midrashic, rabbinic and Hasidic literature. The secret of his unique genius may be found in his harmonious fusion of these worlds.

Agnon's collected fiction appears in a standard eight-volume edition that contains his three major novels, several shorter novels and long tales, and more than 200 short stories. In addition, there are four volumes of nonfiction. These twelve books, however, by no means comprise Agnon's entire literary output. Scores of stories and chapters from novels in progress have appeared in Israeli newspapers and literary journals over the years, but, because of Agnon's meticulous rewriting, have not yet been published in book form. Also, there is an abundance of manuscript material (which only Agnon has seen, but to which he has occasionally alluded); this, too, will eventually appear in several volumes.

The steadily growing shelf of Agnon's works in English translation is made up of two major novels, *The Bridal Canopy* and *A Guest for the Night*; a short novel, *In the Heart of the Seas*; the novellas "Edo and Enam" and "Betrothed" in *Two Tales*; *Days of Awe*, a collection of customs, folklore and other material pertaining to the High Holy Days; and now, with the publication of *Twenty-one Stories*, some shorter fiction.

These works, with their varied form, tone and treatment, accent three types of fiction: the storybook tale, where both reader and writer agree that they are entering a make-believe world; the realistic story that reflects a social, political, and/or religious milieu; and the symbolic, surrealistic story wherein the laws of the dream world are placed in a montage with causal and temporal reality. These three types are, of course, not mutually exclusive. Some works may interweave two or more of the strands.

The Bridal Canopy is an outstanding example of Agnon's storybook world. As is usual in Agnon, the tale's lifeways are not rooted in some far-off never-never land but in a thoroughly Jewish and recognizable world order. The book tells of the comic adventures of Reb Yudel as he wanders through early nineteenth-century Galicia (southern Poland, formerly a part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire) in search of a dowry for his three daughters. Although the social milieu and the tradition that the Jews adhere to are real enough, the imaginative spin-off begins with the countless stories that

CURT LEVIANT is the editor of *Masterpieces of Hebrew Literature: A Treasury of 2,000 Years of Jewish Creativity.*

SR: BOOKS

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are exchanged — frequent digressions that are likewise Jewish in theme and plot, and often ironically counterpoint the main action.

This novel is also representative of Agnon's blending of Western and Eastern techniques. Although the picaresque spirit of *Don Quixote* hovers lightly over *The Bridal Canopy*, an Arab literary genre long mastered by Hebrew medieval poets is closer to the story's character: the *maqama*, rhymed prose entertainments that contain a framework of plot, fantastic events, and many story-within-story episodes. (Reb Yudel's driver, Nuta, may be seen as a Sancho Panza, but also as the stock companion of the *maqama*'s narrator.) Following this pattern of make-believe, Yudel and his acquaintances at the inn speak in rhymed prose; horses not only converse, they engage in Talmudic disputation—and when they tell a story, they choose one about a mouse and a rooster who exchange Biblical quotations. Moreover, in true storybook fashion, there are amazing coincidences, mixups of identity, and a happy ending: Reb Yudel finds a fortune to endower his three daughters.

The Bridal Canopy celebrates an almost exclusively Jewish way of life in the heart of Europe, and describes a generation of Jews unaffected and unshaped by outside currents—one might almost say unaware of history. On the other hand, *A Guest for the Night* serves as a sobering historic counterpoint. Set in 1930 and published on the eve of World War II in 1939, when the Holocaust had already been several years in the making, the novel deals with the post-World War I reality of a small Jewish town that is crumbling both physically and spiritually. Whereas the reader feels tranquil in the make-believe world of *The Bridal Canopy*—even though his tranquility is occasionally upset by some of the novel's inner tensions—the reader of *A Guest for the Night* is immediately disturbed by a world of here and now.

On the Eve of Yom Kippur, a man away from home and family returns from Palestine to his native city in Galicia. He continually encounters maimed people—a noseless beggar, a train dispatcher with a rubber arm, a neighbor with a wooden leg—whose physical imperfections symbolize spiritual blemish. Townsmen narrate tales of woe; the synagogue is dying. The narrator's sentimental journey home becomes a shattering experience, and his home town is a symbol of all Jewish Europe, slowly heading for spiritual emptiness and death.

The tension that pervades this essentially dark novel abates on only two occasions: when Agnon describes a training camp for young Jewish farmers preparing for migration to the Land of Israel, and when the narrator returns there at the close. Agnon implies that salvation can come only in the Homeland, a theme orchestrated through many of his works, for Jews and Diaspora cannot be in harmony.

The theme of *aliya* to the Land of Israel is treated more light-heartedly in *In the Heart of the Seas*, which also has some of the storybook atmosphere of *Bridal Canopy*. *In the Heart of the Seas* is a classical example of Agnon's transmutation of the folklore he knows so well into a work of art. Since this story describes a small group of early nineteenth-century Hasidim who want to go to Israel, the spirit and lore of Hasidism infuse the work. Agnon gives us Hasidic miracle stories, the sayings of Hasidic *rebbes*, the accent on joy of worship, singing and dancing, and the sanctity of Israel that are cornerstones of Hasidic teaching. Although the hero of the tale is Hananiah (who eventually floats to the Land on an outspread kerchief), the narrator—Agnon—places himself in the story much as cinema directors place themselves in crowd scenes. In the company of Hasidim who make the long and arduous trip to the Land of Israel, everyone has a role; Shmuel Yosef Agnon's is to be the teller of tales and thus sweeten the passing time for the travelers.

The complementary novellas "Edo and Enam" and "Betrothed" (in *Two Tales*) reveal Agnon at his most modern, and adumbrate for the English reader the kind of surreal writing that appears in *Twenty-one Stories*. But whereas plot and characters are not developed in the symbolic tales, these two narratives are rich, dazzling, and suspenseful. "Edo and Enam" tells of a pious, one-eyed bookseller whose somnambulist wife—from an ancient, distant tribe—is attracted by an expedient scholar to whom she teaches the hymns of Enam and the supposedly ancient (but in reality concocted) language of Edo. Although moonlight, malaise, and death are accented in "Edo and Enam," "Betrothed"—whose heroine also ultimately becomes a sleepwalker—is a tale of apparent hope, with images of spring, flowers, and sea predominating. Like "Edo and Enam," "Betrothed" is a tale of unfulfilled love—time has frayed the bond of betrothal made in Europe between a marine botanist, Jacob Rechnitz (now of Jaffa), and his childhood playmate, Susan. But years later Susan finally visits the Land of Israel and once more meets Jacob. In a dreamlike ending, while six girl friends race for a seaweed wreath, another figure—Susan asleep—wins race, wreath, and, we must assume, Jacob.

S. Y. Agnon—"a complex, sentient artist."

Another fascinating aspect of these novellas is that while "Edo and Enam," the more despondent of the two, is full of allusions to Hebrew literature and liturgy and has an observant protagonist, "Betrothed," with its aura of hope, has a man of no formal religion as hero and contains many references to Homer and to Zeus and other gods, and concludes with a re-enactment of a Greek marathon. The symbolic reinforcement for a happy ending in "Betrothed" is the Hebrew name of the lovers: Shoshana (which means rose) and Yaakov, the fusion of which—Shoshanat Yaakov, or Jacob's Susan—is a poetic name for the ideal community of Israel.

Twenty-one Stories has now been added to the five Agnon works currently available in English; no doubt it is the first of a series of volumes to be devoted to Agnon's shorter prose. These tales have been translated by various hands and edited by Nahum N. Glatzer, noted professor of Jewish history at Brandeis University and an outstanding interpreter of Jewish history, literature, and culture.

In *Twenty-one Stories* we see the themes that had become almost obsessive with Agnon throughout his long career: loss of home, exile from family, Diaspora, alienation, despair, loss of faith. Half of the stories come from Agnon's *Sefer ha-Maasim* (variously translated as *Book of Tales, Deeds*, or *Happenings*), one of the heights of Agnon's achievements. In these surreal works action takes place in a world devoid of laws of time and place, cause and effect, and, occasionally, life and death. Here Agnon accents

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modes of perceptions and experience normally blocked in realistic fiction. And in subverting the rational, normal order, Agnon instills in us a metaphysical fear as we see into the hidden interior of things.

Although some of the stories have no particularly Jewish slant, it should be remembered that Agnon is primarily a Jewish artist, fashioning the raw materials within the framework of the Hebrew word, Jewish imagery and allusions, and a Jewish world view. His method of shaping, converting and balancing the material, however, is Western, inspired by his acknowledged reading of the French, Russian, and Scandinavian writers and the German Neo-Romantic masters. Agnon's esthetics should also be seen in the light of the Central European mode of writing which accents the meditative approach, and in which inner dynamics outweigh dramatic action, as in the Swiss Gottfried Keller, the Austrians Robert Musil and Adalbert Stifter, and the Czech Kafka.

Whereas extensive exegesis is not usually necessary for Agnon's other works, these stories, rich in allusion and Kafkaesque in complexity, nearly always need explication. Like all good fiction, they may be said to have an outer and an inner life; the latter is often evident only to the reader in Hebrew who can react to various motifs and crucial words and terms with multi-meanings, or phrases from the Bible and Talmud woven into the text.

Among the more memorable tales in *Twenty-one Stories* are the antipodal "Metamorphosis," which begins with divorce and seems to end in love, and "The Doctor's Divorce," where the reverse occurs. In "Metamorphosis" a divorced couple, Hartmann and Toni, achieve new degrees of communication and understanding after the bonds of their marriage are formally severed. Following a long walk in the country, they stop to eat supper at an inn and spend the night in separate rooms. Hartmann thinks of his two daughters and of Toni, whose image he embraces. Although not definite, the lyrical ending seems to indicate that a reconciliation is possible:

> Once again she appeared before him . . . . his eyes closed . . . his soul fell asleep, and his spirit began to hover in the world of dreams, where no partition separated them.

"The Doctor's Divorce," on the other hand, deals with the gradual erosion of love. A doctor who marries a nurse, Dinah, cannot rid himself of the suspicion that his wife has had an affair before their marriage. Despite the strong love that the nurse has for her husband, the irrational doubt by a man of science and rational sensibility destroys the marriage, just as monomaniac probing of a supposed flaw ultimately leads to destruction in Hawthorne's "The Birthmark."

The theme of absence from home and estrangement is pursued in "Fernheim," in which a man returns from a prisoner-of-war camp and finds his wife gone, won over by another who he thought had been killed in a landslide. Stories with similar motifs thrust the reader into the world of homelessness from the very first sentence:

> The train was lost among the mountains and could not find its way. ("On the Road.")

> After the enemy destroyed my home I took my little daughter in my arms and fled with her to the city. ("At the Outset of the Day.")

> Close to the Passover holiday it happened. I was far away from my father's house and my home town. ("To Father's House.")

Yet, despite the nightmarish qualities of unresolved and occasionally paralyzed will, some stories end with hope or signs of positive resolution, an indication that even in a shattered world optimism is possible.

These stories contain various gradations of Jewish material. The simplest, and the common denominator, is Agnon's richly nuanced and stylized Hebrew, apparent in stories like "Fernheim" and "Metamorphosis," which contain no Jewish milieu, imagery, or theme. The symbolic tales, though tangentially Jewish in background and general in plot (desire for a whole loaf in a restaurant, attendance at a concert) are weighted with meanings involving crucial Jewish issues such as faith, alienation, and wholeness of spirit. Another category, minimally represented in *Twenty-one Stories*, is that where the European Jewish milieu is fully recreated and where traditional Jewish referents, characters, plot, and language combine to make a completely Jewish tale.

Such a story is the nostalgic "The Kerchief." The young narrator longs for his father's return from the fair. The central object in the tale is a holiday kerchief which the father brings his wife. The narrator relates the joy of the father's return, and the tranquility and delight of the Sabbath when the family is reunited. The boy had previously dreamt of the Messiah who would lead everyone to the Land of Israel, and recalls the Jewish legend that the Messiah sits among beggars of Rome binding his wounds. The dream becomes vivified later in the story when a poor beggar (aligned with the Messiah) comes to town. The boy binds the beggar's sores with the most precious object he possesses: his mother's kerchief, given him for his Bar Mitzvah. In parting with the beloved possession to do a *mitzvah*, a good deed, he is accorded both supernatural approval ("the sun came and stroked my neck") and the approval of his mother ("Ere I had ended asking her to forgive me she was gazing at me with love and affection.").

One reason perhaps why so little of Agnon has appeared in English is

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

TRANSLATION, PLEASE!

Below are the titles of some British and American works as they are known to many French, Italian, Spanish, and German readers. E. R. Cole of Yakima, Wash., asks you to match the author with the foreign title. For USA versions, see page 63.

1. *En avoir ou pas* ( )
2. *Una manciata di polvere* ( )
3. *Der Hochstapler* ( )
4. *Les Hauts de Hurle-Vent* ( )
5. *A buen fin no hay mal principio* ( )
6. *Weihnachtserzählung* ( )
7. *I Pascoli del cielo* ( )
8. *La Chatte sur un toit brûlant* ( )
9. *Il filo del rasoio* ( )
10. *Sa majesté des mouches* ( )
11. *Der Tod des Handlungsreisenden* ( )
12. *Una mujer sin importancia* ( )
13. *Autant en emporte de vent* ( )
14. *Das Herz aller Dinge* ( )
15. *Tutti gli uomini del re* ( )

a. Emily Brontë
b. Charles Dickens
c. William Golding
d. Graham Greene
e. Ernest Hemingway
f. W. Somerset Maugham
g. Herman Melville
h. Arthur Miller
i. Margaret Mitchell
j. William Shakespeare
k. John Steinbeck
l. Robert Penn Warren
m. Evelyn Waugh
n. Oscar Wilde
o. Tennessee Williams

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the difficulty of translation. In translating fiction the problem of culture rather than language is uppermost. With Hebrew, whose literature is rooted in a religio-cultural tradition, this problem is compounded. One can readily translate words, but not cultural intimacy. To truly understand everything in a classically Hebrew work, a reader would have to be familiar with a good deal of the Jewish culture's usable past.

This holds true especially for the writings of Agnon, whose Hebrew is inseparable from the mainstream of the classical Hebrew tradition. Although Agnon is difficult to translate, paradoxically he is not so difficult to read. The average Jew with a traditional Jewish education consisting of Hebrew, Bible, and some Talmud would have no difficulty in reading and understanding Agnon; yet this same person would find himself lost with contemporary Israeli writers who use mid-twentieth-century, post-State of Israel idiom, colloquialisms, and slang.

The vocabulary of S.Y. Agnon is classic and simple. The difficulty in translating him is not in rendering a recondite idiom, but in conveying the essence of his allusions and prismatic meanings. Like Dante, much of Agnon can be read on various levels. Beyond the story—the framework upon which all other levels of meaning depend—there can also be the allegorical, religious and mystical level, corresponding to the four categories of Hebrew Biblical interpretation.

A translator of Agnon must also be aware of the endless array of quotes and phrases from the entirety of Hebrew literature, the past of Jewish existence. At times Agnon warns the reader with the introductory words "As it is written" or "As it is said." The reader and translator are then on guard for the classical phrase that follows. But more often Agnon's allusions and phrases blend smoothly into the fabric of his prose. It is the reader's obligation to be prepared for these verbal enrichments and properly estimate their value, flavor, and tone.

Two examples from *Twenty-one Stories* should suffice. In the concluding line of a little folk tale, "Fable of the Goat," which reads (in my translation): "May he flourish in old age, sprouting in verdure, in the land of the living, tranquil and secure," Agnon alludes to three different Biblical verses, and at the same time parodies the *maqama* technique. One phrase is from the Psalm of the Sabbath, Psalm 92; another is from Psalm 116, and the concluding phrase is from Jeremiah 30:10. The entire line is composed of

(*Continued on page* 46)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Tearing Into "The Air Net"

PAUL FRIEDLANDER'S REVIEW of *The Air Net*, by K. G. J. Pillai [*SR*, Apr. 25], is shockingly distorted. He says that the book is exceedingly dull, that the author is very late upon the scene (apparently he is young), that he, Friedlander, has been saying the same things for twenty years, that the author can't use English (he is an Indian). Yet—lo and behold—all the charges and events therein described are true, and the traveling public should know about them. Though not through Dr. Pillai's book.

Why is a serious, extremely scholarly, and exhaustively documented book necessarily dull also? If Friedlander has said these things for twenty years, why has the author not quoted him when he has quoted everybody else? Because the author is only a recent graduate doesn't make him an up-start. A serious scholar's English is not supposed to be pop-journalese, and what has that to do with the charges, which are serious and about which I (a member of the general public) have never heard before?

I would like to know how it is that IATA has gotten away with this stuff for twenty-odd years and why, if Alitalia has broken the cartel, air prices are still exorbitant?

P. LOUISE QUIGG,
Guilford, Conn.

Cheers for the C-5A

ELIOT JANEWAY'S REVIEW of William Proxmire's *Report from Wasteland* [*SR*, Apr. 25] makes one weep and laugh. One weeps at the nonsensical ideas and incorrect statements in the review but laughs in admiration at the pungent journalese in which they are expressed. May I correct a few of the errors of fact relating to the C-5A?

The C-5A is described as the "plane which ended by costing zillions more than were budgeted while failing to fill the military requirement for it."

Firstly, the C-5A program has not ended; in fact, it has just begun, with the Air Force training on the first few production machines. It will end several decades from now when they are finally retired. During this time they will carry cargo at a ton mile cost about half that of the best previous Air Force airlift airplane, the C-141.

Secondly, the C-5 *is* costing zillions more than were budgeted, if by this statement is meant that the procurement costs will be about 75 per cent more than were budgeted. This is a small increase compared with that of the average DOL advanced system program. The valid reasons why advanced systems nearly always cost much more than initially budgeted are well known to students of the subject, including Senator Proxmire and Mr. Janeway, although they do not publicly recognize them. In brief, for the C-5 the main reasons are the rigid contract, inflation, the tight market in aerospace supplies, and the problems which inevitably occur during the development of a sophisticated system. Lockheed, far from being the villain of the piece, is not responsible for any of these major reasons any more than any other DOD supplier, but is the unfortunate recipient of the brickbats so avidly thrown by those who know better, such as Mr. Janeway and the ignorant, who are legion.

Thirdly, not only will the C-5A meet the military requirement for it, but the requirement itself was well conceived. The C-5A will provide us with the capability to rapidly transport from the U.S. to any area of the world complete divisions, infantry, mechanized or airborne, with all men, equipment, and initial supplies. The implications of this military capability are clear, and in the other fields its impact includes the obvious possibility of drastically reducing our overseas garrisons with significant favorable effects on the balance of payments.

Contrary to popular belief, as expressed in the media, the C-5A betters all performance requirements for take-off, landing, ceiling, speed, and payload/range. In fact, from the technical viewpoint, the C-5A is one of the best airplanes ever produced, comparable to the DC-3, P51, Me262, and the other classics of previous technological levels.

W. C. J. GARRARD,
Marietta, Ga.

The Real Sergeant Cuff

IT WAS, I SUPPOSE, inevitable that Sergeant Cuff would one day turn in his badge and lay aside his reading glasses. The increasing tendency of miscreants to cry "police brutality" doubtless hastened the modest fellow's decision to retire before similar shouts by inept mystery-story writers swelled the chorus.

Is he, one wonders, just a bit chagrined these days? After all, unlike those of his successors, his name never made *SR*'s table of contents. Conceivably his characteristic unobtrusiveness is helping him take this, too, in his stride.

In a sense, Cuff was unique among your contributors. Never did he become the subject of a footnote acquainting readers with his background. His competence had to be adduced from what he wrote. In the final analysis, that was sufficiently convincing.

THOMAS G. MORGANSEN,
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *"Sergeant Cuff" continues to report on fact crime books for SR's readers under his real name, John T. Winterich, but, after many years on the whodunit beat, has asked that his case load be relieved of fictional murders, which have been taken on by Haskel Frankel.*

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THE MAKING OF AN EX-ASTRONAUT

by Brian O'Leary

Houghton Mifflin, 243 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by John Lear

■ The peril-ridden moon voyage of *Apollo 13* crossed the path of Brian O'Leary's book just as it was approaching the shops. I hope the result won't be a capsize, for O'Leary says some things that ought to be brought out. But there is no doubt in my mind that his main thesis has been washed away. This is that all the moonships after *Apollo 11*, which made the initial landing on the lunar surface, should have included a scientist in their crews.

During his brief training as an astronaut and at the time he was writing the book, after resigning from the astronaut corps, Cornell astronomer O'Leary was resentful of the fact that he had to pilot jet planes as part of his preparation for a lunar voyage. The risks of jet aviation were out of proportion to those of rocketing to the moon, he argued, and the flying practice did not equip a man for spaceship travel any more than riding a bicycle qualifies one to drive an automobile.

Very few people who followed the cool behavior of the three jet-plane pilots on *Apollo 13* are likely to agree with O'Leary. The steel-nerved performance throughout *Apollo 13*'s voyage was of a caliber that comes only from the rigorous kind of training that O'Leary objected to.

It must be recognized, of course, that some scientists possess as much physical courage as any test pilot or practitioner of any other profession; but that is not the point O'Leary makes.

I always opposed the idea of racing to land a man on the moon before the end of the 1960 decade. To me, the project seems a shameful waste of money, especially when the more immediate problems of our environment here on earth are considered. But if the assignment of making such a landing had been given to me by Congress and the President of the United States, as it was given to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, I would have insisted on using only those crewmen who were accustomed to split-second decision-making under conditions of extreme danger and unpredictable emergency. Therefore, I accepted NASA's stipulation that scientists who wished to share the experience of lunar voyaging would first have to prove themselves as jet pilots.

I cannot understand any other point of view, and I told O'Leary so when he showed me the first draft of *The Making of an Ex-Astronaut*. Although in the preface to this book O'Leary thanks me among others for "helpful comment," the advice I gave was against publication. I said I did not think O'Leary's manuscript did justice to him as a scientist. Those of his astronomical papers that I had read were logical and persuasive. Some of them were critical of America's extra-terrestrial-space exploration program, but the criticisms were based on solid experimental data. However, what O'Leary wrote about his own brief career as an astronaut did not follow the same tough logic. In writing about himself he allowed his emotions to overrule his intelligence, with a result that tended to produce a caricature of a rebellious hippie rather than a prose portrait of the serious scientist I believe O'Leary to be.

O'Leary sent his manuscript to Houghton Mifflin, which grabbed it and published it without doing much to efface the hippie caricature or to delete irrelevant incidents that might make amusing parlor stories but serve only to slow up the book.

The author had enough real problems with NASA without speculating on trouble he might have had with them but didn't. He leaves the unhappy impression of unconsciously seizing upon every conceivable symbol of distaste for the NASA establishment. I share much of the distaste. But *The Making of an Ex-Astronaut* would have been a much better book if it had focused less on criticism of test pilots and more on the question of NASA's sincerity in seeking scientists for moonship crews.

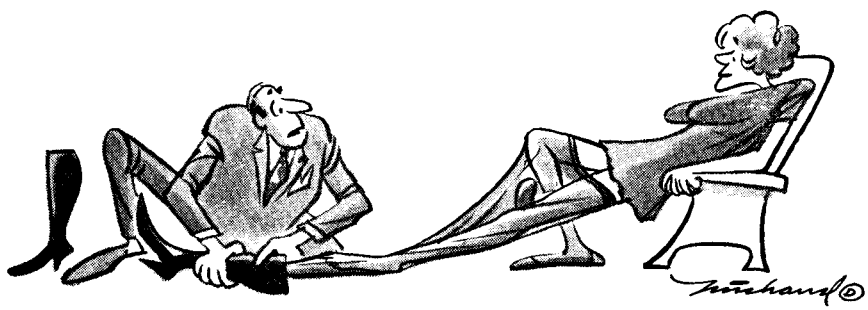
It can be argued with some force that scientists, as men of the world, should have known as well as NASA did that the burden of as many as the first half-dozen moon landings would have to be borne by men with long experience in jet piloting. Scientists also should have known, from their multitudinous difficulties in trying to win support for space science—as opposed to space technology—in the NASA program, that NASA's venture in recruiting scientists as potential crewmen was more propagandistic than genuine. On the other hand, it can be argued—and O'Leary does so argue—that neither scientists nor anyone else should have to guess NASA's real intentions. Those who are put through the necessary training should not be endlessly deprived of opportunity to use their painfully acquired skills as moonship crewmen.

In spite of its unfortunate timing, O'Leary's book may have a constructive influence in the area he wanted to affect. He writes approvingly of a scientist-astronaut named Jack Schmitt, "a geologist who will either go to the moon or nowhere. He is a bachelor who is career-motivated, sometimes obsessively. He has been indispensable as an adviser to the astronauts traveling to the moon; but, in my opinion . . . would be even more indispensable as a geologist *on* the moon."

Schmitt, O'Leary declares, has been in astronaut training longer than some of the jet rookies now being used on the moonship crews. Schmitt deserves a chance to take part in a lunar landing, O'Leary says, adding, "Certainly the public is entitled to an optimal return from each half-billion dollars spent on lunar landings now that the drama of *Apollo 11* is over." It may fairly be emphasized that this is not a small question. Ralph Lapp has pointed out that the cost of each moon landing is greater than the sum Congress gives to the National Science Foundation for a whole year of support for all sorts of basic research in the United States.

Apollo 13's experience may provoke some second thoughts, but on March 26 NASA announced that "Harrison H. (Jack) Schmitt, thirty-four," had been named to the backup flight crew for *Apollo 15*, and "it is likely that he will be a prime crewman in *Apollo 17* or *18*." Since Schmitt, who holds a doctorate in geology, "is the only professional geologist currently qualified for flight-crew selection, lunar landing site selection," as the announcement states, "will be an important factor in determining which mission he will fly."

If Schmitt goes to the moon, his



"Oops, sorry!"

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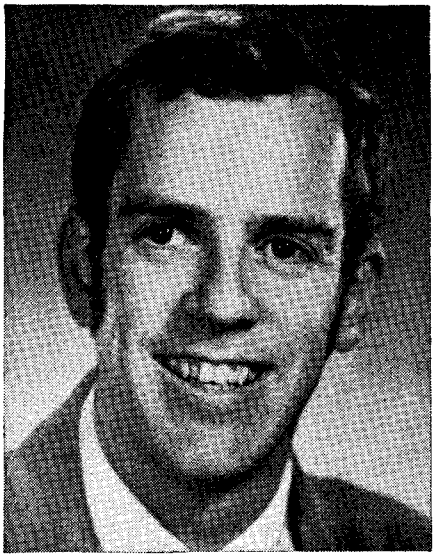

Brian O'Leary—"unfortunate timing."

presence there will represent only one needed step toward due respect for science. The rate at which *Apollo* landings are made is now too fast to allow scientists on the ground to make adequate studies of lunar rocks that are brought to earth. Acquisition of knowledge would be better served by voyages separated in time by at least a calendar year.

I feel closest intellectual kinship with O'Leary when he departs from his argument in favor of landing scientists on the moon and opens the question of how important manned voyages really are at this stage of extraterrestrial exploration. He speaks for many scientists of my acquaintance when he says we should ask not what we can do with a man but how we can best perform a mission, manned or unmanned. The robot *Mariners 6* and *7* provided remarkable photographs and valuable scientific information about Mars, yet each cost less than 15 per cent of the price of an *Apollo* trip to the moon.

I applaud O'Leary's courage in speaking up for collaboration with the Soviet Union in space exploration. At the time he wrote his book, mainland China was not a serious contender in space. But now that a Chinese satellite is circling the earth, it is not too early to begin thinking about allowing the land of Mao its share of risks and expenses.

John Lear is science editor of Saturday Review.

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IN MY OWN GOOD TIME:
An Autobiography That Defies Gravity

by Anthony Gibbs

Gambit, 321 pp., $6.95

EXILES

by Michael J. Arlen

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 226 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Glendy Culligan

■ The snows of yesteryear fall gently over the landscape of these memoirs by sons of once-famous British novelists. Both living authors grew up in the shadow of celebrity. Like fraternal twins who bear a strong resemblance only at first glance, however, Anthony Gibbs and Michael J. Arlen reveal striking individual differences in the very act of exploring a similar past.

The era in which their fathers flourished and won fame was the Golden Twenties. Although durable Sir Philip Gibbs began writing in 1912 and was still at it in 1956, his greatest success was probably *The Middle of the Road,* an international best-seller in 1924. A year later Michael Arlen, father of Michael J., produced the most famous of his fourteen titles, and possibly the decade's most notorious heroine. That debauched debutante Iris March startled what was left of the Edwardians with her reckless behavior in *The Green Hat,* anticipating Hemingway's new breed of disappointed hedonists.

Iris crashed her Hispano-Suiza into a tree four years before her privileged world smashed with the stock market, ending an era and initiating a legend. While later novelists and literary historians have embroidered that myth, it is ironic that these two authentic voices of the period—Michael Arlen and Philip Gibbs—are out of print and unknown to the present generation.

In their respective primes, as the sons now testify, both fathers might well have expected more lasting niches. During the London season, when "vast" Daimlers whirled past Hyde Park bearing the well-born, the well-educated, and the talented to each other's houses for tea, both men frequented the same drawing rooms in Chelsea and Mayfair. Both knew H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, and other reigning intellectuals. When the season changed, both followed the fashionable route to the Riviera. Nostalgic images of Cannes and Antibes flicker through these two volumes, reviving the old Carlton bar, terraces where peacocks and authors strutted, parties in the Baroness Orczy's villa, at which "Willie" Maugham and Noël Coward were fixtures.

But when that world of almost interchangeable artifacts disappeared and the homogenizing effect of celebrity wore off, the paths of these fathers diverged sharply, carrying the sons forward into entirely different later histories. Descended from British yeomen on one side and solid upper-middle-class English on the other, Gibbs Senior was versatile, steady, unflappable, able to turn a phrase in any weather. Indeed he might be called a prototypical Briton, exemplifying that sturdy blend of regular work habits and venturesome living habits that built the Empire. In 1920, even before his long career as popular novelist, he had earned a knighthood for distinguished journalism, having covered World War I in the field from start to finish. On a first-name basis with statesmen as well as authors, he remained an influential commentator through the second world collision, although prevented by failing eyesight from combat duty in Europe. Topping these public virtues, Sir Philip possessed in private "the gift of youth," and eschewed the heavy father role for that of companion. And yet, curiously, he emerges from these bland pages an indistinct figure, portrayed not only minus warts, but with scarcely any face at all.

By contrast, Arlen Senior was himself the stuff of which modern novels are made. The trouble was, he couldn't write them. Insecure, alienated (all the catchwords apply), he seemed to lack what academic critics call "a usable past."

In view of the facts, that limitation seems strange. Born Dikran Kouyoumdjian in Bulgaria, Arlen, who was of Armenian ancestry, had early emigrated with his merchant family to the Liverpool area and soon outstripped them all in assimilation. He mastered English, started and abandoned medical school, finally gravitated to journalism in London, where Dikran-Michael enjoyed instant success in "the best places." At its peak he married a minor Greek-American heiress, whose inheritance later supported the look of success when the reality faded.

Long before his voluntary exile to the United States during World War II, Arlen had ceased to create, his fantasy evidently checked by the sober new scenery of Depression. He had prided himself on telling stories, his son remembers. Now, epiphanies were in demand. Unlike Fitzgerald, Michael Arlen lacked the intellectual power to convert his failure into a symbol for his generation. "The people who had liked him for being so charming and amusing and elegant disliked him for trying to be serious," his son explains. "The people who had disliked him for not having been serious enough now

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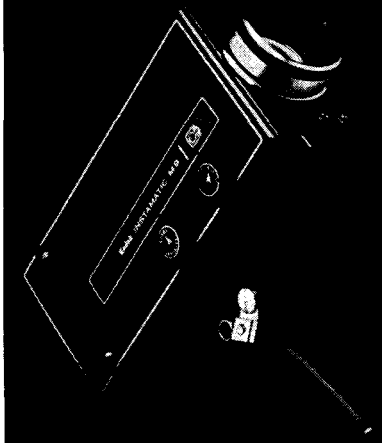

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disliked him even more for trying to be serious and for not being better at it." Thus, the reputation that had soared like a kite in a spring wind drifted inexorably down.

Living on memories, and on his skill at recounting them orally, the debonair outer man continued to play celebrity to an ever-diminishing audience of café socialites in New York. He lunched ritually at the St. Regis. The Arlen apartment, although too small, boasted a correct address. Young Arlen was admitted to St. Paul's and Harvard. Yet, when home on holidays, the wise child heard and understood his father's endless pacing in the unproductive study.

Each of the present authors is unmistakably the son of his father, but in reaction rather than in imitation. Chirpy, anecdotal, a little too readily amusing, Anthony Gibbs has abandoned the middle of the road where Sir Philip marched to success, preferring to play comedian along the edge. Less blandly professional, Michael J. Arlen is more sensitive, more successful in exploring family tensions. Having been puzzled in childhood by his parents' pretensions, he imposes truth upon himself with an almost religious fervor. Thus, despite his limited scope, occasional secondhand evidence, and kaleidoscopic structure, Michael J. Arlen adds a moving chapter to the general history of fathers.

Glendy Culligan was for a number of years book review editor of the Washington Post.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1397

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1397 will be found in the next issue.

YTSRRU FLKY LNV ASV SLH-

HMVYA FLKY RX KRQN

UMXV—HNRIMFMCE, RX TRQ-

NYV, KRQN KRQCEYAVNY

LNV RUF VCRQES AR ER.

—HLQU YVUFVC

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1396

The measure of a man's character is what he would do if he knew he would never be found out.

—THOMAS MACAULEY.

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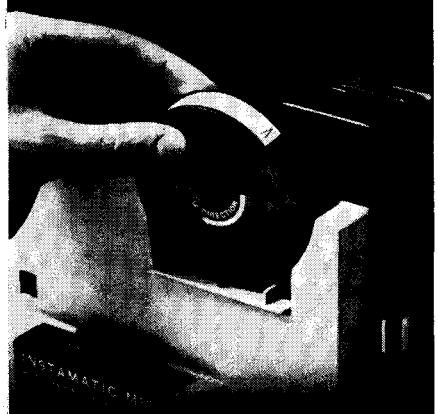

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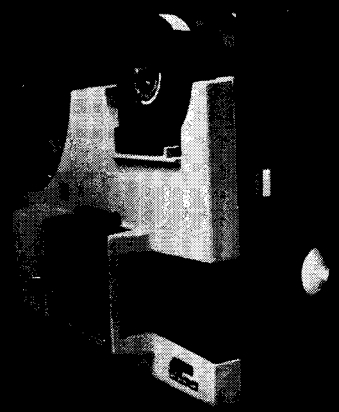

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ROMANTIC QUEST AND MODERN QUERY: A History of the Modern Theater

by Tom F. Driver

Delacorte, 493 pp., $7.50

Reviewed by Norris Houghton

■ "To find a form that accommodates the mess," Tom Driver quotes Samuel Beckett as saying, "is the task of the artist now." And, it might be added in a somewhat different context, this is the task of the critic of modern drama —except that, rather than finding a form, the critic must discover and impose a system for the ordering and interpretation of "the mess" which is the theater of now.

Robert Brustein and Peter Brook, in two of the most stimulating recent books about the drama, *The Theatre of Revolt* and *The Empty Space*, has each imposed his order: Brustein by asserting that "the theme of revolt . . . is the current which runs through the majority of modern plays," Brook by arbitrarily dividing the theater into categories he dubs "deadly, holy, rough, immediate." In his equally stimulating *Romantic Quest and Modern Query: A History of the Modern Theater* Tom F. Driver has a thesis to impose, too. As his title suggests, in interpreting the drama of the past hundred years he maintains that the modern spirit is "a combination of historicism, the quest for reality turning into query, and the pervasive use of romantic irony."

It has long been fashionable to view the theater from Ibsen to the threshold of the contemporary as held in a vise of realism, fashioned in fact by the old Norwegian, and from which only occasionally have nonconforming writers escaped into short-lived movements like surrealism or expressionism. It was Brustein's contention that the revolt about which his book centered was "an attitude which is the product of an essentially Romantic inheritance," and he proposed "to demonstrate [modern drama's] unity as a Romantic movement and to trace the development of Romantic revolt." Dr. Driver takes up the same theme. "It is the memory of romanticism," he announces, "that leads me to speak of a 'quest' for reality. The legacy of romanticism that has been decisive for the modern arts, certainly for theater, has been its rejection of the classicist spirit of coming to terms *with* reality and its inclination toward a search *for* reality." He then adds that "in all forms of romance, man goes upon a quest."

Driver's quest starts with Goethe and Kleist, Hugo and Wagner, and proceeds into territory that does not ordinarily bear the name of romanticism: Büchner and Zola; the authors of "well-made" plays; the nineteenth-century Russians; the turn-of-the-century Irish; Ibsen, Strindberg, and Shaw. "There is a romantic current in all realism," Driver claims, "even the type . . . that thinks of itself as anti-romantic." Offhand, one would be led to conclude that the author, in trying to prove that black is white, has set himself an impossible task. He manages to pull it off, however, pointing out, for example, apropos of Chekhov, that "in accordance with late romantic thought, life itself is considered not as action so much as process, movement, and change." And that was certainly Chekhov's view, realist though he was.

Writing of Shaw, Driver observes: "It is only by seeing the romantic beneath the reformer, the musician beneath the orator, that one may discern Shaw's position in the modern theater . . . . When he called himself anti-romantic, that meant simply that he opposed what was gushy, sentimental, postured, and nostalgic—in short, flabby or escapist romanticism."

As he moves forward into the present century, Professor Driver turns to "the transmutation of the romantic quest *for* reality into the modern query *about* reality. The search *for* turns into the question *whether*. Could we know the real even if we came to it? And is there anything, after all, that deserves the name 'reality'?" Here, it strikes me, he is on surer ground. In all his writing with which I am familiar Driver reveals that his interest in the stage is in large measure informed by his philosophical bent. (He has been for many years on the faculty of Union Theological Seminary.) When he takes up such figures as Claudel, Eliot, Ghelderode, and Beckett, he offers new insights that are challenging and exceptionally well thought out.

Of Claudel he writes: "In his restless search for a reality behind the masks of experience he was modern indeed, a spiritual kinsman of Strindberg and O'Neill. Like them, and in spite of his Catholicism, he cannot be imagined until after Nietzsche." Again: "The main thing Eliot accomplished was to show that the gap between modern experience and religious thought is even greater than it might otherwise have appeared."

On the other hand, for Ghelderode "the gap between modern experience and religious symbolism did not exist . . . . Thus, Ghelderode did not have the problem that Eliot posed to himself, that of how to bring poetry and life together. They were already one." In writing of Beckett's work, Driver cor-

(*Continued on page* 44)

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A A, Shafted Impost, Augtrey Church, Warwickshire.
Mackerel (Scomber scombrus).
Swindern's Lovebird (Psittacula swinderniana).
African Ostrich (Struthio camelus).

You Want to Know Something?

by DAVID M. GLIXON

It can't be by chance that the largest category of books herded into our pre-vacation roundup is the geographical, and so that's where we shall begin. If you prefer to start from somewhere else, choose your category from those listed in the key. The 1970 almanacs are discussed on page 38.

1) For those who are willing to divorce French politics from French culture and landscape, or for whom there will always be an England, the prize entries will be our first trio, beginning with the **AA Road Book of France,** prepared by the British Automobile Association (American Heritage, 560 pp., $9.95). To browse through it is to succumb to the siren. It would be foolish to take an extended tour of France (especially by car) without acquiring a copy beforehand and studying the routes, maps, and guides to history, art, and food, to walking, climbing, fishing, and bathing, to customs, festivals, and resorts. Wherever you may be, one of the 200 itineraries—all mapped and charted, km. by km.—will help you get to another desirable spot. There are frequent references to the 250-page gazetteer, in which some 1,400 towns are described and two-color street maps abound.

The map of Paris and environs in the *Road Book* measures 6" x 8". It is useful, but look at the double spread of the same area, measuring 14¼" x 20", in the **Grand Atlas de France** produced by Sélection du Reader's Digest (Funk & Wagnalls, 244 pp., $19.95). The rest of the country is covered in twenty-three vivid eight-color 17" x 14" regional maps at a scale of eight miles to the inch (the index runs to 30,000 names) plus six color-relief maps from one to three pages across. A section occupying nearly half the book is devoted to an analysis, with numerous colorful maps and charts, of history, geography, arts and sciences, and other aspects of French life, followed by a series of 175 color photos. The text is in French, but the handsomely printed maps and pictures speak a universal language.

For extensive travel in the British Isles it would be folly not to use **The Reader's Digest AA Book of the Road** (Norton, 412 pp., $15). Each of the sixty-four tinted 12½" x 10" maps is folded along one vertical edge to provide continuity with the adjacent map of the region to the west. The text inside each fold tells what to expect in the area, and more than eighty town plans guide the motorist into, around, and out of each place. This gazetteer lists 28,000 place names, some accompanied by a description of the local food specialty. Illustrated guides to the flora and fauna (and even the pebbles on the beach), weather clues, and driving advice (watch that hazardous right turn!) are among the reasons for calling this an indispensable road companion.

In the scholarly 13½" x 19" **Atlas of Israel** (American Elsevier, 290 pp., $130) seventy double-page maps, printed in from five to twenty colors, are only the most spectacular feature of a virtually encyclopedic work. A dozen rare early maps (one reproduced from an ancient mosaic) precede the more than 500 drawn for this atlas in various sizes to illustrate the country's geology, climate, botany, zoology, history, commerce, and other facets. The four chief maps are on a scale of close to four miles to the inch, and completely indexed. Though there are seven maps on tourism alone, the handsome volume is hardly a tourist's companion. But for study and reference, the maps and articles make it a veritable textbook of Israel past and (mostly) present—including the areas recently occupied.

To turn from the serious to the pseudo-serious or romantic, here's a little book called **Peoples of the World in Color** (Dufour, 182 pp., $3.95). Both the seventy-four-page text by Francis Huxley and the 100-page section showing 321 ethnic representatives follow geographic lines. Huxley admits that many of the apparent differences among peoples are culturally and socially determined, and that few individuals still wear traditional dress. Yet each person is depicted at some frozen moment in time when his colorful costume, though now mostly of historical interest, was habitual. The book's value lies chiefly in the extent to which it reflects the past; its danger is in the perpetuation of false stereotypes.

The past is more accurately reflected in **Mexican Cities of the Gods,** an archeological guide by Hans Helfritz (Praeger, 180 pp., $6.95). Maps and more than 100 photos and tracings of art objects illustrate explorations of three great areas of religious monuments. Within each area the story is chronological, the greatest time span occurring in the plateaus and extending from 1500 B.C. to the Columbian era. Sculpture, architecture, and the old ways of life are studied in some detail, and the author

A key to the categories (some books for young people are included with the adult titles): 1) Atlases and road guides. 2) Nations and their history. 3) Arms and the men. 4) Dictionaries. 5) Books, authors, and quotations. 6) Art and music. 7) Science (physical and social). 8) Matters animal and vegetable. 9) Religion and myth. 10) Sports. 11) Miscellany (wine, woman, and law).

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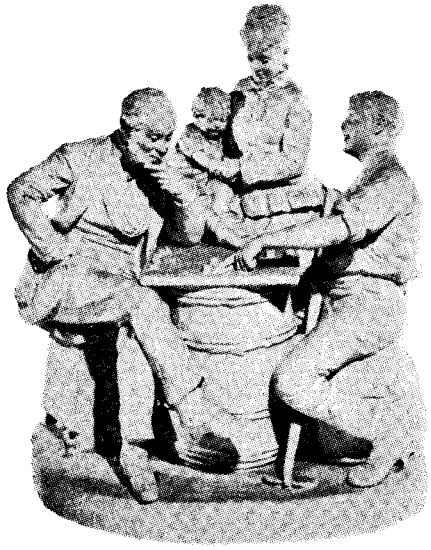
tells how to get the most out of an archeological tour of Mexico.

Mexico's advanced civilization and colossal monuments surprised and stupefied her Spanish discoverers, just as the frescoes of Tassili astonished French archeologists with their depiction of ancient Saharan life over a 7,000-year period. The two stories are recounted in the articles on, respectively, Cortés and Lhote in Jean Riverain's **Concise History of Explorations** (Follett, 280 pp., $3.95; paperback, $2.95). Sindbad and Odysseus find places in this alphabetic roster, as do the Vikings, the Hudson's Bay Company, and Rome and other centers of geographical inquisitiveness. (For explorations of the moon and the planets we shall just have to wait for a new edition.) Thumbnail pictures, regional maps, and historical tables enhance the book's interest.

The explorer Drake gave his name to a bay in California, according to one of the thousands of entries in the third edition of Erwin G. Gudde's **California Place Names** (University of California Press, 436 pp., $12.50), a colorful compilation that presents many miniature facets of coastal history. Places have been named for a respected resident, a local politician, and a settler's girl friend, as well as after Spanish topographical designations, distinctive flora, and saints. The attributions are carefully documented.

2) In **An Atlas of North American Affairs** (Barnes & Noble, 140 pp., $5), D. K. Adams and H. B. Rodgers utilize maps—fifty-six of them, in clear black-and-white—solely as a visual aid to understanding the industrial geography, demography, economics, and sociological development of the U.S. and Canada as explained in the fifty-six text chapters. Indian linguistic families, the growth of the white-dominated area, cattle-raising, the TVA, Chicago as a typical urban phenomenon, and civil disorders are examined in a graphic though highly simplified presentation.

The U.S. Department of State Fact Book of the Countries of the World (Crown, 800 pp., $7.95; paperback, $5.95) devotes little more wordage to each country than does *The New York Times Encyclopedic Almanac* (though the latter covers more colonies), but it provides more than 150 outline maps, one for each country and territory, and several of them occupy almost the entire 8½" x 10¾" page. The book is actually an updated compilation of the State Department's *Background Notes* on countries and international organizations. Its specialties are the official statements of U.S. policy and foreign relations, and a list of U.S. officials serving in each country.



—From "The Arts in America: The 19th Century."

"Checkers up at the Farm," by John Rogers (1829-1904).

A modest version of the same material, but without policy statements, appears in the form of removable fact sheets in the fifth edition of **Other Lands, Other Peoples,** prepared by the Committee on International Relations of the National Education Association (NEA, 310 pp.; paperback, $2) for use by teachers and students. Each of 141 nations gets a leaf to itself, and all information is presented under fairly uniform headings such as size, geographical features, language, religion, government, holidays, and chief cities. Canada alone spills over onto another leaf. Supplementary pages deal briefly though interestingly with Hinduism, Buddhism, and Islam. Tinted continental maps embellish the covers.

Here's a neat Monte Carlo trick: Prince Rainier III is the grandson of Louis II, who was the son of Albert I, who was Rainier's grandfather. Let's hope that is the only discrepancy in the new paperback edition of **Kings, Rulers and Statesmen,** edited by L. F. Wise and E. W. Egan (Bantam, 340 pp., $1.25), which lists potentates and dynasties—ancient, medieval, and modern—from Abyssinia to Zanzibar and from Menes (3400 B.C.) and Huitzilhuitl (1200 A.D.) to Levi Eshkol (it just missed Golda Meir) and Richard Nixon. The thumbnail portraits come from art objects, coins, stamps, and photographs. Popes, vandals, and the lesser executives of Canada and the U.S. round out a remarkably broad compilation.

A year ago (*SR*, May 17, 1969) we praised the original $10 edition of **An Encyclopedic Dictionary of American History,** by Howard L. Hurwitz; it has now been released in paperback (Washington Square Press, 894 pp., $1.45).

U.S. history arranged by administrations is the plan of the Presidential Chronology Series, of which Oceana has issued eighteen volumes to date. Each begins with a detailed chronology, including notes on the subject's pre- and post-Presidential years; but the main section is the text (complete or in excerpt) of some of the period's most important documents—laws, treaties, and speeches by the President and his associates. Even the study of a mediocre President—**Warren G. Harding,** edited by Philip R. Moran (125 pp., $3)—brings out revealing facets of history, such as Hughes's call for naval disarmament, the high-tariff Fordney-McCumber Act, and the first radio broadcast by a President. The longer studies (that on Truman, for example) include a name index.

Flags officially flown in pre-Revolutionary America as well as in the post-Revolutionary U.S. and its possessions are pictured and discussed in **The Flag Book of the United States,** by Whitney Smith (Morrow, 318 pp., $12.95). Of the 270 drawings of seals, coats of arms, and flags—many as large as 4" x 2½"—more than 200 are in color. They include the current and earlier emblems of the nation and all the states, of government divisions and the armed forces, the Confederacy, and several Indian tribes. Each has its history, laced with strange and amusing anecdotes by an author who calls himself—with etymological if not lexicographical justification—a vexillologist.

3) Both British and rebel flags are on view in **Ships and Seamen of the American Revolution** (Stackpole, 224 pp., $12.95), a naval history by Jack Coggins, whose 150 lively drawings give it unique reference value. He shows every type of vessel, the parts of each—right down to the trestle supports of the mast platform and diagrams of the rigging—the ordnance and small arms, the military and naval uniforms, and the construction of forts. The glossary and chronology are additional aids.

Warren Ripley focuses on a narrower subject in **Artillery and Ammunition of the Civil War** (Van Nostrand-Reinhold, 384 pp., $22.50), using 660 photos and drawings to identify the big guns, shells, and related instruments employed to keep a nation together at a cost of the lives of 360,000 of its citizens.

That U.S. losses ran only 45,000 higher in World War II is partly credited by Eisenhower to the size of the air force and the mobility provided by the army's vehicular equipment. More than enough examples of the latter are identified in the 900 small photos of **The Observer's Fighting Vehicles Directory: World War II,** edited by Bart H. Vanderveen (Warne, 340 pp., $4.95). The equipment is classified by country, and full data are given for each model. One segment of the subject is studied with even greater passion for detail in **German Tanks of World War II,** by F. M. von Senger und Eiterlin (Stackpole, 214 pp., $11.95).

Those who lack room to collect real tanks and cannon will be encouraged and helped by Merrill Lindsay's **Miniature Arms** (McGraw-Hill, 111 pp., $8.95), artistically illustrated with color photos of objects dating chiefly from the sixteenth to the nineteenth centuries. In their time they had educational purposes; today they serve for collectors like Lindsay to "drool over" [*sic*—or should that read *sick*?].

Collectors are fascinated by pistols, especially flintlocks, says F. Wilkinson, who proved it by writing **Flintlock Pistols** (Stackpole, 75 pp., $4.95), and illustrating it with over sixty phallistic photos. Each object is scrupulously described.

The military interests of Robert and Christopher Wilkinson-Latham run more to dress; witness their **Cavalry Uniforms** and **Infantry Uniforms** (Macmillan, 215 and 200 pp., $4.95 each). Both consist of a ninety-six-page section of picturesque color drawings followed by historical and descriptive text. The subject is confined to Britain and the Commonwealth from 1742—a time when their armies were in almost worldwide conflict—to 1855 (infantry) and 1953 (cavalry). Intended primarily for

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model-soldier collectors and for film and theater research, the attractive little books unintentionally hint at a certain connection between the military spirit and male vanity.

4) And if, my lord, you read words, words, words, you will find 20,000 of them defined in even the smallest of the Oxford dictionaries, aptly called **The Little Oxford Dictionary of Current English** (Oxford University Press, 690 pp., $1.95). The new fourth edition, edited by Jessie Coulson, comprises a revision of the third plus a three-page addenda to accommodate *ALGOL, charisma, debriefing, hippy, hot line, pulsar, shalom,* and other neologisms. The main text had already caught up with *quasar* and *maser* and the current senses of *camp, pot, swinging, with it,* and *rock.*

Except for *ALGOL* and *with it,* all those new words and meanings are in what seems to be the wordiest college dictionary of them all, the brand-new **Webster's New World Dictionary of the American Language: Second College Edition,** edited by David B. Guralnik (World, xxxvi + 1,692 pp., $7.95). Claiming "over 157,000 entries," which would put it a couple of notches above the competition, it is standard size, set in clearer type than others, and, rather than being a revision of the first edition, is a completely new and greater reference work. We recommend it with only the pettiest reservations.

Pronunciations are indicated by readily understood symbols, to which an oral guide is supplied in the form of a 7" LP—superfluous except for foreigners. It is stated that for each vowel sound a regional range of pronunciations is assumed. Yet there will be justifiable objections to the employment of the same *e* symbol for the vowel sound of *bet* and *bare,* the same *i* for that of *give* and *gear,* the same *o* for *bone* and the (nasalized) French *bon* (though the latter is correctly pronounced on the record!).

The *New World Dictionary* naturally incorporates certain though not all of the advantageous practices of its predecessors: all entries in a single sequence (no separate geographical and biographical vocabularies), and extended etymologies. It also has some specialties of its own: for some reason (to justify the title?), great pains have been taken to star all words known to have originated in the U.S. For a very good reason, origins of American place-names are included—*e.g.,* the fact that Yonkers was the *Jonker's* (young nobleman's) land, and that Honolulu means "sheltered bay" (though we sought vainly for the revelation on Imperial Valley promised in a preliminary article).

Far from disdaining usage notes, NWD politely enlarges on them: *don't* used for *does not* is "now generally considered a substandard usage"; *hopefully* meaning "it is to be hoped" is "regarded by some as a loose usage, but widely current." Despite the omission of *with it* (probably ephemeral, anyway), idiomatic and contemporary phrases are particularly well represented. Most important of all, definitions of even the most abstruse concepts are admirably lucid.

A century ago Charles MacKay, bemoan-

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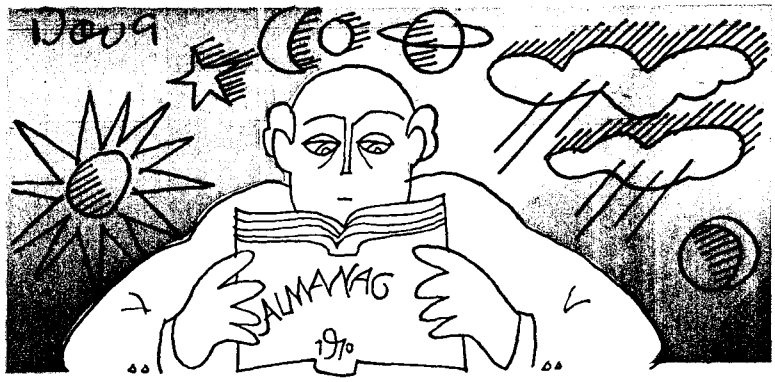

Omnium-Gatherums for Everyone

The cheapest and most up-to-date one-volume encyclopedia, especially if purchased when hot off the press, is any of the standard "almanacs"; they even serve nicely to complement the elaborate yearbooks of the multivolume encyclopedias. During most of the past century *The World Almanac* had the field to itself, but since 1947 the *Information Please Almanac* has proved a popular challenger, and four years ago the *Reader's Digest Almanac* swelled the ranks. This year a young giant has emerged full-fledged from those thunderheads at *The New York Times*.

Every one of these four overlapping omnium-gatherums is a bargain; they all cover infinitely more ground than we have space to indicate. Though far from exhaustive, the following comparisons, based on the 1970 editions published at the turn of the year, may help readers decide which one to buy next winter.

The first three are in the old familiar format: **The World Almanac,** edited by Luman H. Long (Doubleday, 952 pp., $3.95; paperback, $1.95), **Information Please Almanac,** edited by Dan Golenpaul (Simon & Schuster, 1,024 pp., $3.95; paperback, $1.75), and **Reader's Digest Almanac** (Funk & Wagnalls, 1,024 pp., $3.95; paperback, $1.98).

The New York Times Encyclopedic Almanac, edited by Seymour Kurtz (World, 1,056 pp., $4.95; paperback, $2.95), is a maverick, being about an inch wider and deeper. Not counting picture and map sections, and exclusive of any feature articles (which in *Info* run to 100 pages), the *World* probably has the greatest mass of material, with the *Times* a close second. *RD* seems to pack in about 30 per cent less data than the first two, and *Info* about 35 per cent less. These estimates are based on their respective type sizes. Most of the *World* is set in type too small for comfort, and is unevenly printed; readability in the others is fair to middling, though in some sections the *Times* indulges in a type face larger than that used by any of its competitors. They all have detailed indexes that are less than 100 per cent complete or accurate. *RD* has the only worthwhile conventional table of contents, showing the book's organization at a glance; that in the *Times* is a confusing jumble, and the other two are alphabetical.

The *World*'s twenty-page atlas, which includes four pages of maps, is the only one in color; the *Times* has sixteen pages of relief maps; *Info* has twenty-eight map pages, and *RD* fifteen. For the most generous listing of celebrities' names and dates, *RD* and *Times* take the lead, though their lists are scattered among various departments; *World* has an excellent unified list.

Likewise, the most detailed chronology for the past year appears in *World*, but it ends on November 5. *Info*'s ends on October 21. The *Times* goes to December 4 and mails users a supplement covering the rest of the month. Only *RD* covers the entire year. For outlines of world history, *World* and *Times* are equally good, *Info* and *RD* equally meager. The *Times* is to be commended for its broad coverage of Negro affairs, all but ignored by the other three. The *World* devotes four times as much space to Canada as do its competitors, and nearly twice as much to astronomy, but does only half as well on lists of prizes and awards.

Times is far ahead in its handling of Presidential biographies, and also leads in studies of the fifty states. Ironically, *World* drops to last place in descriptions of other nations.

As for the population of U.S. cities, only *World* lists those of 2,500 or more—a far cry from its competitors' minimum of 25-50,000—and with zip codes, too! (*World* is also way ahead in population tables for foreign cities.) *RD* supplies the most travel and health information; *Info* and *Times* don't even tell what to do when Doris swallows a cyanide tablet. All ignore mythology except *Info*, where the subject constitutes part of a twenty-seven-page Crossword Puzzle Dictionary.

Faced with four legitimate claims of superiority, the choice is difficult. Forced to make one, we'd say the *Times* is worth the extra buck.

ing the linguistic treasures that had been submerged in the currents of time, dredged up a couple of thousand gems and put them into a book, **Lost Beauties of the English Language,** now available in facsimile (Arno, 312 pp., $8). Each word is defined, and the majority are illustrated with quotations from literature, but the most rewarding parts are MacKay's discussions. Thus he puts in a plea for *peth* (a well)—"a word not very urgently required but which . . . would be useful to poets, to add to the very few rhymes to *death* or *breath*." He realized that many of his treasures—such as *rink, irk,* or *squawk*—had washed up on the opposite shore of the Atlantic, and sometimes returned to the motherland under the cloud of being Americanisms. Most of all, he missed the good old verb forms like *lorn* (lost), *loft* (lifted), and *lope* (leaped)—but alas! it couldn't be holpen.

For students working in English literature, especially of the nineteenth and earlier centuries, Richard A. Lanham has compiled **A Handlist of Rhetorical Terms** (California University Press, 148 pp.; paperback, $1.45). How many of you knew that the opposite of *climax* is *catacosmesis,* as in the motto "For God, for country, and for Yale"? Or that Joyce Kilmer suffered from *dendrographia* (*you* look it up!)? It soon becomes clear that a fellow can't open his mouth without committing rhetoric. Lanham's long alphabetical glossary is followed by four short classified lists; his succinct definitions are further clarified by examples.

If you have occasion to write to emirs, knights' widows, female Cabinet officers, or the Kabaka of Buganda, it's a relief to know that you can always turn to Howard Measures's **Styles of Address,** third edition (St. Martin's, 164 pp., $5.95). It's useful even in less exotic circumstances where correct usage is desirable, as in corresponding with divorcées, judges of various ranks, ministers, or any university presidents who may still have an office. Both the salutation and the close are given, as well as conversational styles, and always in at least two degrees of formality or friendliness.

Now available in paperback, **Cassell's New Compact French Dictionary,** edited by J. H. Douglas (Dell, 672 pp., $1.25), is one of a series of handy bilingual volumes of limited scope but great reliability and usefulness. Besides a good modern vocabulary that includes proper nouns, idiomatic phrases, slang, and even a little Franglais (*le week-end, le parking*), there are verb tables to which the user is referred for irregular conjugations, and all entries are provided with phonetic pronunciation. The Spanish edition (460 pp., 95¢), though based on Castilian usage, also gives attention to the vocabulary and pronunciation of Spanish America.

Janey Chen designed her **Practical English-Chinese Dictionary** (Tuttle, 630 pp., $12.50) chiefly for the agents of two types of conversion: missionaries and military personnel, but the 15,000 entries are considered sufficient for everyday conversation. The pages are set in columns, in order to give at a glance the English word and its Chinese equivalent in four forms: standard Chinese characters, Chinese pho-

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netics, and Yale romanization (with tone signs) for both Mandarin and Cantonese versions (as well as the spoken form when it differs from the written). English synonyms are carefully distinguished. Among the helpful features are comparative pronunciation tables, a table of simplified Chinese characters (arranged by English spellings of the sounds), and lists of religious and armed-services terms that make rather strange bedfellows (*fix bayonets, shoot, loving kindness, Billy Graham*).

5) The second shoe has been dropped, and all is well at last. Here is Volume II of the "layman's guide to the best in print": the eleventh greatly enlarged edition of **The Reader's Adviser,** edited by Winifred F. Courtney (Bowker, 932 pp., $15.75), which covers—chapter by chapter—the fields of biography, reference books, religion, the sciences (social and physical), history, the performing arts (except drama), communications, folklore, and travel. (For everything else, see Volume I, reviewed in *SR*'s spring 1969 roundup.) Each chapter is divided into general subjects ("The Atom," "Medieval Philosophers"), in which books are arranged alphabetically by author and recognized authorities are listed chronologically. The unique qualities of *The Reader's Adviser,* which is a great deal more than a compilation, can best be sensed in the discussions of material, as in the "Dead Sea Scrolls" section, where an absorbing full-page account of their discovery and significance is followed by annotations on thirty titles (contents and evaluation) and their authors (identification, reputation, and biographical data). Sometimes, depending on the editor's enthusiasm, a single book is analyzed in depth, and for any important author there's an annotated reading list of books about him. For Volume II alone the author index runs to 5,000 names, and the title-and-subject index to 10,600 listings. The two indexes would be considerably more useful if expanded to advise the reader of entries in both volumes.

Though not in the form of a reference work, **The Concise Cambridge History of English Literature,** third edition, by George Sampson, revised by R. C. Churchill (Cambridge University Press, 988 pp., $9.95; paperback, $4.95), is as wide as a library door and will serve, in a limited way, for all branches of literature written in English. Its running commentary, nearly half of which is concerned with the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, starts at a leisurely pace with the fifth-century Widsith and winds up rather hastily with mere mention of such writers as Nabokov, Mailer, and Pinter. In between, leading authors and their productions are vouchsafed longer studies. Perhaps the book's greatest usefulness is in relating one writer to another in his period and genre; time charts would have bolstered this advantage.

Pinter, Mailer, and Nabokov each get from five to seven columns of small type

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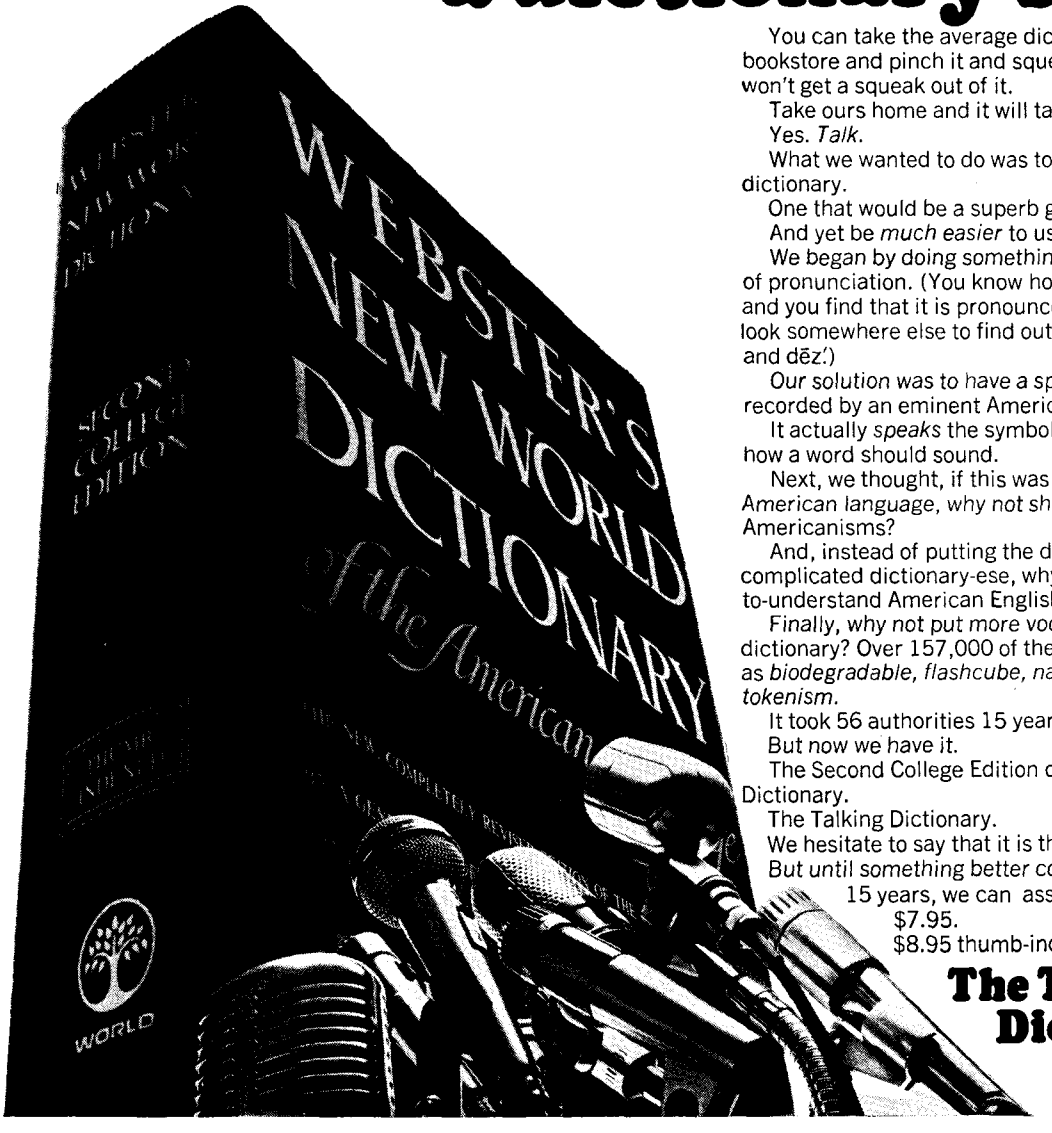

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in **200 Contemporary Authors,** edited by Barbara Harte and Carolyn Riley (Gale, 306 pp., $10; paperback, $4.50), taken from the semiannual series, *Contemporary Authors* (an index to the 20,000 sketches in the first twenty volumes is bound into the present selection). Besides the usual "who's who" data, the sketches quote from reviews of the author's chief works and sum up the over-all criticism.

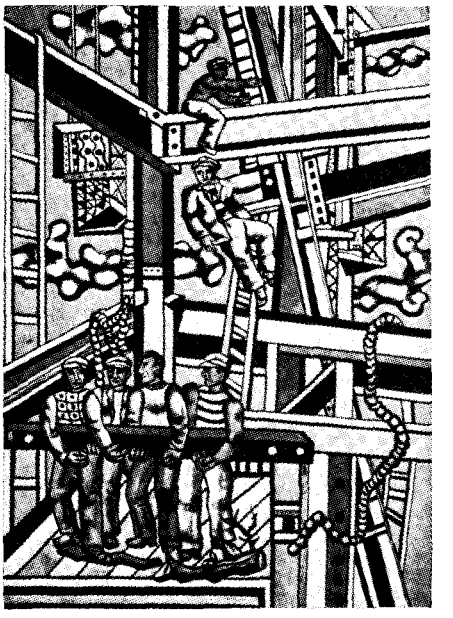
The world's literature has been ransacked anew by Frank N. Magill and his staff for the 1,500 entries in the Second Series of **Magill's Quotations in Context** (Harper & Row, 1,416 pp., $11.95). A half-page summary of the source is followed by that segment of literary ore in which the gem was embedded. Any book of quotations can inform you that "Spare the rod and spoil the child" is from Butler's *Hudibras;* Magill alone reminds us what *Hudibras* was, and tells us about the character who uses the phrase while asking her imprisoned lover to endure a whipping for her sake. The quotations are treated in alphabetical sequence, and indexed by key word and author. Most of the quotations, unfortunately, aren't the sort one is likely to look up. As the woman said to the clerk at the store where she had bought a dictionary: "I've decided to return it. I would *never* use all those words."

That anecdote is No. 230 of 1,600 "ideas for more effective speechmaking," which constitute the bulk of Jacob M. Braude's **Complete Art of Public Speaking** (Bantam, 216 pp.; paperback, 95¢). To find the story I simply looked up *Books* in his excellent index of subjects.

6) Adapted for a general audience, especially a youthful one, from a sequence of studies in an Italian magazine, the Discovering Art Series (McGraw-Hill; each volume 190 pp., $8.95) tells a handsomely illustrated story. The color reproductions —200 per volume, in sizes anywhere from a quarter to the whole of the 9½" x 12" page—vary in quality from the atrocious to the superb. In **17th & 18th Century Art** Ariane Ruskin follows the current in its six principal European streams, taking biography, interpretation, and political history in her stride. In **Twentieth Century Art** Michael Batterberry works through movements and masters, from Matisse and the Fauves to Manzú, Rauschenberg, and Wyeth. These are lively reviews, free of both preciousness and condescension.

A more sophisticated study of the past quarter-century is Edward Lucie-Smith's **Late Modern** (Praeger, 288 pp., $8.50), subtitled "The Visual Arts Since 1945." Its excitement seems to be generated by the tension between the remains of esthetic art and the development of what the author characterizes as "an attempt to abolish art itself." The index will lead the inquirer to reproductions—many in excellent color—and discussions of abstract expressionism, pop art, op art, happenings, assemblage, neo-dada, and their clever practitioners.

How dull, after that, are the subjects and the 300 monotone reproductions in **The Arts in America: The Nineteenth Century,** by Wendell D. Garrett and others (Scribners, 432 pp., $20). The mediocrity criticized in the "Painting and Sculpture" section is only occasionally relieved by lightning flashes. America's artistic future is more truly revealed in the sections on architecture and the decorative arts (furniture, tableware, etc.). Throughout, the writing is serious and informative.



—*From "Late Modern: The Visual Arts Since 1945."*

Fernand Léger's "The Constructors" (1950, Musée Fernand Léger, Biot).

Furniture is the subject of **The Antique Collector's Guide to Styles and Prices,** by Rita Reif (Hawthorn, 286 pp., $12.95). Her approach is historical: from the Gothic to Art Nouveau in Europe, from the Colonial period to Victorian revivals in America. What with photos, an extensive glossary, and a detailed index, anybody can distinguish a melon foot from a muntin—or quote the market value of a dry sink.

To switch from the eye to the ear, the most exhaustive of music encyclopedias, a famed classic in its field, is **Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians.** The fifth edition, in nine volumes, edited by Eric Blom, appeared in 1954, supplemented in 1961 by a tenth volume. At $149.50, the set represents quite an investment; but it is now much more accessible in an attractive paperback edition, boxed (St. Martin's, ten vols., 7,846 pp., $60). No topic is too minute or too vast for *Grove's*—witness a) the two-line entry on Tennessee Williams, disclosing that Paul Bowles wrote incidental music for two of his plays, and b) the sixty-five-page article on Beethoven: biography, musical development, criticism, bibliography, and a classified tabulation of his works (even mentioning how they are scored). Besides that, the reader can turn to analyses of Beethoven's individual compositions in articles on the symphony, sonata, etc. Entries abound for musical terms and forms (accompanied by examples), performers, musicologists, music centers, instruments (illustrated in detail), conductors, and even instructions for singing and instrument playing. The sole exclusions seem to be the texts of songs and the plots of operas.

There are scene-by-scene summaries of

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at least the more important operas in **The Oxford Companion to Music,** by Percy A. Scholes, tenth edition (Oxford, 1,248 pp., $25), which is more than adequate for the average musical inquirer. Though its Beethoven entry takes only two pages (not counting the material cited in dozens of cross references), *Oxford* devotes almost as much space as *Grove's* to Acoustics, and twice as much to "God Save the Queen"—a reflection of the respective editors' sense of proportion. Some of the differences are amusing: Only *Oxford* has an article listing compositions by their nicknames (*e.g.*, "Goldberg Variations"), with the sources of the names; only *Grove's* prints a list of postage stamps on musical themes. *Oxford*, of course, is a decade more recent in its revisions and can thus take into account, for example, the later careers of composers like Pierre Boulez, fresh assessments of men like Alban Berg, and the existence of new concert halls, which are perforce ignored by *Grove's Dictionary*. *Oxford* opens inauspiciously with a hideous frontispiece portrait of Beethoven; it closes on a note more typical of its extraordinary usefulness: a pronouncing glossary of 7,000 names and terms.

The Milton Cross New Encyclopedia of the Great Composers and Their Music, edited by Milton Cross and David Ewen (Doubleday, 2 vols., 1,284 pp., $11.95), is more than 25 per cent bigger than the 1962 edition. Paradoxically, the number of composers discussed in separate chapters has been selectively reduced from seventy-eight to sixty-seven (Chausson, Enesco, and Offenbach are among the casualties), helping to make room for greatly extended remarks and revised evaluations of many of the rest. The format of each chapter is unchanged: a list of major compositions, biography, general comment, and nontechnical analyses of the chief works. An article at the close of the second volume brings the brief history of post-Bach music up to the Mark II Sound Synthesizer. The list of "Basic Works for the Record Library" has also been thoroughly revised and modernized. The set remains a pleasant companion to the music of the giants.

7) At the back of the 1970 edition (the first issue) of **Nature/Science Annual,** edited by Charles Osborne (Time-Life, 192 pp., $7.95), there is a twenty-page section in which the year's developments are briskly summed up under a dozen alphabetical headings. The bulk of the book, which is set in childishly large type, is composed of a dozen feature articles in *Time*'s breathless style, brilliantly illustrated with color photos and drawings, on subjects as various as "The Pesticide Crisis," "The Wandering Continents," and "Superconductivity." The book's popular level contrasts with the more thorough treatment in the established annuals, notably the **McGraw-Hill Yearbook of Science and Technology**, whose 1970 supplement, edited by D. N. Lapedes (McGraw-Hill, 480 pp., $24; $15.90 to owners of the encyclopedia), has a cumulative five-year index.

So much for the present era. The past can be approached through the monumental thirteen-volume **Dictionary of Scientific Biography,** edited by Charles C. Gillispie (Scribners; Vol. I, 636 pp., $35). For the time being, consulters will have to confine their interest to topics developed by scientists whose names begin with the first few letters of the alphabet. Only two volumes are ready, and the subject index will not be available until 1975. The text is limited to the careers of persons no longer living who contributed to the spheres of biology (but not medicine) and the physical sciences. Francis Bacon makes it as a philosopher of science, Roger Bacon for his achievements in natural philosophy and calendar reform as well as in optics. In each instance the biographical material is subordinated to an exposition of the subject's scientific work, for which the scope of the book allows great latitude and considerable depth. Aristotle rates a four-part article occupying thirty-one of the big two-column pages; but even the short entry on Bachet makes room for two of the seventeenth-century Frenchman's mathematical puzzles. Published under the auspices of the American Council of Learned Societies, the *DSB* will inevitably take its place among the century's most respected and essential reference works.

In order to give scientists an insight into the rationale of scientific nomenclature, Lancelot Hogben has devised **The Vocabulary of Science** (Stein & Day, 184 pp., $6.95), in the first third of which he discusses the conventions of formulating modern words from Latin and Greek roots. In the next eighty pages, twenty classes of words (prefixes, shapes, materials, food, buildings, etc.) are listed in three columns: the English word and the Greek and Latin equivalents, with English derivatives. An appendix lists the Latin and Greek roots alphabetically, with their English meanings, but without transliterating the Greek. There is no prefatory statement of purpose, and no detailed table of contents; but Hogben's style proves his enjoyment of the subject, and the book will probably prove more fascinating to browsers than useful to its intended audience.

The difficult science of color, in which subjective reactions play havoc with objective study, is explained by Faber Birren in the three volumes he has edited for the "Basic Color Library" (Van Nostrand-Reinhold, 96 pp. each, $6.95 each; $18.50 the set). It consists of **The Color Primer**, by Wilhelm Ostwald, first published in Germany in 1916; Albert H. Munsell's **A Grammar of Color**, dating from the same period, edited and expanded by Mr. Birren; and **Principles of Color,** the editor's own "review of past tradition and modern theories." In each volume eight color plates and more than fifty monochrome illustrations demonstrate the authors' principles of color harmony and visual sensation.

Our roundup has caught two works in the behavioral sciences. **A Modern Dictionary of Sociology,** by George A. and Achilles G. Theodorson (Crowell, 470 pp., $10;

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Apollo paperback, $2.95), treats the subject broadly and includes relevant terms from psychology and anthropology. However brief, every entry is long enough to assure that even a layman or neophyte can understand the explanation, and specific enough to distinguish among various meanings of the same or similar terms—as between *legend* and *myth*, or two senses of *historicism*, or the many concepts of *family* (atomistic, conjugal, domestic, heteronomous, etc.). The editors define but do not defend jargon; their capably organized dictionary will spread and clarify the special vocabulary of a profession that seems to be jargon's most notorious abuser.

Both obsolete and current terms are defined in the 9,700 entries (one-seventh of them new to this fourth edition) of the **Psychiatric Dictionary**, edited by L. E. Hinsie and R. J. Campbell (Oxford, 820 pp., $19.50). The curious will find 235 phobias and seven columns of manias; the serious student will find the symptoms of Marchiafava-Bignami disease (typical of *vino* addicts) and the mechanism of character defense. A great many explanations are quoted directly from authorities. The nomenclature of mental disorders follows the 1968 revision of the APA manual.

8) For some reason there seems to be a greater proportion of endemic flowers in Greece than in any other country of Europe—out of 6,000-odd species, more than 800 are known only there. The phenomenon is reflected in **Wild Flowers of Greece** (Academic Press, 242 pp., $74). The 10-½" x 14" page was required by the 103 plates, reproducing life-size, in six colors, the paintings by Niki Goulandris. Constantine N. Goulimis wrote the long introduction, a geographical and seasonal botanic tour, and the descriptive commentaries on the plates. Remarkable for their delicacy of coloring, realism of texture, sensitive draftsmanship, and quality of reproduction, they make this unique reference work one of the most exquisite.

Few plant-watchers will have the strength to resist Edgar and Brian Lamb's **Pocket Encyclopedia of Cacti and Succulents** (Macmillan, 208 pp., $4.95), with its 326 vivid color photos of these incredible monsters of the soil, ranging in size from a tiny lobivia to a forty-five-foot saguaro. Descriptions and growing instructions are given for would-be cultivators.

The Weavers, the Graspers, the Stickers, the Clingers, the Hookers . . . no, it's not a tudy of rock groups: those are some of the classifications in **Flowering Vines of he World**, by Edwin A. Menninger (Hearthside, 410 pp., $25), which illustrates 579 species, 200 in color and the rest in flat gray. The instructive commentaries, like the long introductory chapters, are written in a relaxed, enjoyable prose. There's even quite a good-sized section on "Vines Left Out of This Book."

More vegetable monsters: Lucius von Frieden's **Mushrooms of the World** (Bobbs-Merrill, 440 pp., $12.95) demolishes superstitions and sets fungus-stalkers on the right trail. Apart from the 186 admirable color plates, the guide's most conspicuous feature—placed above the picture and repeated above the facing description—is he edibility tag: excellent, good, edible, edible with caution, suspect, inedible, poisonous, or deadly. Where one mushroom might be mistaken for another, the author explains the difference in precise terms. General precautions and cooking instructions precede the main text. (There's just one mystery: How was it discovered that the lethal "death cap" has "a pleasant and mild taste"?)

American Indians seldom ate mushrooms, according to Euell Gibbons, but that hasn't deterred him from gathering and eating wild varieties, and even recommending them in his persuasive book on living off the earth, **Stalking the Wild Asparagus**, now available in portable paperback format (McKay, 305 pp., $2.95). Pigs *do* eat pigweed, but Gibbons says it's too good for them. He's the sort of man who starts out to go fishing and is sidetracked into picking a bagful of Jerusalem artichokes and Juneberries. And his drawings, instructions, and recipes are enough to drive a reader to go out with this field guide and do likewise.

The egg came first! Proof is given by Helmut E. Adler on page 70 of **Bird Life for Young People** (Sterling, 250 pp., $6.95). The main part of the book, illustrated with monochrome photos, is a full-fledged text in nineteen chapters, adapted from an earlier volume, *Bird Behavior*. It is the new, central ninety-six-page section that makes the book a somewhat oversized field guide: paintings of nearly 200 species in characteristic attitudes, accompanied by easily understood descriptions.

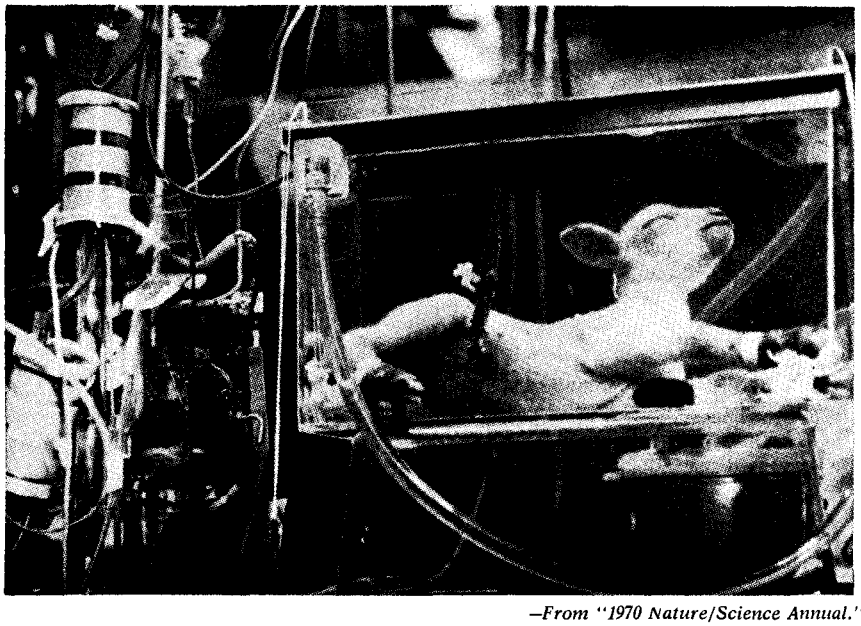
Newest in the authoritative Peterson series is **A Field Guide to the Insects of America North of Mexico**, by Donald J. Borror and Richard E. White (Houghton Mifflin, 415 pp., $5.95)—a comprehensive, beautifully organized portable volume. More than 1,300 drawings, and sixteen color plates depicting 142 insects, all executed in magical detail, bring out every aspect helpful in identifying most of the 579 families covered in this manual. The text explains their anatomy and growth and gives advice on collecting. Alongside each drawing is a straight line representing actual body length—a much more satisfactory method than the usual scale notation.

Butterflies are okay, but it's a pleasure to turn from centipedes to **The Arco Book of Cats**, by Grace Pond (Arco, 160 pp., $4.95). Long-haired cats, short-haired cats, chinchilla cats, British Blue cats, Manx cats, brown Burmese cats, lilac-pointed Siamese cats are defined and characterized and pictured (100 photos, thirty-six in color). The classifications are scientific, the descriptions (with advice on rearing) read like little essays, and the pictures are not only artistic but irresistible.

9) There are more than 200 alphabetized entries in Herbert Lockyer's **All the Trades and Occupations of the Bible** (Zondervan, 327 pp., $4.95), but several are neither trades nor occupations, and virtually all the entries—even the many that contain legitimate facts—serve as stepping stones for sermonettes. Nevertheless, it seems an absurdity to devote dozens of pages to Actors when the term is used specifically to denote a hypocrite, to Advertising in the sense of giving information, to Babblers, Peacemakers, Safeguards, Swimmers, and Trucebreakers. Despite the facts scattered generously about, the book is a model of pious digressiveness, and suffers by comparison with *Beggar to King*, reviewed in *SR*, Nov. 16, 1968.

In **A Layman's Guide to Christian Terms** (Barnes, 347 pp., $10) Ellen C. Shannon explains everything from Abba (the Aramaic for father) to Zwingli (the Swiss reformer, a contemporary of Luther). There are short biographies of both in this overpriced dictionary, as well as of the Old Testament St. David and the New Testament St. Paul. Lutheranism and Albigensianism, the Four Horsemen and the thirty-nine Articles, Chapel and Monstrance, Original Innocence and Total Depravity, the Gift of Tongues and Real Presence are among the 1,800 terms discussed with praiseworthy brevity.

Mrs. Shannon mentions the conditions



—From "1970 Nature/Science Annual."

An unborn lamb in its artificial womb awaits "delivery."

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under which Catholics may read books listed in the Index, which is more than can be learned on the subject from **A Dictionary of Christian Theology,** edited by Alan Richardson (Westminster, 374 pp., $8.50). In most respects, however, the *Dictionary* —set in small though clear type on large double-column pages—is encyclopedic in its treatment of more than 1,000 concepts, largely in connection with current issues. The editor's own articles are particularly lively, as when, discussing Psychedelic Experience, he alludes to "the difference between madness and mystical bliss," or when he contrasts the idea that God is dead with the spate of material "being devoted to the post-mortem." Philosophers as diverse as Buber, Nietzsche, and Sartre find their places here among articles on the multifarious concepts of Christianity.

For earlier beliefs a handy little guide is Sabine G. Oswalt's **Concise Encyclopedia of Greek and Roman Mythology** (Follett, 315 pp., $3.95; paperback, $2.95). If you can't quite recall what happened to Cronus and the other Titans after their defeat by the Olympians under Zeus, or which of the four Glauci drowned in honey, or the eighth labor of Heracles, or even Iuno's relationship to Iuppiter, dip into this highly readable guide. It contains nearly 1,000 articles, and is illustrated with maps, genealogical tables, and 200 photos of ancient art.

10) (Skip this section if you're not a climber, a skier, or even a reader about sports.)

Sublime, dazzling, awesome, forbidding, and (to a climber) challenging are the terrains shown and discussed in the **World Atlas of Mountaineering,** edited by Wilfrid Noyce and Ian McMorrin (Macmillan, 224 pp., $14.95). The six continents and the polar regions are subdivided into smaller areas for treatment by the ten contributors, who write intimately of some of the most difficult climbing in the world. Their accounts of past expeditions are interwoven with advice to novices. More than 250 photos, many in breathtaking color, and thirty-two relief maps round out the impressive volume.

Vermont lodges take up a quarter of the space in Maggie Siggins's **Guide to Eastern Ski Resorts** (McGraw-Hill, 235 pp.; paperback, $2.95), which also covers New Hampshire, New York, Michigan, and eastern Canada. For each area she catalogues the skiing facilities and the hotels, with their accommodations and rates.

Except for two hours of rest daily, Heintz Arntz played the piano nonstop from August 18 to October 1, 1967. It was the same year that Steve McPeak was riding a thirty-two-foot-high unicycle between platforms 100 feet apart. In 1918 Alick Wickham dove 200 feet into an Australian river. More than 100 such incidents are recounted by Jim Benagh and illustrated in **Incredible Athletic Feats** (Hart, 280 pp., $5.95). The men and the events are indexed.

11) There's a still white wine of Champagne that the law forbids exporting. That wicker cradle should be used only for carrying a bottle from where it has been resting to where it is to be decanted. Some wines should be opened just before serving, some at least two hours in advance. Thus speaketh Pamela Vandyke Price in the **Winelovers' Handbook** (Simon & Schuster, 80 pp. + maps and note pages, $3.95). For all the important grape areas—but mostly those of Europe—she tells which wines are made, indicates their quality, and adds information about any special conditions of their production. The twenty tinted maps of wine districts are followed by pages on which to record your own wine acquisitions and reactions.

To the many Americans who can read French fluently only after sipping some Pouilly-Fuissé, we recommend the illustrated **Dictionnaire des Vins** (Larousse, 256 pp.; paperback, $2.75). There are entries for grape and wine varieties, for districts, for the subtly graded adjectives used in pronouncing on a wine's taste and body, for the terms of growing and pro-

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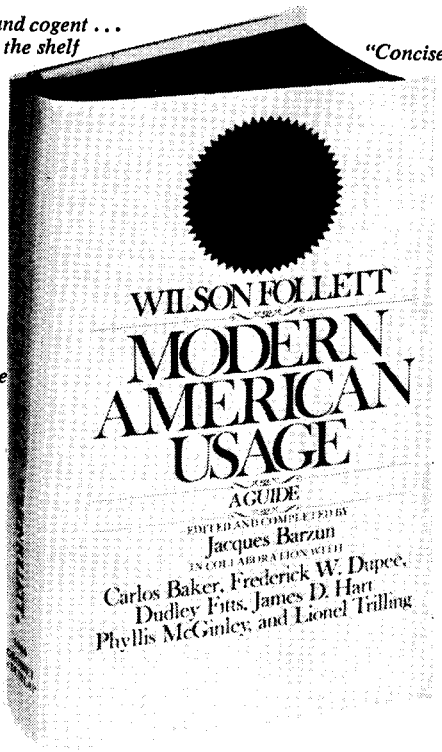

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"I don't even feel the same way about myself as I did when I was twenty-one. How could I feel the same way about you?"

duction, and for oddities like bottle malady, wine headache, and rotten eggs.

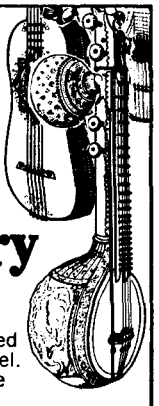
At American weddings, of course, it is customary if not obligatory for the toast to be proposed in champagne. This is also the wine of choice at the reception, according to Barbara Wilson, whose **Complete Book of Engagement and Wedding Etiquette** (Hawthorn, 485 pp., $6.95) answers hundreds of questions. We gather that nowadays it's the groom-to-be who pays for both blood tests, that one reason for an elopement is the money offered by the bride's father as an alternative to a big wedding, that in her honeymoon luggage the bride should include candy bars and cookies in case the groom should get hungry after room service has shut down. Indeed, Mrs. Wilson offers guidance for every step of the path to and from the altar, and for various religious customs. What she leaves out the happy couple will have to seek in a different kind of manual.

And we don't necessarily mean the long-awaited revised and enlarged edition of **Robert's Rules of Order,** by Sarah Corbin Robert (Scott, Foresman, 684 pp., $5.95), the classic guide to parliamentary procedure, first published nearly a century ago. The rules have been completely reorganized, and are explained more fully than before to increase the book's usefulness in the conduct of meetings. Organization officers will find here the forms for making all types of motions. Two important features facilitate quick reference: a forty-eight-page tinted section of charts and tables, bound into the middle of the 4½" x 6½" manual, and highly conspicuous headings in the classified index.

The leading interpreters of the highest law of the land have at last a reference work to themselves: **The Justices of the United States Supreme Court 1789-1969** (Chelsea/Bowker, 4 vols., 3,373 pp., $110), subtitled "Their Lives and Major Opinions," and edited by Leon Friedman and Fred L. Israel. From John Jay to Warren E. Burger there have been ninety-seven Justices, and most of them are virtually unknown. Regardless of the quality or varied lengths of the essays, the biographical data alone—even though the personal is frequently buried under the legal—entitle the set to a place in the permanent reference canon. The quoted opinions following each essay will at least be of legal interest, and many are historical landmarks. (At the last moment, two pages were added on Judge Haynsworth; there is no extra charge, and you have our permission to delete them in your copy.)

Shall we grant the traditional last word to the ladies? The class will please turn to the **Dictionnaire des Femmes Célèbres,** by A. Jourcin and Ph. van Tieghem (Larousse, 256 pp.; paperback, $2.75). Having limited themselves to 800 women no longer living, from Eve to Nefertiti to Vivien Leigh, the gallant compilers had some hard choices to make; and, though the selection is international, the proportions are Gallic. Thus Colette gets three times as much space as George Eliot. The miniature biographies are filled out with engaging comments and evaluations of the subjects' accomplishments. Numerous illustrations, while often of tenuous relevance, form a lively supplement.

"Basic reference material for the rest of this century."
—*New Republic*



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"Romantic Quest"

Continued from page 34

rectly observes that "the audience becomes aware, as it has hardly ever been aware before, that modern man tends to interpret experience as a plotless sequence of events." For this reason, and others which he brilliantly expounds, Dr. Driver finds unexpected relationships between the Irish playwright and Chekhov, relationships that, to my knowledge, have not hitherto been explored.

If one were to fault *Romantic Quest and Modern Query,* it would be to say that the work spreads itself too widely, introduces too many plays and playwrights only to dismiss them in a sentence or a paragraph. As a result, the book swings between the brilliant and the pedestrian. The dramatists Driver deals with in depth—Pirandello, Brecht, Genet, in addition to those already mentioned—are masterfully served. The dozens of others only clutter the scene, and we learn little about them we had not known before. Nevertheless, Tom Driver's book is a valuable and most thoughtful addition to the critical assessment of the theater from 1860 to 1960.

Norris Houghton, co-founder of New York's Phoenix Theatre, is at present dean of theatre arts at the State University of New York's new college at Purchase.

THE PLAYMAKERS

by Stuart W. Little and Arthur Cantor

Norton, 320 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Stanley Young

■ This is not just a book about playwrights, as the title might at first suggest. Rather, it covers incredibly the whole beehive, with its swarm of workers and drones and their singularly industrious but frantic antics, that comprises the honey and money game of Broadway. Here are candid verbal shots, pleasantly laced with backstage gossip, of producers, directors, actors, playwrights, press agents, theatrical lawyers, and dramatic agents, plus firsthand information on the "infantrymen and combat specialists," as the authors choose to call them: the stagehands, technical crews, stage managers, box-office treasurers, backstage doormen, roundsmen—and, yes, even the wig-fitters.

It is a remarkable report, accurate and lively, on Broadway past and present (mostly present), with a cast and

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setting often more clamorous than glamorous, yet enduringly if madly fascinating. Authors Stuart Little and Arthur Cantor have spent, or misspent, much time on this theatrical scene—Mr. Little as a highly respected theatrical reporter for the late *New York Herald Tribune*, Mr. Cantor as a former theater press agent, now a distinguished producer. These two career-tempered worthies know whereof they speak.

With almost anthropological thoroughness they lead us to every Broadway watering hole and gin mill between West 41st and 54th streets, and thence east to Sixth Avenue and west to Eighth Avenue, there to spy on the special feeding habits, mores, folkways, sexual forays, rituals, superstitions, fetishes, work routines, and pecking orders of the theatrical tribe. What appears, at first, to be a bewildering neon-lit walk along the capricious and wilder shores of marquee love and hate becomes understandable, definable, and to some degree even scientifically classifiable as these authors write about it. The odd ecology of Broadway, where one ego displaces another, and the often raised question of outsiders as to how plays get on, and off, are explained here with relative clarity and charity.

The theatrical attorney Herman E. Cooper once charged that "a producer is a businessman with artistic pretensions," only to draw an indignant response from producer Kermit Bloomgarden: "No, a producer is an artist with business pretensions." What more can be said about the bizarre business side of show business, where both definitions obviously apply, as we follow the rocky destinies of such varied veteran producers as Robert Whitehead, Roger Stevens, David Merrick, Harold Prince, and Saint-Subber? According to the authors, all of them, in order to stay alive, must be innovators, talent scouts, catalysts, and promoters—and, one might add, magicians and psychoanalysts.

When Little and Cantor turn their scrutiny upon that most vulnerable of humans "the naked actor," the theatrical landscape becomes cloudy with anguish and contradictions. They begin by observing that "everyday, somewhere in the United States, somebody says 'I want to be an actor,' " and that the rolls of Actors Equity increase by 500 names a year. How the actor fares on Broadway from audition to performance, how he relates to director and playwright, the dramatic schools he attends, his endless search for jobs—all these are summarized with much understanding and insight. When the authors quote Horace's satire in which he called actors "*mendici, mimae, balatrones, hoc genus omne*" (beggars, mimics, buffoons, and all that sort), and then go on to quote the contemporary actress Maureen Stapleton: "We are dock rats, the deformed children of the world," one wonders why actors persist. Yet, as we follow the careers sketched in this book, and see how Katharine Cornell, Fredric March, Jason Robards, Eli Wallach, Montgomery Clift, Burgess Meredith—to name only a few—survived the months and years of lessons, rounds, auditions, rejections, part-time work, bit parts, and incessant waiting for the "miracle," we are impressed by the indestructible energy and fantasies of theater people.

Similarly, in a practical chapter called "The Odd Couple: Playwright and Director," we are informed again of the brutal economic and psychological hazards faced by the lonely playwright, and, in detail, how he works with directors and confronts actors and producers.

Another informative section on Great White Way gladiators is about theater owners and landlords, their feuds, failures, and triumphs, and how they maintain an image that is often a "legendary mixture of grandeur and penny-pinching." The authors report equally well what one should know about contracts—talent contracts, service contracts, theater contracts, investment contracts—and all the activities of the industry's middlemen who perform the secretive, indispensable maneuvering having to do with money, that $60-million average annual Broadway gross.

Other pertinent subjects include the drama critics and current reviewing media, the new sexual ethic of performers, off-Broadway, the black theater, and—in glancing speculations—where the commercial theater will go after 1970.

Actually, *The Playmakers* itself suggests, by its excitement and vigorous reporting, that the Broadway theater is more a fabulous convalescent than an invalid. As Fredric March states in a brief foreword, this book is a "definitive, all-encompassing classic" about the Broadway scene, a book "that doesn't need to be written again."

It is all of that, and therefore should be seized upon as the best sourcebook around for the drama student, aspiring actor, theatergoer, and even, perhaps, for the professional who has not outlived surprise.

Stanley Young, a playwright, is former executive vice president of the American National Theatre and Academy.

"I love spring. It sort of brings out the beast in me."

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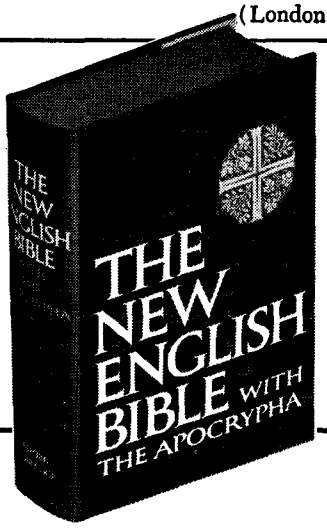

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Agnon

Continued from page 30

two clauses, and the final word of each clause rhymes. (This and some other rhymes within the story were missed by the translator.)

In "A Whole Loaf" Agnon mentions a man who invented a better mousetrap. No doubt, says the narrator, this "can greatly correct the evil"—the translator's rendering of the Hebrew "*tikkun gadol.*" Now *tikkun* in Hebrew can mean a repair or an improvement, but it is also a technical religious term which means correction of worldly imperfections. In other words, there is both a physical and a metaphysical weight to the word, and its glance extends in many directions. The word *tikkun* can be applied to fixing a chair or to moral reformation. The expression may serve as a paradigm for countless other words and phrases which, through centuries of the Hebrew linguistic and literary tradition, have taken on multiple meanings.

Agnon's many allusions to the mainstream of Hebrew writings, however, do not give a conglomerate effect to his prose. To offer a parallel, his writing does not sound like a hodgepodge of Anglo-Saxon, Chaucerian, Elizabethan, and modern English. Since Hebrew was a written language for the nearly 2,000 years since the destruction of the Temple, and was not spoken continuously in the homeland, it did not undergo the radical changes in grammar, vocabulary, pronunciation, and syntax that have taken place in English. And, since Jews have made the study of their classical literature a religious duty, familiarity is something to be expected rather than wished for. It is this shared emotional and intellectual experience that Agnon uses and converts into art.

Agnon's style has over the years remained constant, although his forms and storytelling modes have changed. His word choice and prose rhythms are basically those of the Mishna and Midrash, stemming from the second to the fifth centuries of the Common Era. He also makes use of the Hebrew of the Hasidic and pietistic texts of the eighteenth-to-nineteenth centuries and some modern Hebrew. Although his allusions, direct quotations, and vocabulary extend to all layers of Hebrew, the basic style is his own version of rabbinic Hebrew, which Agnon has developed into a virtually inimitable linguistic instrument that is both poetic and precise.

There is a musical quality in Agnon's prose that offers the translator another problem: how to convey the sense of classic prose without sounding archaic (a trap which some of his translators fall into), and how to preserve the rhythm and occasional assonance, alliteration, word-play, and even rhyme. But, despite all this, Agnon has been translated into more than a dozen languages, including the major Indo-European tongues, as well as Hungarian, Arabic, and even Japanese. For it is his narrative mastery, his fully realized characters, and his universal themes of man spiritually lost and wrenched from his environment that have made his writing understandable in various cultures.

Fame and critical recognition came early for Agnon, and continued throughout his life. He has been written about more than any other Hebrew author: nearly 600 articles and many books have already appeared. In English, however, we have only recently had our first full-length treatment of Agnon, Arnold Band's comprehensive *Nostalgia and Nightmare* (1967). Now Baruch Hochman has provided us with another, *The Fiction of S. Y. Agnon,* in which he devotes lengthy essays—readable for the most part, despite their occasionally dense, convoluted psychojargon—to Agnon's major works. However, he does not deal with the vast body of published but uncollected material, which should be studied before one can come to a final determination of an artist's place, scope, or quest.

It is to Hochman's credit that he suggests affinity to some European writers (he mentions Broch, Robert Musil, the early Brecht) but he either purposely by-passes or subconsciously neglects Agnon's role as a Hebrew artist and the 4,000-year literary tradition that stands behind him. Although there is frequent mention of "ancestral tradition" and "ancestral modes," Mr. Hochman's angle of vision in facing Agnon is through the glass distantly: with binoculars reversed. He rarely explicates or probes sources or motifs, but focuses mainly on the psychological attitude of the writer vis-à-vis his characters and the protagonist's relationship to others within the work.

In dealing with *Bridal Canopy,* for instance, Hochman carefully scrutinizes the hero, Reb Yudel, and also shows the links between that novel and *Don Quixote,* but he makes no mention at all of the Hebraic parallels or of the book's distinctively Jewish fictive traits. From *The Fiction of S. Y. Agnon* a reader will not learn that Agnon is a writer with attitudes and techniques that can only be found in a Hebrew artist who, like T. S. Eliot, affirms a literary tradition which provides him with stories, images, symbols, and devices in profusion. Without this tradi-

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tion Agnon would be just another storyteller; with it, he is a synthesizer of culture, the modern miracle of Hebrew letters.

Nevertheless, *The Fiction of S. Y. Agnon* comes as a necessary antidote to an almost universal adulation. Surely no writer is flawless, and it is certainly an act of courage to take a sharply critical stance. But, even in so doing, Hochman equivocates, seemingly unable to firmly fault so formidable a writer. In describing Agnon's *shtetl* tales at the beginning of the book, Hochman states: "That sequence of stories, fables, and novellas [including *The Bridal Canopy*] is remarkable for its vivid evocation of the past and for its immediate empathy with its people and their modes of being within it." Yet at the end of his work Hochman asserts:

> The pleasures the work affords compensate for many limitations: the terrible muting of his peoples' passions, whether they be of love or of rage; the chilling lack of sympathy with ordinary human aspiration; the tamping of dramatic urgencies; and the cloying indulgence of sheer verbal effect.

Even if one does not agree with the narrow focus and the psychologizing about Agnon's quest, one must admit that Hochman's study, read in conjunction with the fiction, provides another necessary viewpoint on one of the world's great writers.

Although Agnon's fame is secure abroad, his reputation among the younger writers in Israel is somewhat problematic. When he began to write, Hebrew literature was still relatively young; when he died, many sabras were already so secure in their native roots that they were scorning their own literary tradition and looking for others. This can in part be ascribed to ignorance of traditional Hebrew materials, and also to the more comprehensive rejection of many values and attitudes of the older generation. But Agnon stands at the forefront of Hebrew literature precisely because he made use of the interplay between Western and Jewish themes, modes, and stories. Hence his writings have a polychromatic luster that is lacking in much of the fiction of the younger generation. Some, however, have recognized Agnon's modernity, and in these writers the public pose of rejection has mellowed into private adoration and receptivity of influence.

What is modern, then, about Agnon if he writes a mannered Hebrew that is easy enough to read but has a faint patina of yesteryear to it, and if the tradition he describes is now only a nostalgic memory for some Jews, and foreign or exotic to non-Jews? His modernity lies in his ambiguity and irony: he questions the traditional social, moral, and spiritual conceptions; he dwells on despairing isolation; his protagonists grapple with existential problems. In sum, he probes man's spiritual journey through a problem-laden twentieth century.

Long thought to be a naïve folk artist, Agnon was shown midway in his career to be a complex, sentient artist. For those who have not read most of his works, the best comparison in English might be Nabokov or Faulkner—the former for his complexity, authorial control, linguistic brilliance, and humor, the latter for the entirety of his world. The little jokes, puns, and private myths (such as beginning all the characters names in "Edo and Enam" with the letter "G," prompting critics to build castles in the sand when all along Agnon is having a joke at their expense) merely show the playful mastery of his authorial world. Like Nabokov, too, he uses various recurring symbols and characters that are mentioned or reappear in several works. (The hero of the Zionist novel *In Days*

Richard Brautigan's

Here are two poems from the book:

Jules Verne Zucchini

Men are walking on the moon today,
planting their footsteps as if they were
zucchini on a dead world
while over 3,000,000 people starve todeath
every year on a living one.

Earth
July 20, 1969

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Gone By is the great-grandson of Reb Yudel; Rechnitz, hero of "Betrothed," is mentioned in "Edo and Enam"; the narrator of *A Guest for the Night* mentions several characters from Agnon's fiction.)

When Agnon received word in October 1966 that he had been awarded the Nobel Prize (for which he had been mentioned as early as 1935), he stated: "If God will grant me long life, they [the Nobel Committee] will yet see that they did not err in choosing me." That remark was perhaps the least modest of his public utterances. Despite his fame, he lived unostentatiously; despite his complexity, he had personal contact with people all over the world, from all walks of life. An indication of the character of the man might be the note found in his desk after his death, requesting that he be buried on the Mount of Olives next to a humble schoolteacher. Like Sholom Aleichem, who asked to be buried among the poor, Agnon did not wish to lie in a section reserved for the élite. This attitude is perhaps a fitting fusion of Sholom Aleichem and S. Y. Agnon, both culture heroes in Jewry, the two towering figures in twentieth-century Jewish literature.

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THE EVE OF SAINT VENUS

by Anthony Burgess

Norton, 138 pp., $4.95

Reviewed by Robert K. Morris

■ By now it is apparent that Anthony Burgess need only flex his literary muscles to come up with one tour de force or another. *The Eve of Saint Venus*, written in 1950 and first published in England fourteen years later, is a comparatively light-weight addition to the substantial Burgess canon, yet it records as something more than an exercise for the left hand. A fable for our time, this romp through a rural English manor and its ritualistic mannerisms is a glittering entertainment, a grab-bag of allusions, images, and rhetorical gems that Burgess (an opulent king of the Queen's English) profligately casts away like mere baubles.

Superficially, *The Eve of Saint Venus* embroiders on a vignette that found its way 300 years ago into Robert Burton's quaint and quirky *Anatomy of Melancholy*. On the eve of his wedding a young man places a ring on the finger of a statue of Venus, receives divine visitations from the goddess, and, exhausted by her energetic pursuit, finally renders unto Venus that which is Venus's. Burgess updates what was even then an urbane joke by setting it in the modern milieu of the Welfare State (his pet *bête noire*) and providing a cast of traditional, "unkillable" comic characters who still flourished until only recently in stage farce: "the bone-headed goldhearted country squire in plus-fours, the pert and resourceful servant, the grim but reliable châtelaine, the sweet, guileless young lovers, the comic Anglican clergyman."

Burgess's verbal and dramatic alchemy turns the dross of caricature into pure gold. The baronet, Sir Benjamin Drayton, a member of "that perpetually expanding club he calls the past," is a nostalgic Tory given to Falstaffian excesses of wine-bibbing, gourmandizing, and word-mongering. His wife has become a level-headed and sympathetic grand dame, the vicar an amiably wacky pedant, dabbling in sin and the arcana of exorcism, who gets caught up in the spell of the goddess and madly tries to unfrock himself while intoning the illicit delights of the flesh. There are also an MP with a fund of epigrams, a lesbian journalist, and a lusty nanny who hovers about the garden trying the ring trick on the squinting statue of a well-endowed Jupiter.

Venus, disembodied, remains Venus Preserved. The divine succubus is everywhere attended by odors of fish, ozone, and the sea; the magic of love and beauty, fresh from the foam, penetrates barriers of brocades and morals and transforms the venerable estate into a kind of Venusberg. As in Burton, Venus first claims her rights by "preempting the marriage bed," but in the end proves the responsible goddess of the pantheon. The saintly and sexless Ambrose Rutterkin, a structural engineer unmindful of his equipment below the waist, is reunited with the chaste, eager Diana Drayton, who is very much mindful but at a loss how to get it. At the comic climax of the novel, the U-types are momentarily changed by the powers of Venus into budding fauns, nymphs, and satyrs, dancing a cinquepace and reciting Burgess's own lush translation of Lucretius's hymn to the goddess, *Pervigilium Veneris*.

The theme of all this—with Venus providing the crucial link—is twofold. Just as the past continually feeds on the present, so earthly and heavenly love are manifestations of the same divine thing. Recognizing the ambivalence of history allows us to partially fathom its "breathtaking, growing, moving, widening, unifying pattern" and mutes the voices of doom who "prophesy anarchy and the end of the world" one minute or "threaten Utopia" the next. Sexual love is not the yardstick of our well-being or illness, but it could still turn out the healthy antidote to our collective anesthesia.

If Venus, the mythic force who never once materializes, is the novel's heroine, then Burgess's language, wondrously omnipresent on every page, is its hero. An image may burst upon one as sound and light together; a sentence may soar or plunge, tease or infuriate; a paragraph may serve up a semantic banquet (yet remain readable and funny), shape itself into a fugue of motifs, or suddenly turn into a poem. The only predictable thing about Burgess is surprise. In *The Eve of Saint Venus* he loots the Elizabethan literary guild for echoes from Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and Michael Drayton, ransacks Peacock's extravagances in *Crotchet Castle*, and plunders the techniques of Eliot's and Fry's verse drama; but the word-hoard is all his—and inexhaustible.

In the last analysis the novel is one of finesse and brilliance rather than depth: a finely crafted frieze of poetry and allusion inscribed on the pedestal of an engaging fable. Sensuous, irreverent, erudite, it should be taken as a moderately profane hymn to the "importance of physical love," but even more as an epithalamium to the sacred, happy marriage of language and literature.

Robert K. Morris, who teaches English at CCNY, is presently at work on a study of Anthony Burgess.

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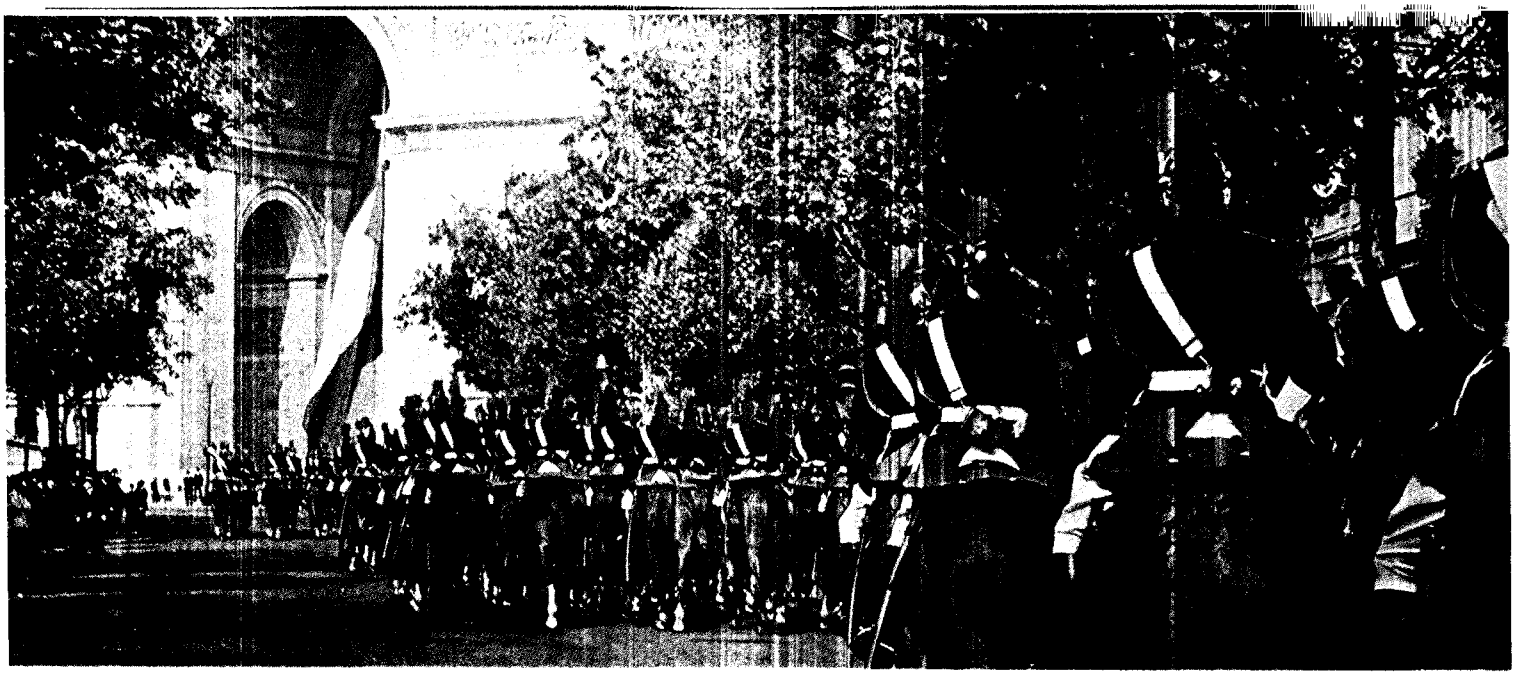

The Garde Républicaine assembling to escort the President of France on Bastille Day.

Le 14 juillet

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parades, fireworks and dancing in the streets.

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A kindergarten class in Brooklyn, N.Y. Schools in 45 states already use the Distar™ Systems, published by SRA, a subsidiary of IBM.

Ruth Simmons teaches kindergarten at P.S. 321 K, in Brooklyn, New York. Dr. Harry Weintraub is the Principal. Between them, they've taught and observed all kinds of youngsters—bright, slow, and the educationally disadvantaged.

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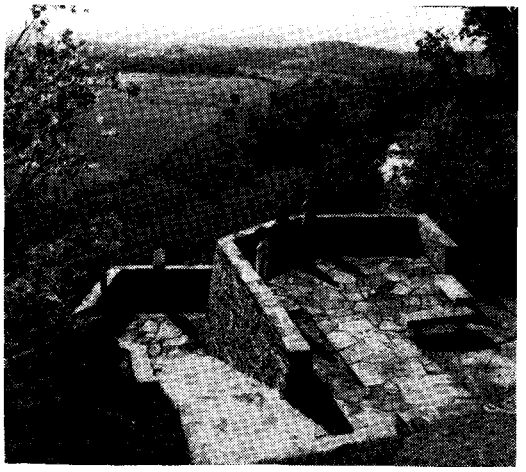
David Butwin



View from the New Market battlefield—a long way from wars and smokestacks.

South to Spring—I

THE RITES OF SPRING were meant to be celebrated in a place like the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia—or *Shan*andoah, as a Yankee soon learns to say in this land of apple blossoms and magnolias.

There was nothing wrong with the April Saturday in New York that launched my journey south, but it seemed a bit chill to drive my borrowed Porsche 914 topless. Besides, as anyone knows who has departed Manhattan by the Holland or Lincoln tunnels, the less air you breathe the first hour or so into New Jersey, the longer you live to tell about it. Not even the most pristine of spring days can make that stretch of the New Jersey Turnpike tolerable. With windows rolled up and vent closed, a car still manages to take in the fetid air compounded of chimney smoke, chemical waste, and airplane exhaust (the Newark Airport looms just off the road, adding an earful of noise for good measure).

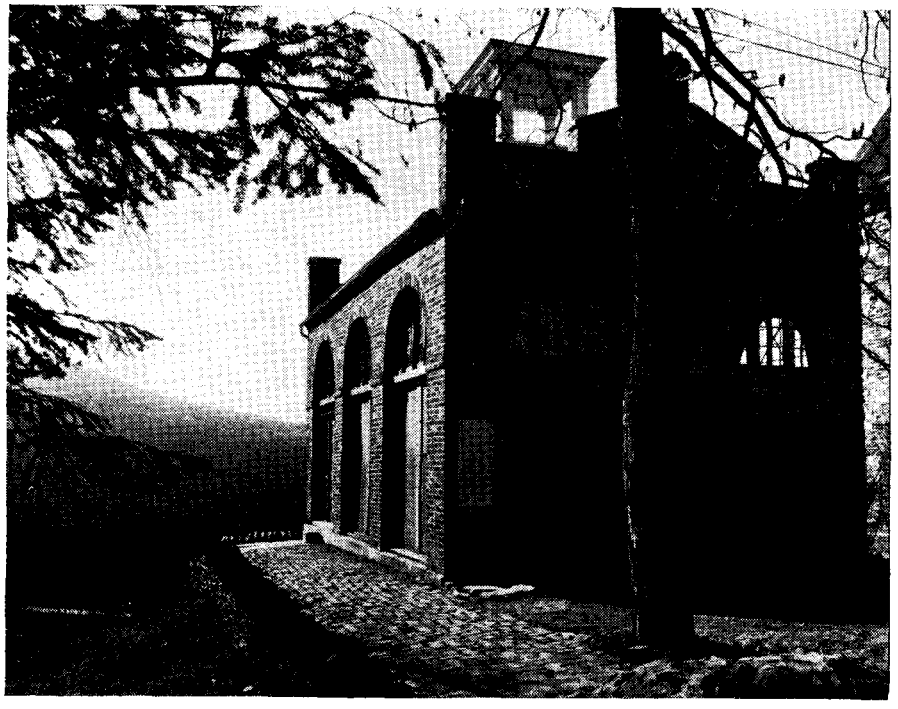
Every now and then, peering between the smokestacks, you are reminded that civilization hasn't been entirely expelled from the Jersey marshland. My navigator and sister, Miriam, who has a keen eye for architecture, spotted a twin-spired church off the portside, all but enveloped by the pillars of industry. After a while the landscape turned mercifully to rolling farmland, and when we picked up the Pennsylvania Turnpike near the Delaware River we caught the first true signs of a changing season: willows beginning to weep with pale green wisps.

Our initial planned stop came in midafternoon at Carlisle, the seat of Cumberland County in south central Pennsylvania. Carlisle was the home town of James Wilson, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and of Molly Pitcher, a Revolutionary War heroine. I was drawn to the town by the warm boyhood memories of Jim Thorpe, the Sac and Fox Indian who went to college in Carlisle about sixty years ago and, for a time, put the little Indian school in sports page headlines across the country. I had seen *Jim Thorpe All American* so many times, with Burt Lancaster carrying the ball, that the quiet, shaded campus seemed more familiar than my own alma mater. Unfortunately, the Carlisle Barracks, which housed the school from 1879 to 1918, have been converted to other uses. Since 1951 they've been the seat of the Army War College.

Strolling Carlisle's wide, clean streets, we came across some plaques dedicated to a man whose only athletic exploit I remembered was hurling a silver dollar across the Rappahannock. One stated that Washington had worshiped in a local church, another that he'd slept on the site of the Molly Pitcher Hotel when he came to quell the Whisky Rebellion in 1794.

Carlisle has preserved a late eighteenth-century flavor on its main downtown streets, rows of shuttered brick buildings standing in freshly painted order with dormer windows peeking out from the roofs. At a café called the Dutch Cupboard—Carlisle is in Pennsylvania Dutch country—the waitress told us she had first heard of Jim Thorpe when she moved to town a year before, and often since then. She said the papers frequently carried stories detailing the Chamber of Commerce's efforts to regain, posthumously, the medals Thorpe won at the 1912 Olympic Games, taken away years ago on a technicality regarding his status as an amateur.

She wrote "thank you" in pencil on the back of the check—a sign, I felt, that we were passing into a quieter, simpler America. But then perhaps we two students of Americana were looking too hard. On the street we counted four women in plastic hair curlers. A movie theater was showing Walt Disney's *The Computer Wore Tennis Shoes*. And everywhere there were American flags, hanging in front of shops and businesses, and displayed in windows. Miriam observed that most of the clothing fashions in the dress shops were done in combinations of red, white, and blue. We asked about it in the lobby of the Molly Pitcher, where a few men were lounging in the afternoon quiet. "It's sort of a Rally Round the Flag Week," a man told us. "The Chamber of Commerce is giving $25 or so for the best flag display." In answer to my second ques-



—Bruce Roberts (Rapho-Guillumette).

John Brown's Fort at Harpers Ferry—"A forsaken air remains."

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tion, he said there was a plaque dedicated to Jim Thorpe up the block near the old Court House. We found it in a clump of bushes, a sad sort of gravestone, noting in fifty prosaic words or less that in 1950 Thorpe had been voted the greatest athlete and football player of the first half of the century.

Leaving the turnpike and heading south, we crossed into West Virginia and in late afternoon descended a bending road into Harpers Ferry, scene of John Brown's raid on October 16, 1859. The town got its name in 1747 when Robert Harper established a ferry service across the Potomac and set up a gristmill on the banks of the Shenandoah, near the confluence of the two rivers. President Washington, recognizing the water-power potential of the region, selected Harpers Ferry as a site for a federal armory and arsenal, the same buildings John Brown besieged for thirty-six hours before he was forced to surrender to a small force of U.S. Marines commanded by Colonel Robert E. Lee. Harpers Ferry took such a beating from floods and the Civil War (Stonewall Jackson captured the town in 1862, taking more than 12,500 prisoners) that it gradually declined into ghostliness. Since 1944 the National Park Service has undertaken to restore the old business section and significant Civil War and John Brown-was-here sites. But a forsaken air remains.

If Harpers Ferry has 600 residents, as it claims, we wondered where they could be. Maybe it was too late in the day for anyone but the last gaggle of tourists to be climbing about the hilly town. On Main Street, souvenir and curio shops were closing. Passing a wax museum, Miriam jumped back with a start. A figure of John Brown, bearded and glaring, stood behind a dusty window, his rifle trained on us.

The shops at the foot of Main Street looked vacant and long forgotten. Perhaps they were merely awaiting spring cleaning and reopening for the tourist season. There was a drab hoop skirt in one window, a row of antique bottles standing nakedly in another. A Negro family was gathered before a window displaying various Civil War weaponry, and we heard the youngest daughter exclaim, pointing to a piece of cannon shot: "Mommy, here's a little atom bomb." We climbed a steep path to a lookout above the Potomac and Shenandoah, a view that Jefferson said was worth a trip across the Atlantic. The rapids rumbled below, drowning out the sound of auto traffic winding along a road on the opposite bluff. The heavily wooded banks were turning a faint green, splashed here and there with forsythia.

Driving out of town, we got a clue as to the whereabouts of Harpers Ferry's citizenry. A long line had formed at the entrance to Harpers Ferry High School, people of all ages standing in their Sunday best on Saturday evening. A sign in front said: "Charm Revue, 7:30 p.m." Up the road near Charles Town we suddenly ran into a clot of traffic, which just as suddenly evaporated at the turn-off to the Charles Town Race Course.

Harpers Ferry is the northern gateway to the Shenandoah Valley, which stretches 100 miles southwest between the Blue Ridge and Allegheny mountains. U.S. 81 cleaves the entire valley and runs on into Tennessee, a route less sterile than most divided highways. Early on, the visitor learns that if the valley belongs to one spirit it is that of Stonewall Jackson. The Confederate general, who pulled off the daring valley campaign of 1862, is remembered in untold plaques, street names, restaurants, and other modern monuments. We passed his Civil War headquarters in Winchester, too tired and hungry to stop, finally halting well after dark at the Wayside Inn in Middletown. Not to our surprise, a gray plaque posted in front of the inn proclaimed it to be the site of a Stonewall Jackson attack in May 1862.

Done up in Colonial style with a few other eras thrown in, the Wayside Inn was renovated eleven years ago by Leo Bernstein, a Washington banker and realtor. Among the artifacts decorating the three-story, white-brick building is a slab of cherry wood encased in glass near the front door. It is attested under seal that this relic was part of the tree George Washington chopped down as a naughty boy near Fredericksburg. There are fourteen bedrooms among the inn's thirty-six separate rooms, the $7 single rate and $10-18 double reasonably suggestive of a bygone age.

There are a main dining room and

(*Continued on page 63*)

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***SR*'s Annual**
University Press Issue

SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory

REBUFFED RECENTLY by a U.S. Court of Appeals in the case of *I Am Curious (Yellow)*, the Commissioner of Customs for the Port of New York has struck again. This time he has seized a Swedish sex-education documentary called *Language of Love*, and confiscation proceedings were initiated by the U.S. Attorney's office on the grounds that the film is obscene and immoral. The case, at this writing, is being heard before a jury in Federal Court, the complainants being Chevron Pictures, the importers of the film. With Ephraim London as their counsel, they intend, if necessary, to take the case all the way up the ladder of the courts. Apparently, Customs wanted to test the legality of the sexual frankness in this particular film, even though films of a similar nature are being freely shown in hundreds of American theaters, and despite the fact that a million Swedes have already seen the picture without any evidences of resulting depravity.

Currently on display here is *Sexual Freedom in Denmark*, a curious (blue) potpourri of sexual information, including interviews with advocates of sexual freedom in Denmark, demonstrations of masturbatory and coital techniques, graphic picturings of normal and abnormal infant deliveries, and gynecological advice. It contains, also, several close-up views of the male and female genitals, and, during its scenes of intercourse, cuts in some views of the "action" similar to those seen in what used to be known as stag films.

The unctuous lecture accompanying all of the above stresses the educational value of the material, and anyone can gain the benefit of it by paying $5 at the box office. Anyone over twenty-one, that is. The film tacitly takes advantage of court rulings that have widened the area of what may be shown to adults on the screen, and leaves literally nothing to the spectator's imagination.

Language of Love, which I saw in the Customs House screening room, covers much of the same ground, is even more earnest, and is deadly dull a great deal of the time. Four well-known sex educators, one of them a gynecologist, sit around a living room and discourse on the need for sex education and answer questions that they themselves propose. The answers are illustrated by couples enacting certain situations: A young wife is made unhappy by her husband's premature ejaculation. An implied solution is given when, later, he performs an act of cunnilingus on her, to her obvious satisfaction. The healthy nature of masturbation is indicated by an attractive young woman performing the act, while a split screen makes clear what is happening anatomically.

Dr. Wardell Pomeroy, co-author of the Kinsey Reports, was also at the screening. He found the film medically sound, as well as determinedly educational. He commented on the fact that neither fellatio nor male masturbation was shown; that far the screen has not yet progressed—if that is the word. Perhaps the reason the film was seized lies in the language of court rulings in previous cases. Words such as obscene and immoral are difficult enough to define legally, but when terms such as prurient, lustful, and impure are brought in and when "community standards" are invoked, the garble is all but impenetrable. Clearly, Customs and the courts are attempting to deal with present-day attitudes toward sex by using the mustiest of Victorian phraseology.

While Customs and district attorneys worry that the sight of a woman masturbating will excite *lustful* and *impure* thoughts, and appeal to *prurient interests*, something else is being demonstrated by the flood of pictorial magazines, newspapers called *Screw* and the like, and films that purport to be *A Marriage Manual* of coital techniques and that demonstrate what ought to be going on in bed between *Man and Wife*. In certain cities, there is a plentiful array of sleazy films showing various kinds of sex play, some aimed at heterosexual, others at homosexual, interests. Some do little but zoom in on female sexual organs — the so-called "split beaver" films. Obviously, there is not only an enormous amount of curiosity about sex, but a deep-seated and prevalent sexual frustration that is far more worrisome than any film.

It is never taste, good or bad, that is an issue in these cases. In this regard many of the films—but not *Language of Love*—are deplorable. But harmful? Presumably not to the judges, attorneys, witnesses, and juries that view the seized films. It is only the "community" that is supposed to be in danger. Having followed and testified in some of the cases, I have reached the sad conclusion that, where films are concerned, an inchoate legal battle is being fought on terrain that simply no longer exists.

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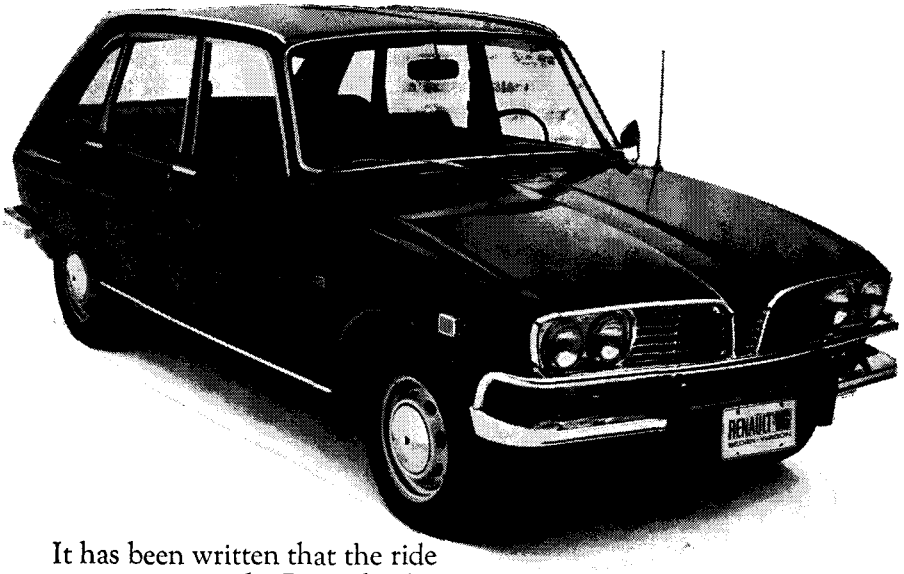

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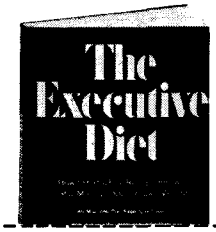

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Robert Lewis Shayon

The Avenging Eye

J. STEPHEN SHAFFER, JR., and J. R. Rossiter, graduate students at the Annenberg School of Communications at the University of Pennsylvania, recently tested some of Marshall McLuhan's notions about film and television, and the sage of Toronto will relish the eyerony that the experimental instruments were the dilating left pupils of eighteen male subjects. The human eye—dominant organ of literate man—has been superseded in the McLuhan sensorium by the tactile-oral-aural communication modes of electric technology.

The eye has its revenge in the Shaffer-Rossiter test, which set out to verify McLuhan's assertion that film is a *hot* (arousing but noninvolving) medium, whereas TV is *cool* (nonarousing, agitating, or exciting but possessing a deep and powerful subliminal involvement). A movie camera took infrared pictures of the subjects' eyes as they watched two different black-and-white film segments that each ran from three to four minutes. One film was a highly arousing "skin flick"; the other, a bland George Gobel TV situation comedy. The pupillary dilations were recorded as the subjects watched the two stimuli in three different ways: on film, on a TV screen, and again on TV with 44 per cent of the normal screen image blocked out.

Some psychologists question whether pupil dilation is an index of perceptual synthesis — the "closure," "depth-involvement" effect that McLuhan has in mind when he asserts that TV viewers work hard mentally to "fill in" an incomplete mosaic of dots that bombards them from the tube, which has "low definition." Shaffer and Rossiter claim, however, that "a rapidly growing number of experiments has confirmed the pupillary response as an index of cognitive or mental information processing."

Film, according to McLuhan, is a "high-definition" medium, requiring no "closure," and therefore it does not possess as much depth-involvement as TV. Revolutionary consequences—political, social, economic—argues McLuhan, flow from TV's unique character. The viewer (his guard down, so to speak) is massaged, pushed around, overwhelmed at a preconscious level—regardless of content.

Professor McLuhan is ambivalent about tests. He has implied that they are "pseudo-events," "sheer bunk," impressing "not only literary people . . . but scientists. They think a scientific truth or proof is 'Can you repeat it?' " On the other hand, he has mentioned tests in his book *Understanding Media*, and he has stated elsewhere that his Center for Culture and Technology in Toronto "is engaged in conducting experiments for measuring the effects of various technologies on the physical organisms of which they are the extensions." One of his associates, Edward Carpenter, has written that tests interest McLuhan "more for insights gained than verdicts rendered."

The verdict suggested by the avenging eye in the Shaffer-Rossiter experiment is that, contrary to McLuhan's belief, involvement (measured by pupil dilation) is greater for films than for television. Seeking to explain their results, as all good investigators do, the experimenters suggest that McLuhan's closure of the TV mosaic may not occur at all, or that it occurs only at a minimal level, perhaps too minimal to be detected by their apparatus. Maybe, they concede, results would have been different had the film segments been longer or had the setting been at home rather than in an Annenberg studio. However, they believe that the McLuhan depth-involvement effect may be more a matter of attention, interest, and emotion than of perceptual synthesis, the filling-in of the tube's incomplete mosaic. The fact that, in their test, involvement was more evident for film than for TV may be due to the greater clarity of detail in the film (not brightness, which was held constant). A conclusion might be that the McLuhan effect works only for content of moderate arousal; very exciting or boring content may override *any differences* between the two media. This idea, of course, casts doubt on McLuhan's thesis that the medium is the message and content is irrelevant.

The McLuhan debate obviously will go on; the professor himself sets the tone on involvement by his very ambiguous, mosaic style. His grander notions about the effect of media changes on the pace, scope, and patterns of human affairs are hardly susceptible to experimental testing. But his notions about sense modalities are vulnerable precisely because they can be tested. The Shaffer-Rossiter team has made a distinct contribution that must be considered by future probers. The eye—in a McLuhan mixed metaphor—has spoken visually and cannot be ignored.

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As Others See Us

OTTAWA:

Integration Tragedy

IT IS TRAGIC and depressing for any believer in human dignity and racial equality to witness the foundering of the American program of integration in public schools.

It may be too early to hang the crepe, but the signs in Washington and elsewhere across the country point to a gradual abandonment, or at least indefinite postponement, of efforts to tear down the color barriers and give each American child an equal chance at higher learning, and thus job opportunities.

Blame President Nixon. Blame a change in the mood of so-called Middle America—the complacent majority that put Nixon where he is and applauds the muscle-headed pronouncements of his Vice President, Spiro Agnew. And blame, if you will, the militant blacks who damaged their own cause by preaching hate for the white man instead of cooperation and understanding.

—*The Ottawa Citizen.*

LONDON:

Cambodia and the U.S.A.

WHAT WAS TO BE FEARED from the start of the Cambodian upheaval a month ago is now happening: It is getting tangled up inextricably with the great Vietnam conflict next door, and thus with the even wider East-West conflict itself. . . . Even the wobbly neutrality of Cambodia's deposed leader, Prince Sihanouk, now plotting his return to power from exile in China, gave more stability than the unpredictable chaos and savagery of the regime that has replaced him. The Americans may already be wishing he were back. They could do worse than encourage it.

—*The Sunday Telegraph.*

PARIS:

Reform or Revolution?

SO, WHO IS RIGHT? The prophetic Tocqueville, who stated over a century ago: "If the United States ever has great revolutions, they will be due to the presence of the Negroes on the soil of the United States"? Or the comfortable souls who consider that a few reforms are enough?

The observer who cannot look dispassionately at the obvious violence of the black anger, but who seeks to analyze it with the detachment that critical examination imposes, will be tempted to reply: neither of them. A revolution is, often simply, a brutal manner of bringing about reforms. And reforms that aim at "preventing" revolutions sometimes precipitate or provoke them.

For the blacks are not simply demanding a slice of the economic cake of which they have been deprived. They also want to know what the cake is being made for, how it is made and distributed. Black anger is not just the impatience of a minority of Americans who consider themselves to be "second-class citizens." It is also a whiplash across America's back.

But the danger is that the Negro's awareness of his social and economic position may provoke a violent white reaction. There are disquieting signs of the "white backlash." If the all too justified black anger arouses white bitterness, then the prophets of doom will once more prove that they are right. And that will lead, once again—and more violently than before—to the fire.

—*Le Monde.*

FRANKFURT:

German-American Partnership

THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT'S "American Week" was an unmistakable demonstration of what Chancellor Brandt on his return termed a "confirmation and affirmation of German-American partnership."

The two countries are dependent on one another and accept this mutual dependence as the most natural thing in a small world. Chauvinists in both countries must come to realize that world affairs have assumed new dimensions.

Performances will not always be as top-rate as that achieved by the cool team of technicians at Cape Kennedy, but Federal Republic-American cooperation, shown by the people concerned to be the most natural thing in the world, is worthy of imitation for all that. Negotiations between the two governments ended with a small mixed Cabinet meeting in the White House, also something unique and a small gesture. . . . Before the milestone in reconciliation between this country and Eastern Europe is reached, Bonn and Washington and both together in NATO must conscientiously synchronize all moves. . . . Bonn must respect the priority of the SALT sessions and the Allied discussion of genuine safeguards for West Berlin.

—*Frankfurter Rundschau.*

MADRID:

The Dead-skin Doctrine

NONE OTHER than Ellsworth Bunker, the U. S. Ambassador to Saigon, talking with a distinguished Asian, explained that his country was going to adopt a new policy in Vietnam and the key to it was the decision to change the color of the skins of the dead.

"Until now," said Ambassador Bunker, "the skins of the dead have been white, and our plan is to change them to yellow. Instead of young Americans dying here, South Vietnamese will die."

According to U. S. figures, millions of "yellow skins" have died in Vietnam. But Bunker wasn't referring to them; these were the skins of the enemy. . . . He was talking about the yellow skins of the soldiers of the Saigon government. They are to die in what President Nixon calls the "Vietnamization of the peace," and what will actually be the "Vietnamization of the war."

From Eisenhower, who initiated the intervention in Vietnam, to Nixon, who introduced "the dead-skin doctrine," four presidents have foundered in the muck of Vietnam. . . . But it is not a change in the color of the skin of the dead that will decide this war. The determinant power now and in the future will be the iron will of the Vietnamese people, which is made up of live beings —not dead skins.

—*Juan Bosch, Indice.*

WARSAW:

Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT)

THE ARMS TALKS are rightly called the most important diplomatic negotiations of our time. The chances created by those negotiations were immense, but the difficulties accumulating on the road to the achievement of a substantial agreement are equally large. This is the reason why the participants as well as the rest of the world speak about SALT with such sobriety.

Nobody was hoping for quick results, and the talks could continue for a number of years. The American government did not come out with a concrete proposal for freezing out nuclear armament and the production of the strategic means of transport of the nuclear weapons at long distances. According to the official statements in Washington, no American strategic program could be dropped before a conclusion

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of a bilateral agreement with the Soviet Union. The problems facing the negotiations in Vienna demanded a definition as to which weapons should be recognized as strategic. In this matter, the American stand differs from the Soviet one.

—Radio Warsaw.

BELGRADE:

Consistent but Unrealistic

PRESIDENT NIXON once again has spoken on Vietnam, but it is hard to conclude from his speech whether the prospects for an emergence from the blind alley of Vietnam have become any brighter. The trouble with the increasingly frequent speeches of the U. S. President is that they are oriented mostly toward the question of how to wage the war or, at best, how to win in Vietnam with the least possible military involvement—not how to achieve a just peace involving the necessary withdrawal of the interventionist forces.

On the other hand, it is hard to dispute the consistency of President Nixon's implementation of a completely definite Vietnam policy, regardless of the extent to which this policy is a captive of an unrealistic plan. Vietnamization of the war is being persistently continued. . . . Following its reduction to a total of 290,000 soldiers by May of next year, the American Army will still be strong enough to retain its sharpness as aggressor and occupier in the face of an opponent whose main strength is not in arms but in its liberation policy.

—Borba.

PEKING:

For Two Chinas

PUT TOGETHER long ago by U. S. imperialism, the "Taiwan independence movement" is inseparable from its consistent plot of creating "two Chinas." From Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, and Johnson to Nixon, every master of the White House has persisted in being hostile to the Chinese people, occupying Taiwan and pushing the "two Chinas" plot. At a time when U. S. imperialism is riddled with worsening crises at home and abroad and is at the end of its tether, the Nixon government is using counterrevolutionary dual tactics more cunningly, and is resorting to various sinister tricks on the creation of two Chinas. To carry out his so-called new Asian policy after taking office, an anxious Nixon wanted the Japanese reactionaries to share important "responsibility" and play "a key role" in U. S. aggression in Asia.

—Peking Review.

Letters to the World's Editors

The Voice of the People in the Foreign Press

Undesirables?

IT IS DIFFICULT to follow the reasoning in your April 8 editorial "Fleeing to Canada." You state that U.S. deserters and Weathermen have broken the law and are fleeing to Canada to avoid prosecution; you state that, therefore, they are classed as "undesirables." You state that draft dodgers are legally correct and are only trying to avoid military service for moral or religious reasons.

I'm sure that the deserters and Weathermen could claim the same reasons for their action.

The draft dodgers have also broken the law, or there would be no need to abandon their country. If you have any doubt about this, I suggest you take a hundred draft dodgers and send them back to the U.S. They would be rightfully treated as criminals just as the deserters and Weathermen are. The draft dodgers should also be classified as undesirables.

Does *The Telegram* really believe that the draft dodgers are "the best type of citizens for Canada"?

—D. B. Scully,
The Telegram, Toronto.

Friendly Japanese

I READ your article "Foreign Personnel Oppose Go-Go Closing," and I am extremely disturbed by Miss Rendely's statement that "there is a lingering anti-foreign feeling among the Japanese."

From my own two months' experience in this country working for the Expo Association I cannot but certify the contrary. I am the only foreigner in our section and surrounded by some one hundred Japanese in the same office room every day. Each of them has been extremely helpful, kind, and understanding toward me—and, in fact, so has every single Japanese I have met so far, wherever I went.

—Ilka Geyer,
The Japan Times.

Back to the Biblical Judges

IN THE DAYS of the Judges, Deborah judged Israel (Judges 4 and 5), but it was because all the men had become cowards. Barak would not go against the enemy unless Deborah went with him, and even then it was a woman (Jael, Judges 4:21) who received the credit for disposing of the enemy. (Note Judges 4:21, 22 for the complete account.) Has history repeated itself? Are we again in the days of the Judges when the male members of the Knesset [Parliament of Israel] are afraid to trust their own judgment and wish to have the weaker vessels upon whom to blame any future mistakes?

I am not saying this in any wise to reflect on Mrs. Meir's intelligence but rather to cause you to see how evident it is to those outside that you have committed all this authority to a woman because no man seemed to feel himself capable.

—Marion W. Hall,
The Jerusalem Post Weekly.

The Purpose of Sex

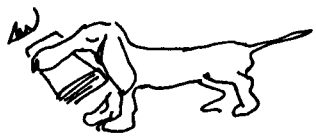
THE SEX ACT is basically for the procreation of children and mutual love of two people and as such should be confined to the privacy of those people, who, in the circumstance of marriage, share such deep love as to want to give their bodies to each other and procreate children. The whole concept of this is lost if sexual intercourse is performed on stage by members of the acting profession, who can hardly have a deep love for one another, sufficient for such a show of it.

—Helene R. Summers,
The Manchester Guardian Weekly.

Kiss Miss!

MISS BANU REKHA,
Film Star, Bombay.
Little Miss Kiss: The ultimate in the pigheaded stupidity of moral rules was shown up by you when you expressed a desire to see the film in which you star in a kissing scene and were refused permission because you were a minor.

—Vox Populi,
Blitz, Bombay.



How to Treat Nudes

ONE OF the best ways to put a stop to nudity on the stage, TV, and public scene is for the public to pelt them with rotten tomatoes, and rotten lettuces, and ice cream, to cool their ardor!

Audiences: Get pelting! Let's have some real entertainment from our side.

—Mrs. Eve Barclay,
The Observer, London.

Going, Going . . .

ASKED WHETHER he thought King Hussein's days were limited, Mr. Abba Eban, the Israeli Foreign Minister, said on *24 Hours* (BBC-1): "We've been talking about his fragility for the past seventeen years; so apparently you can have fragility and longevity at the same time in the Middle East."

—Chronicler,
Jewish Chronicle, London.
—Compiled by NICHOLAS G. BALINT.

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

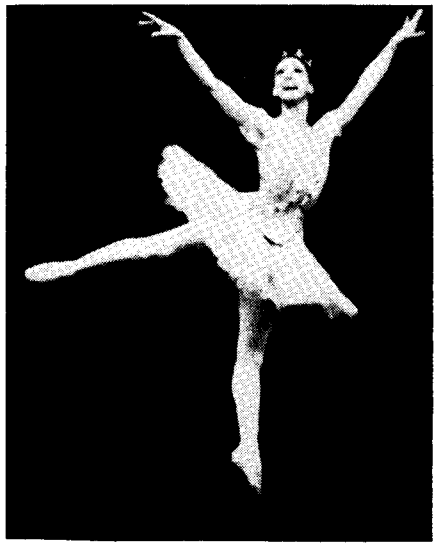
Royal Magic

BRITAIN'S ROYAL BALLET, with an unknown (to American audiences) Margot Fonteyn as its principal dancer, made its New York debut as the Sadler's Wells Ballet twenty-one years ago in the Petipa-Tchaikovsky *The Sleeping Beauty*. The same ballet and the same star, now a dame of the British Empire, opened the company's twelfth U.S. season—six weeks—at the Metropolitan Opera House. The production has been changed. The magic is the same.

Dame Margot and Rudolf Nureyev headed the cast for the first two performances (consecutive). Nureyev, slim and in faultless training trim, has never danced better. The animal vigor, coupled with his own incantational magnetism, was present in full force; but there was a new, and very princely, elegance about all he did. Dame Margot, during the first half of the "Rose Adagio" on opening night, was nervous; but the second half found her in full control of her prodigious balances, her rare *aplomb*, on *pointe*. At the second performance, she was incomparable from start to finish. In the final act, "Aurora's Wedding," she accomplished not only the seemingly perilous nose-dive plummetings (*pas de poisson*) with marvelous bravura (brilliantly supported by Nureyev) but, in some solo passages, was so carefree and coltish that there was no doubt at all that one was watching a sixteen-year-old at play. Fonteyn at fifty? Hers is the art, not simply the act, of dancing.

Others of the Royal Dancers contributed agreeably to these two *Sleeping Beauty* performances. Deanne Bergsma was, as always, enchanting as the Lilac Fairy, and Michael Coleman made a spectacular Bluebird, one of the best I have ever seen. (The Royal Ballet lists this famous *pas de deux* as "The Blue Birds," but the protagonists are in fact the Enchanted Princess and her pet, *the* Blue Bird, whose flying actions she imitates with female flutterings.)

Later in the first week, the company came up with five ballets by Sir Frederick Ashton, who had also provided the new production (December 1968) of *The Sleeping Beauty* with new and additional choreography, exquisitely woven into the Petipa original. These Ashton ballets were *Daphnis and Chloé* (Ravel, but without the chorus of singers it had at its U.S. premiere in 1953), *Symphonic Variations* (Franck), and *A Wedding Bouquet* (words by Gertrude Stein and music by Lord Berners), all on one program; and the two-act *La Fille Mal Gardée* (Hérold) and *Marguerite and Armand*, the Camille theme of Dumas *fils* (Liszt—Sonata in B minor), on another bill. The New York season, ending May 31, focuses upon Sir Frederick, who will be retiring as director.



—*Ron Protas.*

Fonteyn as the sixteen-year-old Princess Aurora in "The Sleeping Beauty"—At fifty, "hers is the art, not simply the act, of dancing."

Symphonic Variations, for a cast of six and with clean, clear, and lovely scenery and costumes by Sophie Fedorovitch, is one of the truly great "music visualization" ballets of our time. It has its life in a remarkable unity of music and motion, and its first cast—Antoinette Sibley, Anthony Dowell, Ann Jenner, Robert Mead, Jennifer Penney, and Michael Coleman—dances it with a marvelously refreshing coolness and, of course, impeccable body-line.

The older *Daphnis and Chloé* has not aged as well. It is, in most respects, a gentle lyrical work, but it need not be bland. Fonteyn and Michael Somes once made it glow; today's Jennifer Penney and Robert Mead, as the lovers, settled for steps. The peasant dances, very simple, retained their charm; but if the Royal Ballet has a problem, it is a tendency, in lyrical ballets, to permit blandness to serve for gentle radiance.

A Wedding Bouquet, Miss Stein's wild and wonderful view of a provincial marriage in France at the turn of the century, remains a joy. Sir Robert Helpmann delivers the Stein lines with dry wit and faultless dance cadence, and there are unforgettable portraits by Alexander Grant as the reluctant groom, Miss Bergsma as the gloriously inebriated Josephine, and Miss Jenner as the daft Julia (who has "no plans for the summer").

Fille, as a libretto, is one of the oldest ballets extant (the 1700s), and Sir Frederick has reworked it into one of the few great comedy classics in ballet. Stanley Holden, *en travesti*, is hilarious as the greedy Mother Simone; and Grant's brilliant characterization of the simple-minded Alain, the ribbon dances, a Maypole dance, and a *pas de deux* performed with the hero leaning over a transom and the heroine reaching up from below are captivating.

Marguerite and Armand lives and breathes only for Fonteyn and Nureyev. Watching it, you live for them and with them, and you too breathe more deeply with their projection of a passion that dismisses the world around them.

THE ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATER, in the midst of rumors and warnings that it might not be able to continue because of lack of sufficient financial support, never danced better than it did at the recent two-week engagement at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. It is a beautiful, beautiful company, mainly black but with excellent white dancers also, including the gifted Mario Delamo, a newcomer to the troupe. It would be good to speak of them all because not one is less than gifted, but I would be remiss if I did not pay tribute to statuesque Judith Jamison, an artist of uncommon theatrical powers; Miguel Godreau, the tiniest member of the company but a volcano of energy and fire; and Dudley Williams, Michele Murray, and Consuelo Atlas among many.

The repertory, representing several choreographers, included two new pieces by Ailey, *Streams* (Miloslav Kabelac) and *Gymnopédies* (Satie). The former is a stunning group work built chiefly on diagonal lines and evoking the title in abstract form through varying speeds, eddyings, flowings, racings, and floatings, all related to moods of jubilance, sadness, acceptance, and glee. The latter is a solo, danced superbly by Keith Lee, who replaced an injured Dudley Williams. It is a dance of contemplation, of self-appraisal; it may remind you of Jerome Robbins's *Afternoon of a Faun* but only in genre, for it is a highly original creation.

The repertory also featured three new—and short—solos by members of the company (far better dancers than they are choreographers) and such masterpieces of theater art as Ailey's irresistible *Revelations* and Geoffrey Holder's (choreography, music, décor, costumes) electrifying, voodoo-touched drama, *The Prodigal Prince*.

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Science/The Endless Search

John Lear

The Chinese Spaceship

ON A REGULAR SCHEDULE just six minutes short of two hours long, a robot spaceship built and launched in Communist China has been circling the Earth since April 24. The ship weighs 380 pounds and follows an elliptical course that swings as far as 1,430 miles out from Earth and as close in as 263.4 miles.

News of the craft's presence has been published at the top of the front page of *The New York Times* and at the bottom of a far inside page of *Pravda* in Moscow. According to the *Times*, the ship was expected by American rocketry experts. Judging by *Pravda*'s handling of the story, the Russians are not enthused.

Since the Chinese have given out the barest minimum of facts in their barrage of propaganda, almost anything said about the feat must be speculative. But there is an object lesson to be drawn from this highly technical achievement by a supposedly backward nation. The lesson is that witch-hunting does not pay.

Hsue-shen Tsien, the man whose brain conceived the Chinese spaceship, learned everything he knows about aerodynamics and jet propulsion in the United States. He was literally chased out of this country and into the hands of Mao Tse-tung. The story can be read in *The Wind and Beyond*, the autobiography the late aerodynamics genius Theodore von Karman wrote with Lee Edson. The main points are as follows:

Hsue-shen Tsien was born in Shanghai and grew up in Peking, where he attended a special high school for talented children. He studied engineering at Chaio Tung University in Shanghai, and in 1935 won a Boxer Rebellion scholarship that enabled him to come to the United States and take a master's degree at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In 1936, he went to von Karman for advice about further graduate study. As von Karman recalled it:

> This was our first meeting. I looked up to observe a slight, short, young man, with a serious look, who answered my questions with unusual precision. I was immediately impressed with the keenness and quickness of his mind, and I suggested that he enroll at Caltech [California Institute of Technology] for advanced study.
>
> Tsien agreed. He worked with me on many mathematical problems. I found him to be quite imaginative with a mathematical aptitude which he combined successfully with a great ability to visualize accurately the physical picture of natural phenomena. Even as a young student, he helped clear up some of my own ideas on several difficult problems. These are gifts which I have not often encountered, and Tsien and I became close colleagues. . . .
>
> I recall that in the early days of experiments with guided missiles, Tsien, sensing their growing importance, suggested more or less jokingly that the United States start a new service, to be known as the Jet Weapons Branch, which would concentrate on remotely controlled missiles. He pointed out, quite rightly as it turned out, that the skills were quite different from those required for operating other kinds of weapons and should be entrusted to a new group . . . in the military service. . . . He even proposed that we establish a society for the advancement of jet propulsion.

On von Karman's recommendation, Tsien was appointed to the Scientific Advisory Group of the United States Air Force. In that role, Tsien went to Germany toward the end of World War II for a look into Hitler's secret technical developments.

In February 1947, again on von Karman's recommendation, Tsien became a full professor at MIT. Shortly after that, he returned to China for the first time in twelve years, married there, and brought his bride back to the United States, preferring continuance of his life here to acceptance of the presidency of his alma mater, Chaio Tung University.

After two more years at MIT, Tsien returned to Caltech as Goddard Professor of Jet Propulsion and head of the Daniel and Florence Guggenheim Jet Propulsion Center. In 1949, he wrote what von Karman called "the first good paper on nuclear rocketry," which today is regarded as a classic.

The late Wisconsin Senator Joseph McCarthy's hunt for domestic Communists was in full cry at that time. "It was inevitable," von Karman said, that attention would turn to Caltech, "the little California institution with the reputation of harboring many odd, independent scientists." Suspicion fell on Tsien when he refused to testify against a friend, research chemist Sidney Weinbaum, who was being tried for perjury in a case having to do with Communism. Suddenly and unexpectedly after that, the military services in July 1950 withdrew Tsien's security clearance.

Tsien was deeply hurt. He pointed out to Caltech President Lee Du Bridge (now science adviser to President Nixon) that without clearance any worthwhile research in jet propulsion was impossible. Du Bridge advised him to appeal the security withdrawal. Tsien was not anxious to go through the appeal procedure. He felt that an alien Chinese professor did not have much chance in the tense atmosphere of those times. Besides, he did not think he should have to prove that he was not a Communist.

"I believe my own reaction would have been about the same as Tsien's if somebody had falsely accused me of Communism as the result of my brief association with the short-lived Béla Kun government of Hungary," von Karman commented.

Many important people supported Tsien, who finally took his case personally to Undersecretary of the Navy Dan Kimball. Tsien told Kimball that if his clearance was not restored, he would return to China.

"Kimball, in fact, told me there was not the slightest evidence against Tsien and the case would be cleared up on appeal," von Karman recalled. "But I think Kimball was surprised and perhaps shocked at how quickly the whole thing got out of hand."

The Immigration Service ordered a deportation hearing for Tsien on the grounds that he was a Communist alien and therefore had illegally re-entered the United States in 1947. The Pasadena Immigration office ordered Tsien deported and threatened to indict him for perjury for saying he was not a Communist. Tsien actually was kept in the United States for five years before being allowed to leave for China.

Tsien's detention was based on the theory that everything he then knew would be obsolete by the time he ultimately reached China. He actually left California in 1955 with his wife Yin and their two children. Today, he is director of the Institute of Mechanics in Peking, which is part of the Chinese Academy of Sciences. The knowledge he acquired in the United States obviously is not obsolete, for the spaceship launched by the Communist Chinese under his guidance is many times heavier than the first satellites put aloft by either the Americans or the Russians.

The Russian achievement of an Earth satellite in 1957 radically changed American attitudes toward the Soviet Union. There was a greater willingness to discuss matters of all kinds on an equal footing. It is to be hoped that the Chinese satellite will signal a larger effort to bring Communist China back into the world diplomatic community.

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Travel

Continued from page 54

several smaller sections, one of which is called the Slave Kitchen. My 1970 Yankee blood jumped at the mention. I interrupted my bowl of peanut soup to have a look, and found a private party dining loudly in the low-beamed, brick-floor quarters. As I peeked in, the waitress emerged, a young Negro in long frock and bonnet. The irony of her serving in such an atmosphere occurred to me, and although I was tempted to bring it up then, or the next morning when she waited on us at breakfast, I let it pass. Virginia's racial situation, in this age or any, might puzzle an outsider. The Shenandoah Valley was settled in the eighteenth century mostly by German Lutherans and Scotch-Irish Presbyterians who moved down from Pennsylvania and by English who crossed the Blue Ridge. Before the Civil War, the valley was farmed by individual families who held few slaves. Racial tension thus probably never had a chance to mount, and outcroppings today are not conspicuous.

Yet, the matter continued to intrigue us throughout the week, and, for example, as we headed south Sunday morning from Middletown, we couldn't help but note the sign on a movie marquee in a neighboring town: HARRIET BEECHER STOWE'S CLASSIC "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

Virginia continues to pay homage to the Civil War battles that were fought on its soil. In fact, an outsider would get the impression that the entire war was won and lost in the Shenandoah Valley. One of the latest and most ambitiously organized memorials is outside the town of New Market where a museum and battlefield recall a muddy day in May 1864, when 250 cadets from Virginia Military Institute were pressed into duty to hold a sector of the Confederate front line against a massed Union assault. The battle might have been forgotten but for a VMI alumnus, George Randall Collins, who bequeathed $3-million to make sure it wasn't. The museum, due to open this spring, will house enough displays and dioramas to make it "the best cross-sectional view of the war," according to its planners. It will be called the Hall of Valor, words that may not go down so easily with every American motorist who passes by.

We liked the view. From the edge of the battlefield we looked down from a 200-foot bluff to the north branch of the Shenandoah River and across to a greening pasture grazed by black Angus cattle and a farm white with flocks of turkeys. Wars and the smokestacks of New Jersey seemed very far away.

Manner of Speaking

Continued from page 10

room, I'd like to leave a message for Maggie.

4) If Maggie comes here to read it, she's a fag.

5) Shut up and let the man speak.
—Maggie.

3) Dear Maggie: Tell your mother to stop washing off this wall.

Panel Three:

1) Why is everyone so utterly other? I want a universe with some me in it.

2) Sorry, wrong continuum.

3) Germy egos infect the design of things in any continuum.

4) You call this a design?

5) Patience, children, patience.
—God
(signed in His absence by Jacques Maritain).

Panel Four:

1) This wall is almost used up and no one has said "LOVE!"

2) Darling, it takes all the wall to say that.

3) Love is the ultimate Phys. Ed. curriculum. Are you a gym teacher?

4) If so, please teach me.
—Jim.

5) All applications for course work must be made through the Academic Dean.

3) All deanships must be made through application.

4) What—if anything—applies to your type?

1) I LOVE YOU—There, I said it!

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 e (*To Have and Have Not*). 2m (*A Handful of Dust*). 3g (*The Confidence Man*). 4a (*Wuthering Heights*). 5j (*All's Well That Ends Well*). 6b (*A Christmas Carol*). 7k (*The Pastures of Heaven*). 8o (*Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*). 9f (*The Razor's Edge*). 10c (*Lord of the Flies*). 11h (*Death of a Salesman*). 12n (*A Woman of No Importance*). 13i (*Gone with the Wind*). 14d (*The Heart of the Matter*). 15l (*All the King's Men*).

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Sy Oliver, Bandleader

by STANLEY DANCE

When Sy Oliver left Jimmie Lunceford's band in 1939, he was the most acclaimed arranger in jazz. Even so, he thought he had had enough of music. He had been with Lunceford six years, with Zack Whyte and Alphonso Trent before that, and he knew he could afford to realize a lifetime ambition. He had always wanted to go to college.

As it happened, Bobby Burns, Tommy Dorsey's road manager, was present the night he put in his notice, and Dorsey had been trying for a long time to get Oliver to write arrangements for him. Burns promptly called his boss.

"Try to get him to come over to the hotel," Dorsey said.

"There's no point, Bobby," Oliver told Burns. "I'm not interested in being a musician. I want to go to college."

"Ride in with me anyway," Burns replied, "and say hello to the Old Man."

Oliver acquiesced and went up to the bandleader's room. Dorsey was in the middle of shaving.

"Whatever Lunceford paid you last year for playing and arranging," he said immediately, "I'll pay you $5,000 a year more."

"Sold," said Oliver.

In the three decades that followed, his services were consistently in demand. He wrote arrangements for Dorsey, for the band he led while in the Army, for a big band of his own, and subsequently for all kinds of singers in every kind of context. Greatly gifted, richly experienced, and everywhere respected in the profession, he went to Paris in December 1967 at the request of Bruno Coquatrix, the songwriter whom he describes as "the Irving Berlin of France."

"He had a lot of big hits going all the way back to the Forties," Oliver recently said, "and he wanted to update and record them. After we had done that, in three albums, he asked me to stay and write for the orchestra at the Olympia Theatre in Paris. The orchestra there is a gas, one of the best I've ever worked with. Basically, it's the regular size—four trumpets, four trombones, five reeds, and four rhythm—but it's augmented depending on the acts, and in those European music halls they play *everything*, from opera to circus music, rock 'n' roll, the whole bit. So they'd have strings and extra percussion, depending on the kind of show. There was an American producer, George Reich, who used to do the shows at the Copa and the Latin Quarter. There was an American chorus, too, girls and boys, white and colored."

Oliver became musical director of the theater. Each show contained two "ballets" about ten minutes long. He wrote original music for these, and he also wrote for the acts that came in without music.

"I got to speak workable French," he continued, "but there was never any problem. The language of music was the same. Most of the musicians spoke some English, and between their smattering of English and my smattering of French we got along all right. For a while, I conducted, too, but I had to stop because there was just too much work. The time we were on the stage—and the time required immediately before and after—killed the day. The programs changed about every three weeks; so, what with rehearsals and everything, my writing time was too restricted. What I continued to do, however, with every new show, was to conduct the ballets until the French conductor got with it. Lester Wilson, a terrific dancer who used to work with Sammy Davis, did some of the choreography. You get the routines at the last minute in shows of that kind, and then you have to work two or three days without sleep. Lester would come to me and say, 'Sy, the number's to go like this: *Ta-da-cha-cha-da, ta-doo, bop-bop, ta-doo, bop-bop!*' And I had to write music to that! I soon decided the only way I could do it was to tape it whenever he came to the office. It was very interesting, and I put some tapes together where he sings the routine and the music for it follows."

Oliver had a comfortable apartment not far from the Etoile, and he was very happy there—so long as his family was with him. His wife speaks French well, and his younger son, who wants to be a writer, had the valuable experience of going to school in Paris. Afterward, a period ensued when shows done earlier in the year were being repeated at the Olympia.

"There was no necessity for me to stay, and I prefer New York," Oliver said. "I've paid my dues, and I've got a nice home here. For me, it's the only place to live. I came back intending to go into the usual commercial work, but after being away more than a year I suddenly realized I wasn't involved in anything. I'd go home, read, watch television, play chess. My life seemed to have come to a dead end. I wasn't even interested in music. There was no problem picking up the threads again, but when I picked them up they just weren't interesting. It was a surprise to realize that I was bored. So I decided to go to school. I enrolled in three classes at The New School—psychology, philosophy, and one of the humanities courses, 'Planning New Life-styles.'"

—*Popsie.*

Sy Oliver—"if you put a zircon in the proper setting it will look like a diamond!"

Even when Oliver first went to New York with Jimmie Lunceford, it was not with the intention of staying with the band, but of going to college, taking a course in liberal arts, and eventually studying law. However, because he was still young, and because the band became an overnight success, it seemed logical then to stay in music.

"But I always had an interest in the law, and wanted to be an attorney," he explained. "The fact that Lunceford and a lot of his guys had been to Fisk had nothing to do with it. The college thing was bred in my bones, and I got it from my father. The only salvation for a Negro in America when I was born, in 1910, was education. People don't always realize it, but there are several strata in Negro society. The educated Negro is at one pole, the uneducated at another—a different life, a different world. My father had a stroke when I was a sophomore in high school. Had he lived, I would never have been in the music business. He was a professional singer, and he taught all the string and brass instruments. I was the oldest of six kids, and I began to play trumpet professionally to earn money to stay in high school."

Partly as a result of the courses at

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The New School in 1969, Oliver found it essential to determine which direction he should now take. He recognized that he had years of experience in every facet of popular music, natural ability as a leader, and a good understanding of elementary psychology.

"I know how to get people to do what I want without hitting them over the head," he said. "I've learned a lot about living since the time I was constantly active in the record field, and I wouldn't run a record date now the way I used to. I know I have a lot of good will going for me. Down through the years, I've written for people like Frank Sinatra, Louis Armstrong, and Sammy Davis, but I've never asked them for anything, never asked them to get me this or that, or to do my tunes. And although I've never really been a performer, my name is well known in certain areas. Above all, I realize that people of our generation have no place to hear the kind of music they were raised on. There's nobody presenting it anyplace. Neither Ellington nor Basie presents what I'm talking about."

Oliver accordingly decided that the time was ripe to put a band together again, and early in April he opened with a nine-piece group at the Downbeat on 42nd Street and Lexington Avenue in New York City, diagonally across from Grand Central Terminal. The response was immediate and enthusiastic. Old favorites from the Lunceford and Dorsey books were recognized and welcomed back affectionately, while Oliver's continuing flair as an arranger was demonstrated in many new compositions and arrangements.

"Our music is rhythmic," he emphasized, "but it appeals to people who are not musicians. We have the vocal trio, for one thing. I could reach Lawrence Welk's audience if I had the opportunity, just as Lunceford's band could have done. In the way he combined things, Lunceford had something no other Negro band ever had. It was an interesting band for musicians, and an interesting band for nonmusicians. That's why he had such a following. The band was musically exciting, and it was still exciting if you knew absolutely nothing about music. That's what we're after now—presenting a general spectrum."

The size of the band was determined by economic considerations, Oliver being thoroughly aware of the condition of the band business.

"One of the reasons there's no band business as we knew it," he explained, "is that it simply isn't feasible economically. There just isn't that much money around, or the number of places to support it. A band of this size can play anywhere a sixteen- or eighteen-piece orchestra can play. We don't need that much volume because there are no ballrooms, but even if there were they would present no problem. With amplification as it is today, guitar bands can play Madison Square Garden.

"I'm not presuming to reproduce the big-band sound in its entirety, because we don't have that much instrumentation, but we're going to get as much out of the framework as is humanly possible. There'll be abundant color, and it won't be boring. Where I have the two saxophones playing lead and the two trombones playing with them, it sounds just like a full saxophone section."

Except for the time he was in the Army during World War II, Oliver had not played trumpet since he left Lunceford. Although he always deprecated his ability as a player, he was, in fact, a stylist whose use of the plunger mute was distinctly and pleasingly individual. His return to a playing role was certainly an additional, gratifying aspect of the appearance at the Downbeat.

"As a trumpet player, I've never considered myself a soloist like Roy Eldridge and those guys," he said, "but being an arranger I have one thing going for me—I can frame myself. You know, if you put a zircon in the proper setting it will look like a diamond! Moreover, the plunger does result in an interesting sound, and there are only a few guys—like Cootie Williams—who use it now. But playing the trumpet again was part of my therapy, you might say, and economics had some bearing on it, too. I'm getting my chops back. The whole time I was writing the band's book, I'd practice holding tones for ten minutes every hour on the hour."

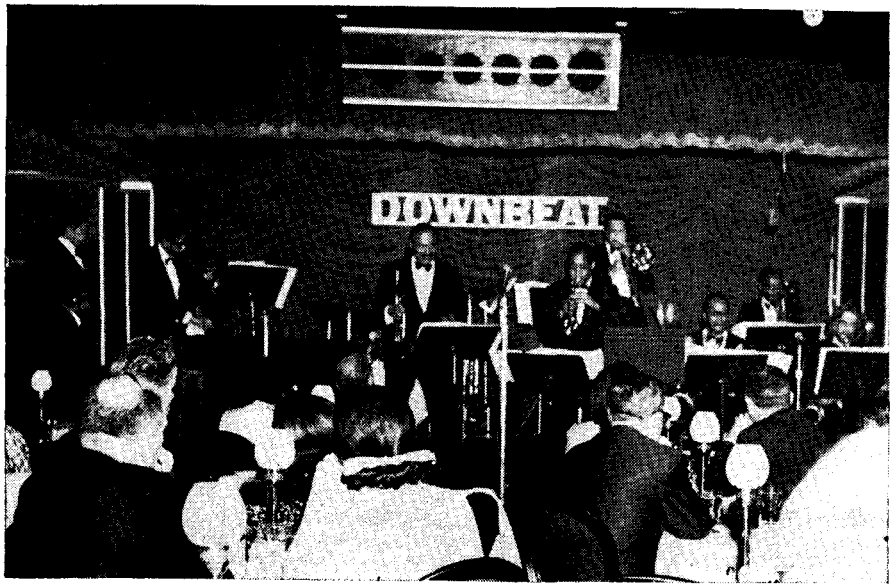
Oliver is personable and exceptionally articulate as a leader. He is also the band's chief vocalist, not only on the numbers he originally sang, but also on those that featured Trummy Young, Willie Smith, and Joe Thomas. The band backs him with skill and zeal, and its personnel is indicative of his experience in recognizing talent. Money Johnson (trumpet), Britt Woodman (trombone), Candy Ross (trombone), George Dorsey (saxophones), Cliff Smalls (piano), and Leonard Gaskin (bass) are veterans with years of experience in big bands and the recording field, while Bobby Jones (saxophones) and Bobby Pike (drums) are obviously musicians

(*Continued on page* 67)

DISCOGRAPHY:

Jimmie Lunceford and His Orchestra: *Rhythm Is Our Business* (Decca DL-79237); *Harlem Shout* (Decca DL-79238); *For Dancers Only* (Decca DL-79239); *Blues in the Night* (Decca DL-79240); *Lunceford Special* (Columbia CS-9515). Louis Armstrong and His Orchestra: *Satchmo—Autobiography* (Decca DX-155, four records); *Louis and the Good Book* (Decca DL-8741).

Some of Oliver's best creations for Tommy Dorsey can be found scattered over several albums, but they might profitably be regrouped in RCA's Vintage Series. An affectionate joint tribute to Dorsey with Frank Sinatra worth searching for is *I Remember Tommy* (Reprise R-1003).



—*Popsie.*

Sy Oliver and band at the Downbeat—left to right, piano, Cliff Smalls; vocalist, Buddie Smith; bass, Leonard Gaskin; Oliver; trumpet, Money Johnson; trombone, Britt Woodman (standing); sax, George Dorsey; trombone, Candy Ross; sax, Bobby Jones. Not visible, Bobby Pike, drums.

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Jazz LPs

Data	Report
Milt Buckner: *In Europe, 1966.* Buckner, piano; Jimmy Woode, bass; Jo Jones, drums. Prestige stereo, 7668, $4.98. **Teddy Wilson:** *In Europe, 1968.* Wilson, piano; Nils-Henning Ørsted Pedersen, bass; Bjarne Rostvold, drums. Prestige stereo, 7696, $4.98. **Oscar Peterson:** *Easy Walker.* Peterson, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums. Prestige stereo, 7690, $4.98. **Hampton Hawes:** *In Europe, 1967.* Hawes, piano; Eberhard Weber, bass; Claus Weiss, drums. Prestige stereo, 7695, $4.98. **Barry Harris:** *Magnificent.* Harris, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Leroy Williams, drums. Prestige stereo, 7733, $4.98.	These five albums, all except the last recorded in Europe, show something of the health and variety still to be found in the art of jazz piano. Stylistically, Wilson comes first, and he plays here with an enjoyable avoidance of pretention. During last choruses, the cool restraint he imposed on an essentially Hines-inspired style is relaxed occasionally in glittering treble passages. Buckner is credited with having originated the "locked-hands" style of playing block chords that George Shearing subsequently popularized, and he demonstrates its continuing efficacy very convincingly. He is superbly accompanied in a program that ends with a vigorous boogie-woogie, a stirring slow blues, and Lehár's "Yours Is My Heart Alone." Peterson seems to have benefited particularly from the European ambience, and this is another album in which his power is used discreetly. The understated ten-minute version of Billy Taylor's "Easy Walker" is an outstanding performance that fully lives up to the number's title. This Peterson trio, with Brown and Thigpen, was certainly an exceptional team in every way. Hawes is not so fortunate in his accompanists, but his playing has authority and a strong pulse, not least on the four tracks where the drummer is tacit. Probably the most impassioned performance on any of the five albums is "Bean and the Boys," which Harris dedicates to its composer, Coleman Hawkins, with whom he so often played. The two originals that follow display his versatility handsomely.
Sidney DeParis and **James P. Johnson:** *Original Blue Note Jazz, Vol. II.* DeParis, trumpet; Johnson, piano; Vic Dickenson, trombone; Ed Hall, clarinet (first side); Ben Webster, tenor saxophone (second side); Jimmy Shirley, guitar; John Simmons, bass; Sidney Catlett, drums. Blue Note compatible stereo, B-6506, $5.98.	The session with Ben Webster under Johnson's name is one of the glories of the early Blue Note catalogue, and it is fortunate indeed that all four titles from it are now in one album. Although Johnson himself belonged to an earlier generation, the group is remarkably homogeneous, and everyone plays well, Catlett's accentuations being particularly valuable. On the other side, interesting differences of treatment result from the two takes of "Everybody Loves My Baby" being played at very different tempos. Two performances, "Call of the Blues" and "Tishomingo Blues," demonstrate that few musicians made such brilliant and imaginative use of plunger and derby mutes as DeParis.
Bud Freeman: *The Compleat Bud Freeman.* Freeman, tenor saxophone; Bob Wilber, soprano saxophone and clarinet (on second side); Ralph Sutton, piano; Bob Haggart, bass; Gus Johnson, drums. Monmouth-Evergreen stereo, MES-7022, $4.98.	Bud Freeman established his own style in the late Twenties and has never deviated from it. Long before Lester Young came into prominence, he had shown an alternative way on the tenor saxophone to that of Coleman Hawkins, the major influence. As he acquired more facility, there were refinements, but he always remained unmistakably himself. This is such a good and typical record that it is tempting to say that it is the best he has made. On the first side, where he plays with only the excellent rhythm section of the WGJB, he shows his customary originality of approach to melodic line and chord structure. On the reverse, Bob Wilber is added with great success. The combination of soprano and tenor saxophones is fascinating, and the rapport between the two musicians extraordinary. Wilber plays in a Bechet vein, and Sutton throws in reminders that Count Basie, after all, was also a product of the Harlem piano school.
Dizzy Gillespie: *Cornucopia.* Gillespie, trumpet; with big band; Don Sebesky, arranger and conductor. Solid State stereo, SS-18061, $5.98.	The busy arrangements and several of the contemporary tunes are unlikely to please Gillespie's more dedicated followers, but there is compensation in the range of playing that the variety of material draws from him. Although the introduction to the opener, "The Windmills of Your Mind," prepares the listener for the worst, the effect when Gillespie takes off over the hungering strings is both amusing and exciting. Similarly, the way he builds climactically on the Lennon-McCartney "Get Back" is impressive, contrasting as it does with the surprisingly tender ballad interpretations that precede and follow it. The best tracks for sampling, however, are his own originals, the pretty "Lorraine" and the boiling "Tango-rine." An old Earl Hines tune, "Ann, Wonderful One," and the ubiquitous "Oh, Happy Day!" get attractive performances, too.
Illinois Jacquet: *The Blues; That's Me.* Jacquet, tenor saxophone and bassoon; Wynton Kelly, piano; Tiny Grimes, guitar; Buster Williams, bass; Oliver Jackson, drums. Prestige stereo, 7731, $4.98.	Grimes, an admirable guitarist, establishes the mood perfectly for Jacquet's bold entry on the long opening blues. If nothing else quite reaches the same level, there is nevertheless some bustling, uninhibited playing by all concerned on "Still King," "The Galloping Latin," and "Every Day." The leader does well, too, on "For Once in My Life," a ballad that he interprets in a manner reminiscent of Herschel Evans. And he plays Thelonious Monk's " 'Round Midnight" on bassoon in a stately but mournful fashion that, like the instrument's character, is not at all inappropriate to the number.
Ike Quebec: *Swing Hi—Swing Lo.* Quebec, tenor saxophone, with quartet, quintet, and sextet; Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet, with septet; Benny Morton, trombone, with quintet. Blue Note compatible stereo, B-6507, $5.98.	Apart from the incomprehensible eccentricity of its compilation, this is an enjoyable collection of reissues from 1944-46. Quebec, the musician most featured, was a fervent disciple of Coleman Hawkins, and he simulated the master's buzz tone to very good effect. In this instance, however, he is momentarily outclassed by yet another tenor from Texas, John Hardee. The album also provides welcome opportunities to hear such infrequently recorded musicians as pianists Roger Ramirez and Sammy Benskin, guitarist Jimmy Shirley, trombonists Keg Johnson, Henderson Chambers, and Tyree Glenn, and drummers J. C. Heard and Sid Catlett.
Stuff Smith: *Stuff Smith Memorial Album.* Smith, violin; Heribert Thusek, tenor saxophone; Otto Weiss, piano; Peter Witte, bass; Charly Antolini, drums. Prestige stereo, 7691, $4.98. **Jean-Luc Ponty:** *Critic's Choice.* Ponty, violin; Wolfgang Dauner, piano; Nils-Henning Ørsted Pedersen, bass; Daniel Humair, drums. Prestige stereo, 7676, $4.98.	The simultaneous release of these two albums invites comparison, but there is not much to be profited from it. In a summing-up, Smith once said that Ponty "plays like lightning" and "plays on violin like Coltrane does on sax," but he never gave him the supreme encomium ("he swings like a dog") that he reserved for a few other violinists. Smith swings at all times, even when he is stating the melody, but Ponty seldom does, despite the fact that he has the better rhythm section. His fantastic skill and invention cannot be denied. —STANLEY DANCE.

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(*Continued from page* 65)
of whom much more will be heard in the future. With those of the leader and Ross, Buddy Smith's is the third voice in the vocal trio.

The group's flexibility is quickly apparent in a program that includes not only such well-remembered hits as "For Dancers Only," "Four or Five Times," "'Taint What You Do." "By the River Sainte Marie," "Margie," and "On the Sunny Side of the Street," but also Oliver's arrangements of such numbers as "How High the Moon," "Undecided," "Zonky," "My Baby," "Blues in 5/4," "Easy Walker," "Lover, Come Back to Me," "Rumble," and "If You Believe in Me." The spectrum is broad, indeed, and the fact that new music is handed out on the stand every night is a measure of the leader's confidence in his men.

"By the end of this engagement, I'll have around eighty numbers in the book," he said. "After the first week, the band was at a stage I thought it would take at least two weeks to reach. We're presenting good entertainment, but I'm not looking for critical acclaim, and I'm not trying to convert anyone. The analysts can analyze to their hearts' content, and I couldn't care less. All I'm doing is presenting what I like, and if *you* like it, come on in and enjoy it!"

Opening night, his music communicated with a packed house. Many of the customers clearly knew the famous arrangements by heart, but younger people whom they had brought along, and who were not around when Lunceford and Dorsey were riding high, appeared to be appreciating them just as much.

—*Ann Charters.*

Sleepy John Estes—"sings one of his earliest tunes and one of his most recent, 'President Kennedy Stayed Too Long.'"

The Resurgence of Country Blues

There is a resurgence of country blues, at least among producers in the record industry. Thus, important performers in the idiom are finding more opportunity to have their art preserved on disc. Thankfully, the number of folk blues releases increases every year.

One of the most valuable and impressive new recordings in this realm is *Memphis Swamp Jam* (Blue Thumb, BTS 6000), a two-record set by leading artists from the 1969 Memphis Blues Festival. Through a careful selection of significant performers, producer Chris Strachwitz has been able to present a variety of important styles in this comprehensive document of Southern black folk music.

The exuberant, gravel-throated Bukka White is a powerful singer and guitarist, and possibly the most imaginative lyricist in the blues. He performs three excellent original songs, as does Fred McDowell, a strong vocalist and master bottleneck guitarist.

Sleepy John Estes sings one of his earliest tunes and one of his most recent, "President Kennedy Stayed Too Long." Unfortunately, his regular trio, which can be heard on his Delmark albums, was not present for this session. Still, he is in very good form. Mississippi Delta bluesman Furry Lewis and the newly discovered Nathan Beauregard also turn in fine performances.

This album is, by no means, limited to singer-guitarists. Piano Red's two pieces exemplify the beautiful but dying art of blues and barrel-house piano. Two recently discovered, mute Memphis street musicians, R. L. Watson and Josiah Jones, perform three sensitive, unique guitar duets: a rag, a blues, and a spiritual.

The most unusual music on this recording comes from five-tone fife player Napoleon Strickland and his Como Drum Band. Their delightful pentatonic improvisations, polyrhythmic snare and bass drum patterns, and lively marching beat seem to be the most African in origin of all American black musical forms. (The only other known fife-and-drum band of this sort is the Ed and Lonny Young group from the same Como, Mississippi, region. In 1959, they recorded for Atlantic's Southern Folk Heritage Series.)

Memphis Swamp Jam is artistically successful and historically significant. In other words, it is amazing and definitive.

Another interesting double album is *Lightnin'* (Poppy, 60-002) by Lightnin' Hopkins. This is not a definitive Hopkins set, for he does not sing any of his political material or play any piano. But it is an enjoyable, relaxed hour with a sensitive and humorous Texas blues singer.

With only the occasional support of drummer Francis Clay, the singer-guitarist explores some of his own tunes, some blues classics, and a few rhythm and blues songs. One fascinating segment features Hopkins singing "Mojo Hand" with Clay at the drums. Then the singer asks the engineer to keep the tape running, as he repeats the song without the drummer. The comparison is very intriguing, and the effect of accompaniment on Hopkins is clearly shown.

These loose, yet polished performances by Hopkins are a bit tiresome to listen to in one sitting. Very nice, nonetheless.

Almost unusual new discovery is street singer and steel drummer George Coleman. On *Bongo Joe* (Arhoolie, 1040), the Texas musican sings a set of fine "story songs" to his own drum accompaniment. The growling, raw, enthusiastic singer is at his funniest on "I Wish That I Could Learn to Sing" and "Transistor Radio."

Of great significance is the return to music of Arthur "Big Boy" Crudup. As a songwriter, he has penned over thirty classic blues tunes. Stylistically, he and Robert Nighthawk are the missing links between Mississippi country blues and Chicago electric blues.

His return to activity has been launched by the release of *Look on Yonder's Wall* (Delmark, DS-614), which features the eclectic bluesman singing a number of his classics. With the exception of four tracks on which an electrified rhythm section plays, Crudup is supported by only his own guitar and the bass of Ransom Knowling. Crudup sings and plays better than ever and shares great empathy with his tasteful supporting musicians. This is an important recording, hopefully the first of many, by a superb bluesman.

—MICHAEL CUSCUNA.

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A Usable History for the Red Man

The saga of the American Indian has held a special fascination for writers and researchers since the white man first came to this continent. As a result, the literature chronicling the red man's history is voluminous and includes scholarly analyses by historians, anthropologists, and sociologists, as well as varied interpretations by more popular writers. Yet, for all practical purposes, the Indian is without a "usable" history of his own. What he has are the many variations of the white man's history of the red man—sometimes sympathetic, sometimes not, but rarely written with the insight and understanding of the actual participant in Indian culture.

It is this history that Indian children are forced to study in school, the story of the red man as the white man saw him—a naked savage, though a formidable warrior, pursued by the cavalry, subdued by the missionary, and outwitted by the buckskin-clad woodsman. It is a story that offers Indian children little to be proud of.

In an effort to provide the facilities for developing a red man's history of his people, the University of Utah's Center for Studies of the American West has, for the past three years, been collecting primary documents relating to the history of the tribes of the Mountain States. Such a history, it seemed clear, might be effective not only in improving the Indian's self-image, but also in increasing the white man's understanding of and respect for the red man's culture and traditions.

Numerous obstacles had to be overcome in achieving this goal, however. Because of the Indian's traditional independence, any history of the red man must be the sum of many separate tribal histories. Documents pertaining to the Indian's story are often ephemeral and rarely have been preserved with care. And, perhaps most important of all, the cultures of individual tribes have been seriously eroded under the impact of official pressures for assimilation and privations of reservation poverty. Yet, much remains to be salvaged.

To date, the center has collected and catalogued more than a quarter of a million pages of government documents, manuscripts, letters, conference reports, memoirs, pictures, and tribal records. These documents are supplemented by the work of the university's Duke Oral Indian History Project, which has interviewed hundreds of key Indians from Alaska to New Mexico, recording their legends, history, and personal memories of the past. The result is one of the most comprehensive Indian libraries in the West.

Earlier this spring, the center published the first tribal history written from the Indian point of view. Called *Ute People, an Historical Study*, it is designed for use in junior and senior high schools with concentrations of Ute children. Compared with the opulent social studies textbooks in use in most contemporary schools, it is an unpretentious volume, obviously published with limited funds. Yet, first reports indicate that the hoped-for results—among both Indians and their white neighbors—are being achieved. At the same time, an even more modest collection of Zuñi stories and tales, translated from interviews with tribal elders, is being tested in schools in New Mexico, and materials are already available for a substantial number of other tribal histories. But in a period of tight money, federal cutbacks, and foundation reassessments, the future of the center's publishing program is in doubt, despite the limited financing required. It will be a shame if so worthy a project, so promisingly begun, is not carried through to completion.

—JAMES CASS.

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Letters to the Education Editor

Vermont Schools

DIANE DIVOKY'S article "Young Ideas in an Old State" [*SR*, Apr. 18] was a most enlightening one on Vermont's liberalization of its educational system. The unfortunate thing about such outstanding projects as BEAM School and ASPIRE is that students leave the free, organic atmosphere that surrounds their high school careers and are launched into a system completely opposite—the university or college. The institutionalized system of grading measured on test-taking ability rather than comprehension and enjoyment of academics, the race for a degree, the compulsory courses, and the generally structured knowledge one must have whether he understands it or not run counter to the situation known by students from "free schools."

Colleges and universities are beginning to expand their methods to include more flexible curricula, but there is far to go and much to do before the atmosphere of the higher institutions becomes less stifling of personal achievement as the Vermont innovators have proved is possible.

VALLI KONAHA,
Canton, N.Y.

DIANE DIVOKY'S article is a delight. However, Miss Divoky makes one glaring mistake. Burlington is not the whole state of Vermont, so that all she gives is the educational scene in Burlington. She missed some good things going in other parts of the state, even in high schools with no more than a tenth of the students in Burlington High.

THE REVEREND WARREN P. WALDO,
North Ferrisburg, Vt.

DIANE DIVOKY'S article held a special meaning for me. It dealt with, in part, the further achievements of Dr. Harvey B. Scribner, Vermont commissioner of education. Dr. Scribner is no stranger to me; I was a student at Teaneck High School in Teaneck, New Jersey, at the time when he was our superintendent of schools, working toward his goal of integrating our school system, a feat for which he has now become nationally famous.

I also lived across the street from him and his lovely wife, and I was fortunate enough to have the opportunity to get to know him not only as "the Superintendent," but as the friendly neighbor who occasionally dropped hints to us kids on the block when school might be closed due to snow! We were lucky to be able to have casual chats with him while sitting on his front porch or in his living room, and he always listened to us carefully and understood our feelings exactly. His relationship with me and other students that he knew personally was such that you never felt uncomfortable about bringing your problems to him; none was too big or too small. He always came up with a feasible solution or helped us to understand why our ideas weren't valid.

I have great respect for Dr. Scribner, and I am glad to know that the students in Vermont are as enamored of him as I am. In choosing a "patron saint," I don't think they could have chosen a better man. My only regret is that Vermont's gain had to be Teaneck's loss. We not only lost a fine superintendent but a wonderful neighbor and friend.

CAROL L. AERENSON,
New York, N.Y.

Views of Winnetka

WALLACE ROBERTS'S "No Place to Grow" [*SR*, Mar. 21] is baseless and inaccurate. Speaking as a twelve-year resident of New Trier Township, and as father of two New Trier East High School students, I feel the author has distorted the truth, possibly deliberately.

Further, I challenge the expertise of the author's views based on his words—"on the day before, I had stopped by New Trier East for about an hour and had wandered the corridors." That makes as much sense as saying, "I visited a session of the U.S. Supreme Court, and this is the way Constitutional law is to be interpreted."

COURTNEY S. BENEDICT,
Wilmette, Ill.

I BEGAN READING the article by Wallace Roberts when I realized it was about *my* high school. I read on, only to see how right Mr. Roberts was.

I went through four years of New Trier, and, except for a few times of real involvement and enjoyment (such as working for the radio station), I hated the whole time of it and was very eager to leave.

People in Winnetka, especially parents, are caught up in an education syndrome. The kid's got to get educated, got to get good grades so he can go to a "good" college—meaning one of those whose name is by itself instantly recognizable. All this, so the kid can earn "more money" and have a good life. In Winnetka?

One gets tired of seeing kids busting their asses so they can "get into Yale," or Sarah Lawrence, or whatever. One also gets tired of hearing remarks among "the society" about how some "poor one" dropped out of college, to fall into the clutches of whatever *un*predestined fate awaits him, like the Army, perhaps, or a good and enjoyable job.

My own parents keep urging me to go to grad school (I graduate this year), so I can earn more money and "have a better life." After New Trier and college (the latter immensely more enjoyable), I am tired of school. I also want to get married. Although they repeat to me that "the thing today is more education," for now, anyway, it isn't *my* thing. And they hope I'll be able to find a nice apartment near Cornell: How sweet!

Winnetka's a nice place, but for some only if you hold your nose high enough. There are many opportunities outside the "realm" of education, and sometimes lucky people find these. Perhaps this syndrome has developed out of a quest for self-preservation; I don't know. But when one is prodded into spending a long time "preparing for a good life," which when it's arrived is already two-thirds over, there is something somehow strange (but not something a good Winnetkan mentions). Anyhow, I hope you will pass my thanks along to Mr. Roberts for his exposé—well, I didn't mean to call it that, because, after all, his article is the truth.

CHRIS GUNDLACH,
Wilmington College,
Wilmington, O.

Mechanic Street

PETER SCHRAG'S "Growing Up on Mechanic Street" [*SR*, Mar. 21] describes the situation of our "low achievers" not only in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, but across the nation. The Bethlehem Area School District has inaugurated a task force to study what can be done to reduce the problem of those who may be disenchanted with school or who may be potential dropouts.

ROY A. BROWN,
Assistant Superintendent
in Charge of Instruction,
Bethlehem Area School District,
Bethlehem, Pa.

PETER SCHRAG'S article was excellent but not very enjoyable; in fact, very depressing. Whenever there is a story to tell about the wrongs of education, it is the same story and adds up to a school situation's lacking relevance for life—how long do we have to wait for something to happen?

MRS. VIRGINIA GRAY,
Lincoln School,
West Chicago, Ill.

"GROWING UP ON MECHANIC STREET" is the most complete indictment of public schools that I have ever seen. I wonder that Peter Schrag (who, I suppose, attended school) ever got enough English to pen the article, or where did he get his education?

Like the "protesters," he offers no program of betterment. What was his purpose?

HOMER D. McLAREN,
Springfield, Ill.

AS AN ex-schoolteacher, I am getting a little weary of seeing the blue-collar worker demeaned. We can't all be Ph.D.s. Those much maligned whipping boys, the principals and superintendents in our town, are emphasizing vocational training that will help a kid find himself and enable him to stand on his own two feet economically.

You Madison Avenue people have a jaundiced view of society. There are some people who are not "college material"; college is not necessarily the *sine qua non* for happiness. Happiness and contentment are personal goals that people can be guided to in the work that will help them realize such fulfillment.

S. T. MARIAN,
Beloit, Wis.

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—Anna Kaufman Moon.

BRITISH INFANT SCHOOL

A Little Bit of Chaos

by BEATRICE and RONALD GROSS

"British Infant School," "Leicestershire Method," "Integrated Day," "The Open Classroom"—these names are heard increasingly among theorists and practitioners of early childhood education. The terms all refer to a new approach to teaching that discards the familiar elementary classroom setup and the traditional, stylized roles of teacher and pupil, for a far freer, highly individualized, child-centered learning experience that may hold the key to a radical reformation of primary education.

This approach—for which the Open Classroom seems the most useful label—is based on a body of new theory and research on how children do and don't learn, but its attractiveness for educators is even more directly attributable to the fact that it is highly effective under a variety of circumstances for children between the ages of five and twelve. It has spread widely throughout the British school system since World War II, and in the past five years it has been introduced in a variety of American schools, ranging from rural Vermont and North Dakota to inner-city classrooms in Philadelphia, Washington, Boston, and New York.

This year the Office of Economic Opportunity sponsored twelve Open Classroom training centers in nine cities as part of Follow Through, its program for continuing the social and intellectual growth of "deprived" children graduating from Head Start programs. The Open Classroom movement has also won the support of the Ford Foundation, which is funding several efforts to encourage its dissemination in public schools.

There are four operating principles of the Open Classroom. First, the room itself is decentralized: an open, flexible space divided into functional areas, rather than one fixed, homogeneous unit. Second, the children are free for much of the time to explore this room, individually or in groups, and to choose their own activities. Third, the environment is rich in learning resources, including plenty of concrete materials, as well as books and other media. Fourth, the teacher and her aides work most of the time with individual children or two or three, hardly ever presenting the same material to the class as a whole.

The teachers begin with the assumption that the children want to learn and will learn in their fashion; learning is rooted in firsthand experience so that teaching becomes the encouragement and enhancement of each child's own thrust toward mastery and understanding. Respect for and trust in the child are perhaps the most basic principles underlying the Open Classroom.

From the application of these principles derive the most notable characteristics of learning in such a classroom:

BEATRICE and RONALD GROSS are co-editors of the recently published *Radical School Reform*; Mr. Gross is editor-in-chief of the Academy for Educational Development.

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a general atmosphere of excitement; virtually complete flexibility in the curriculum; interpenetration of the various subjects and skills; emphasis on learning rather than teaching; focus on each child's thinking and problem-solving processes, and on his ability to communicate with others; and freedom and responsibility for the children.

From the moment you walk in the door of such a classroom, the difference from the conventional procedures is striking. In most classrooms rows of desks or tables and chairs face the front of the room, where the teacher is simultaneously presenting material and controlling the class; the children are either quietly engaged by what the teacher is doing, surreptitiously communicating, daydreaming, or fooling. Even in classrooms using innovative materials, such as the Individually Prescribed Instruction, in which each student works on a math sheet prescribed for his particular level of achievement, the basic pattern is one in which all the children do the same thing at the same time, sitting at their desks with the teacher watching from up front.

But in an Open Classroom, there is none of this. There is no up front, and one doesn't know where to look to find the teacher or her desk. She is usually to be found working intensively with one or two children, or, if things are going as they should, often standing unobtrusively aside but observing each child's activities with great diligence. There are no desks and few chairs—fewer than the number of children. And the children are everywhere: sprawled on the floor, in groups in the corners, alone on chairs or pillows, out in the hall, or outside in the playground if it's good weather.

"The children are working on fractions." This kind of description of what's going on in a class, which comes so easily in a conventional situation, can never be applied to an Open Classroom. Each child uses the room differently, according to his own interests, concerns, and feelings on a particular day.

How does the day proceed? As they arrive, the students check the Chore Chart to see what their housekeeping responsibility is for the day. They take turns doing such chores as bringing up the milk, watering the plants, cleaning the animal cage, mixing new paints, sharpening pencils, taking attendance.

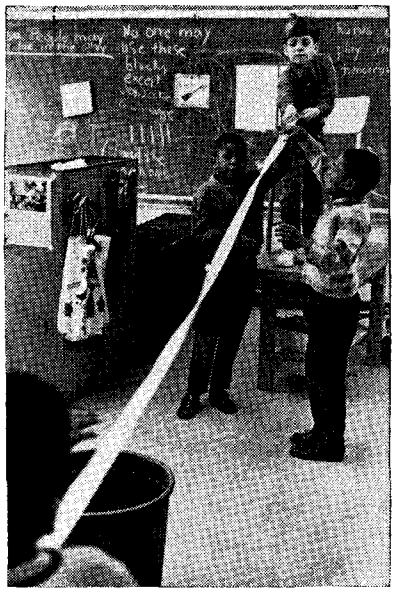
Many Open Classroom teachers call a general meeting after the children arrive, focusing on some interesting experiment several children did the day before, something brought from home, an unusual item in the newspaper, or a sentence she has written on the board to be corrected by the class. The children squat on their haunches or sit cross-legged in whatever area most comfortably holds the whole group.

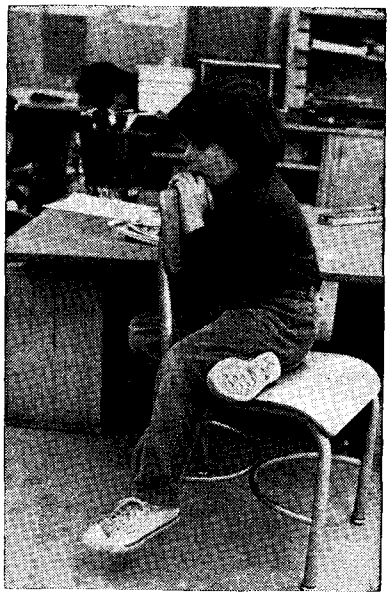
After the meeting, children choose the areas in which they would like to begin their day. Some prefer to start quietly reading, curled up in the overstuffed chairs. Some like to get their assigned work out of the way first, but others may not have a choice if the teacher has noticed, for instance, that they have been neglecting math or need work in punctuation, and she tells them that they should start the day working with her. Soon the room is full of action, used as it will be for the remainder of the day, unless some special visitor or specialist focuses the group's attention for a special activity.

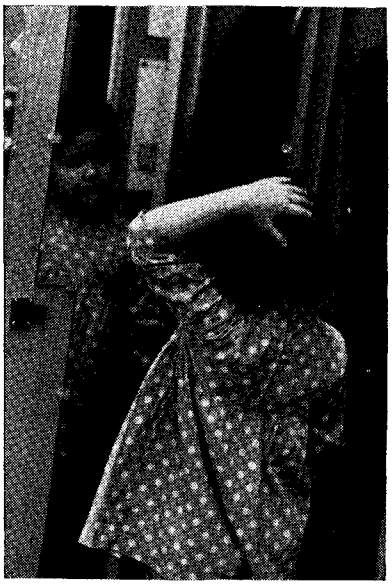
The layout of the room supports the program. An aerial view of a typical second-grade class in the middle of a morning would show that the room is divided into six sections, defined by open bookshelves that hold appropriate equipment, all of which is easily accessible to the children.

The child is free to choose, but whatever choice he makes he will be confronted with a wealth of opportunities for exploration and discovery. In the math section is everything he can use to measure and figure, including the Cuisenaire rods, balance scales, rulers and a stop watch, workbooks, and counting games such as Sorry and Pokerino. Similar riches await him in the language arts section, where he can read, make a tape recording or type, write, and play word-games and puzzles; or in the arts area with its paints, clay, dyes, and sand. Other corners are devoted to science, music, and blocks.

The child's freedom, autonomy, and independence—as well as his responsibility—are epitomized by the largest and most elaborate of the many charts and pictures around the room. It is the "Activity Chart," and it lists by word and appropriate picture all the possible activities in the room: from reading, typing, playground, painting, right through to visiting and gerbils. Next to each are several hooks, on which the child hangs his name tag to indicate what he's doing. A simple device, but it says much about the respect for the child and the relationship between the







"The British Infant School approach discards the traditional, stylized roles of teacher and pupil . . .

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child, the teacher, and the room. The equivalent in the conventional classroom is the notorious Delaney Book, still widely used, which represents each student by a little card tucked in a slot corresponding to his desk position, fixing the child in a constrained position, with the teacher clearly in charge.

In the Open Classroom, each child's day is distinctive and different from every other day. To give him a sense of his progress, each child may keep a diary, which is also used to communicate to the teacher. Some typical entries indicate the flow of activity, and the frustrations and concerns of the children:

Today I read *Horton the Elephant.* I began the green series in SRA. Ollie helped me with the words in the *Horton* book. I helped John and Sara make a staircase with the Cuisenaire rods.

I played in the Block Corner most of the day. We were making a suspension bridge. We talked a lot about our water tower and how it got flooded by Jimmy and what we should charge for a toll. I'll do my math tomorrow. Okay?

We had a turtle race today. Mrs. White taught me how to break words down. I can read words, but I can't break them down. We timed the turtles with the stopwatch. They tried to climb over the side of the box.

We're making a book of fables like "How the Snake Lost His Legs"; "How the Elephant Got His Trunk"; "How José Got to Be a Genius"; "How I Got to Be Invisible."

The variety of the activities mentioned in the diaries suggests the highlights of each child's day, but many educators and most parents find it difficult to define clearly what is being learned at any one moment and are usually resistant to the idea that a relaxed and unpressured atmosphere can stimulate serious work.

The evidence that this approach does work and the reasons why were first presented to a wide public in *Children and Their Primary Schools*, a 1967 report of Great Britain's Central Advisory Council for Education. Popularly known as the Plowden Report, after Lady Bridget Plowden, chairman of the council, these fat volumes were handsomely responsive to the council's mandate to "consider primary education in all its aspects." The Plowden Report is one of those classic official documents that only the British seem capable of producing: generous-spirited, concrete, progressive, and written with charm and spirit.

The report is comprehensive in scope: some half-million words covering topics as diverse as the rate of growth in height for boys and girls, religious instruction, salaries, school building costs, sex education, the handicapped, and team teaching. But the aspect of it that has had the most impact on American educators is its portrayal and analysis of the new mode of teaching.

The Plowden Report does not just discuss the theory and marshal the evidence from various fields and disciplines. It goes the further step of showing that it can be *done*, that in fact it already *is* being done. And it is being done not just in the small private schools that have harbored such education for decades, but in the mainstream of Britain's state-supported, mass education system.

In surveying the state of British primary schooling, the Plowden Report discovered that one-third of the primary schools had already dispensed with a fixed curriculum, a teacher-dominated unified classroom, and narrowly focused one-way teaching measured by tests, and replaced them with Open Classroom techniques and practices.

To make its preference for this approach perfectly clear, the Plowden Report gives negative criteria as well as positive ones. In the schools that were found to be damaging children, administrative and teaching practices hadn't changed significantly in the past decade, creative work in the arts was considered a frill, much classroom time was spent in the teacher's teaching in ways that generated few questions from the children (and those narrowly circumscribed by the teacher), and there were too many exercises and rules, resulting in frequent punishments and many tests.

Against this paradigm of educational stultification, the report poses the ideal: emphasis on each child's interests and style, lots of gabble among the kids, an abundance of fascinating concrete materials, and a teacher who stimulates and sometimes steps back.

All of this came to the attention of American educators through a series of articles by Joseph Featherstone in *New Republic* in the autumn of 1967.

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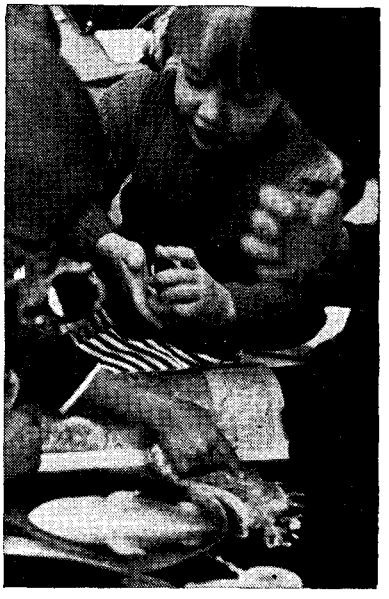

—*Photos by Anna Kaufman Moon.*

. . . for a far freer learning experience that may hold the key to radical reform of primary education."

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History Begins at Home

—Diana Davies (Bethel).

by GEORGE E. McCULLY

History is one of the least effectively taught subjects in American primary and secondary schools, a situation that exists apart from the quality of the teachers involved. History is difficult to teach to young people because it is difficult to convey a sense of the past to the inexperienced—those who have not lived themselves are ill-equipped even to begin to understand the lives of others. Great historians must also be great (in the sense of profoundly human) men; the depth, complexity, and subtlety of any historian's understanding will be limited and qualified by his own experience. On this condition great history will probably never be learned in the schools, and even good history will be, at best, elusive. What happens most frequently is that the vitality of history is forsaken in favor of the more banal memorization of time lines, textbook facts, and the "main points" abstracted from primary sources—the dull routine that has subverted history in the schools.

School history, moreover, often is factually incorrect or interpretively superseded by current scholarship and therefore unreliable as a foundation for college courses. Teachers have neither the time nor the inclination to "keep up with scholarship" in their fields, and textbooks are notoriously outdated because it takes a long time for current scholarship to filter down to each lower textbook level. Nor do the alternatives offer much help. Primary sources are difficult to use as a basis for the traditional survey-course format, especially without erudite and comprehensive assistance of some sort. Anthologies of recent articles, intended to convey a sense of the tentativeness of historical knowledge, are often only confusing, tend to evade the issue of historical truth, and are difficult to use because the articles can be understood only at the highest levels of secondary school education and so attack the main problem only tangentially.

History suffers the additional handicap of appearing to lack relevance, in contrast to political science, sociology, economics, and psychology. Columbus and the Pilgrims are pallid fare, next to urban slums, ecological disaster, racial disorders, or Vietnam. Also it is easier for people to talk and think about mere politics, economics, society, or psychology than about all these things together, which is history.

A fundamental reason for the decline of history, which helps to explain other factors, lies in the so-called "academic revolution," in which university scholars have come to dominate the entire teaching profession, both in the separate disciplines and throughout the educational establishment, including publishing. As a result, the ideas and methods of history used by the senior scholars are the paradigms imitated, with decreasing sophistication, by each lower level of historical scholarship and teaching. The best comprehensive surveys and monographs are filtered down into college textbooks, from there down to secondary school textbooks, and from there down to elementary school textbooks. In addition, teachers tend to pattern their courses on ideas received in their own most recent experiences as college students. Naturally, the power of universities decreases with the distance from them in the hierarchy, but the influence even at the lowest levels is discernible, and commonly considered to be too little.

The justifications for this pattern are that history is at its best as an academic discipline in the universities, so that all historical studies should imitate those professional standards; also since history is one of the liberal arts, and a college-preparatory course in the schools, school history should be directed toward preparing students for college history. Of course, it is not true that most students in school history courses study history in college, nor is it even true that most school history courses are, in any true sense, college-preparatory, practically or intellectually. But the best refutation of this development is its own results.

Beginning with the notion that the

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immature can have no very powerful sense of the past, we surrender that aspect of education to concentrate on technical and informative training. We regret the loss of one of the most important contributors to the richness of professional scholarship, but are reconciled to the fact that there is no alternative. The remains of highest learning then are written into textbooks, which produce, at each lower level of schooling, later and lesser models of their kind, at increasingly greater remove from real scholarship. What is finally received by children has originated well beyond their reach, passed through too many hands, and finally been given to them desiccated and distorted beyond recognition, and often beyond cognition.

The result is that history is presently taught unlike any other subject in the schools. Whereas the others begin at a beginning, with ideas that children can grasp, and proceed to develop the power and skill of young minds with increasingly complicated and abstract material, history does just the opposite—it begins with the most highly distilled and abstracted treatments of subjects, which are often grandiose and certainly complicated, and, pretending that they are really easy, progresses toward an ever more realistic view of the subject until (usually in college, which is too late) the few remaining history students are finally told that all they have previously learned is a pack of lies, and that they must start all over again. Only then, if at all, with the second start, does real instruction in history begin.

This description is, for many school situations, a bit of a caricature and excludes many exceptions. Nevertheless, the points remain that it makes no sense as a strategy to regard the various levels of historical education as merely a hierarchy in which the aims, methods, and materials at the top can be sifted down to the bottom without losing their substance and vitality; and that the unrealism of this strategy is demonstrated by its failure. Nor should we lose sight of the main problem, which is that weakness in school history is only a part of the more general weakness in school education as a whole. Bad popular education produces bad popular culture. What should concern us more than the failure of school history is the failure of the schools to educate and civilize our children. It is for their sakes, not for history's, that we should think about what to do with history. Our first consideration should be how their study of history can help them to be more human. In this light, perhaps, school history should be considered

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Lesson Plan of the Past

A SAMPLE CURRICULUM based on the assumed need of creating a sense of urgency about the study of history might be sketched out as follows:

1) On the first day of their first course in anything resembling history, students should be given an explanation of what they are about to do and why. The questions "Why find out what happened?" and "Why study history in school?" should be asked and answered by reference to their own lives; sometimes they have to make plans or guess what will happen, and, therefore, they have to know what has happened in similar circumstances. At this stage, they also should deal with the question of evidence. All the rest of the students' schooling in history will be devoted to learning what evidence is, how it can be obtained, and how to use it.

2) The concept of causality should be explicitly discussed next. A question such as "How is it that I am who I am?" leads to the question of "How do you know?" which should be asked as often as possible—demonstrating a) the principle of infinite regress—that the causes of anything run backward to the beginning of time and to philosophical questions that cannot be answered on the basis of evidence; and b) that the use of evidence is the most dependable way to answer questions or think about history.

3) Next, each student should begin to study history by studying the history of his own life and his family and community as far as these have demonstrably affected him. This sequence should start with simple tasks of interpreting specific bits of evidence, chosen by the student for their importance to him, and progressing toward a relatively coherent and comprehensive autobiography so each student can achieve a clearer, more orderly, explicit, and thorough understanding of himself and his life, as well as of those around him, through the discipline of history.

This autobiographical insertion into school history curricula is not intended as a gimmick to get things started; it should be a recurring feature of the curriculum, providing coherence and ensuring that whatever else is studied will be related back to students' own lives.

4) No autobiography can proceed very far without soon reaching common ground with others, with the subjects of traditional history courses, the history of great affairs, of institutions, or race or social and economic class. At various points each student will touch upon a deeper strain of history that ought to be tentatively explored at that time. Ideally, this should be done when each student feels the impulse to do it, so that he will choose his time and subject.

5) Through the soundings of step 4, the more individual concerns of various students will begin to merge into areas of shared interest, into their common history. Each student will have been allowed to do enough soundings to provide a small number of coincidences with the others, which will in turn provide the material for the study of these integrations of the class as a whole. By these means, the groundwork is laid for students to begin studying historical materials that are only indirectly important to them or to their own understanding of their own lives.

6) At this point the students are ready to study a period of history as such, but with important differences. The period covered should be small because the students need a manageable time span to be able to use effectively their newly acquired tools of weighing evidence and asking questions. If possible, the period should be selected by the students to help ensure that they are interested in it. Then some basic primary source materials should be laid out and studied, and only cautious use should be made of reference works to supply background information. Students then might be assigned a speciality within the period, for which they have previously shown interest and aptitude. There are many other techniques that can be used to illustrate the variety of lessons to be gained from the study of history; most important, however, is that the relevance of the material studied to the student's autobiographies should be made explicit at every opportunity.

From this point on, the proposed curriculum would resemble conventional courses, except that the lessons established previously would continue to govern all that came after them, and, in general, courses as comprehensive as the history of civilization, or even of Western civilization, should be avoided in favor of period courses contrived as "soundings" in world history, without attempting to fill in chronological gaps.

—G. E. McC.

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The Old South Tries Again

—Photos: Wade Hampton Academy.

Wade Hampton Academy in Orangeburg, South Carolina, holds "patriotic exercises" (left) and celebrates General Wade Hampton's birthday (right). "In a region . . .

by REESE CLEGHORN

In the posh resort facilities of South Carolina's Hilton Head Island, more than 300 teachers, administrators, and directors gathered in mid-December for the fifth annual convention of the South Carolina Independent School Association. The star speaker was Dr. Max Rafferty, California's right-wing superintendent of public instruction. He told an audience of admirers that public schools often have become places where promoters of modernist notions "indoctrinate students with points of view on social and political orders." Schools should not exist, he said, "to pander to a certain point of view, even ours."

The meaning of "our" point of view seemed to be understood immediately by those assembled, who operate the new "segregation academies" established in South Carolina because of public school integration. If Rafferty was not transfixed by the beauties of segregated private education, his speech did not tip off his listeners. And certainly they were largely in accord with his emphasis on the evils of "modernism" in education, the need to use the schools for "patriotic instruction," and the desirability of returning the teaching profession to the American mainstream that, he said, it left thirty years ago. When he finished, there was a standing ovation.

The South Carolina association, which now has thirty-five member schools, is affiliated with the White Citizens Councils. Its founder and principal figure is Dr. T. E. Wannamaker, headmaster of Wade Hampton Academy in Orangeburg, South Carolina, and a believer in the inherent inferiority of Negroes. Since 1964, Dr. Wannamaker and his association have been in the forefront of the segregation academy movement. At first they took lessons from the private school system of Prince Edward County, Virginia, where whites deserted the public schools when integration began in the early 1960s. Since then, they and the Citizens Councils of America, with headquarters in Jackson, Mississippi, have been giving the lessons.

The movement spread sporadically between 1964 and 1969, developing well in some Deep South states (South Carolina and Louisiana, most notably) but not very well in others (Georgia and Alabama, for instance). Now, suddenly, because of recent Supreme Court rulings calling for immediate full integration, the private-school movement is growing so fast no one can keep an accurate account of it. Schools are created in three, four, or five weeks' time. In Mississippi, the contagion is pervasive; segregated private schools have appeared in almost every county where substantial integration has begun. The Southern Regional Council estimated in October that 300,000 students were attending segregated private schools (including older ones) in eleven Southern states, apparently ten times as many as before the 1964 Civil Rights Act. The council now is revising its figures upward, to 400,000 or more. In many places, the phenomenon already is undermining the public school system.

Although few of the new schools could meet accreditation standards, their headmasters often say the patrons are simply seeking "quality education." W. J. Simmons, administrator of the Citizens Councils, disdains that emphasis. The reason for establishment of the schools is quite simply, he says, the integration of public schools. "Segregation for education, education for segregation" is a happy slogan for the Citizens Councils.

Many of the older private schools in the South still have no Negro students, but few of them want to be associated with the segregation academies. The latter are forming their own associations, both because they cannot meet the standards of the older associations and because they want to avoid any possible pressure to desegregate. The association of older schools in Georgia, for one, now will not admit new members with segregation policies.

Most of the segregation academies established during the past five years have no direct connection with the Citizens Councils. But Mr. Simmons has said that the councils operate more than 150 schools in Mississippi, South Carolina, and Virginia, and that the organization's imprint is on many others. In 1964, it published a manual on how to operate a private school, and issues of *The Citizen*, the councils'

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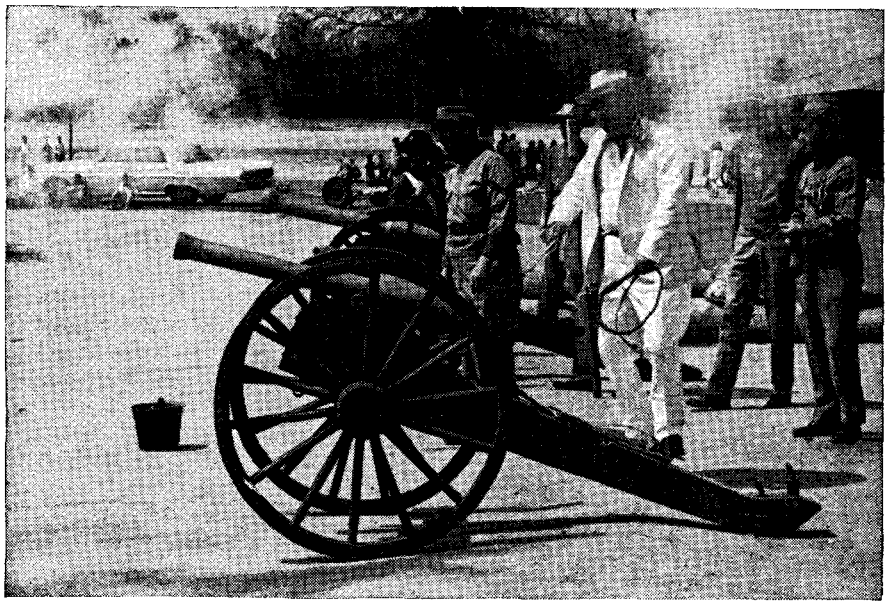

. . . that traditionally has given poor support to education, racist tempers and nineteenth-century primitivism once again threaten to weaken it."

monthly publication, have provided "how-to-do-it" instructions as well as a racist rationale for the movement. The organization is moving now, covertly to a large extent, to establish a regional association joining the new state associations of segregation academies.

Most of the movement is in Mississippi, Louisiana, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and the Black Belt areas of Virginia and North Carolina. Florida, Tennessee, and Texas have not felt the impact. In the Black Belt part of Arkansas, the movement has been late arriving, but it is now making some headway. Almost always, the pace of private school development has closely followed the degree of public school integration. All the Southern states' departments of education have poor current records, if any, on the number and enrollments of the academies.

Lowndes Academy, in the old plantation country of southern Alabama near Montgomery, is like many of the more successful ones. In Lowndes County, blacks outnumber whites four to one. Token integration came to the main white school, in Hayneville, in 1965. The next year more Negroes were admitted, and a mass exodus of white students began. The majority went to Lowndes Academy, which opened with an enrollment of 265. With the students went a large part of the white faculty of Hayneville High School.

Today, Hayneville High has no white students. Lowndes Academy has 335 white students and thirteen faculty members. It meets minimal requirements of the state department of education simply by teaching basic subjects. Beyond that, it is not seeking accreditation, although it is a member of a new association of Alabama's segregation academies, and ultimately may be accredited by this group or the new regional association, which the Citizens Councils are encouraging.

The principal and head coach at Lowndes Academy is S. M. (Mac) Champion, thirty-two, a man of close-cropped hair and soft, careless speech, who had been football coach at Hayneville High. His interest in athletics is a major factor in the life and success of the academy. Recently, after he had returned from a deer hunt, he talked briefly about the school. He is wary of any question about race, although he acknowledges that it was the integration of the public schools that produced the academy.

"What we teach is pretty much the same as what they teach in the public schools," he said. The students begin each day with prayer, but they did that at Hayneville High, as well. "We teach two religion courses, one in history of the Old Testament and one in history of the New Testament," he said. "They're taught on an interdenominational basis." The academy offers nothing that might be described as "patriotic" courses, Mr. Champion said, except the usual courses in civics and government.

Most of the parents are middle-income people, Champion said, although some are poorer. Tuition is $30 a month. If a family has more than one child in school, the tuition is $20 for the second child, $10 for the third, and nothing for any others. Maximum tuition for one family is $540 a year. If school transportation is used, there is an additional charge. Groups of parents have purchased buses and hired drivers, and some students come from surrounding counties.

The building, now filled to capacity, is better than those of most of the new academies, but not as good as most public school buildings in the South. It is a concrete structure, built in 1924 for a public elementary school that later was closed because of consolidations. Champion says next year the school will have to turn away applicants because of its size. Groups of white people from surrounding counties have come to Lowndes to study the school and now are establishing their own academies. Throughout this part of Alabama, the public schools were never supported well enough to be considered strong by national standards. Now, because of the academy movement, they seem to be losing much of the support they did have.

Champion has used his football team (the Rebels) as a money-raiser for the academy, and without it the success of the school might be in jeopardy. The academy's team won the state championship in its size classification in 1968. Gate receipts amount to about $18,000 a year, and in 1969 advertisements in the surprisingly thick printed programs for local games produced another $12,000. Business firms throughout the state bought advertising, and apparently sympathy for what the academy is doing was a big factor. In a state where football is king, a winning coach has few peers. Champion's champions are a rare asset, and they more than substitute for the barbecues and fairs that many academies use for raising funds.

"We don't want any state or federal money," Champion said. "We want to educate our children like we want to. That's the reason we're doing this." Would the academy accept a black student? "We don't have any policy on that at all," he said. Would it accept one if he were fully qualified and the school had openings? "I don't know," he said. "I'm not in charge of that. The board of trustees is. It just has never come up. We don't have any policy of discrimination against race or anything." In that case, wouldn't a Negro applicant be admitted? "I wouldn't know," he said. Despite all this elusiveness, the answer seems obvious enough. Many of the school's patrons and supporters from afar are concerned not simply about massive integration of schools but about any integration. The public emphasis, however, is on a relatively genteel approach to all this. In Champion's office hangs one picture: that of Robert E. Lee, who, ironically, has

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Schools Make News

Mississippi Black Protests and the Feds

ALMOST 900 black students who were imprisoned last February following a demonstration at Mississippi Valley State College are taking court action to force state education officials to recognize their right to protest. The arrests, ordered by college officials after the all-black institution at Itta Bena was shaken by six days of boycotts and demonstrations, marked the first time the federal government has aided in suppressing a specific college demonstration.

The Justice Department said its Law Enforcement Assistance Agency—organized two years ago to help the states fight crime—dispatched a representative in response to a request from the state Board of Trustees of Higher Learning. The Justice Department man, Ray Pope, was specifically requested by Mississippi officials because of his experience with civil rights demonstrators as police chief in Waycross, Georgia. Pope spent about a day and a half meeting with state police officials, and addressed a special all-black police squad; he left the day before the fifty-eight-man force marched on campus.

The volunteer black force, drawn from twenty-seven municipalities across the state, was briefed on riot control procedures and outfitted with pump shotguns and gas masks. On the campus, this force met more than 1,200 marching students, better than half the enrollment. Without incident, 894 were arrested on charges of blocking a public road and failure to disperse. They were bused to the state penitentiary at Parchman, thirty-five miles away, held on a bond of $178,000, and released twenty-four hours later.

Boycotts and demonstrations were called by the student government to press for some thirty demands, such as the need for a full-time physician, academic scholarships, removal of retirement age instructors, more public telephones, renovation of showers and shower curtains, and eased restrictions in student dress. The protest came after negotiations with the administration failed and two professors sympathetic to the students had been fired.

President J. H. White closed the school after the arrests, giving students returning from the prison four hours to pack and leave the area. Scholarships, on which more than half the student body depended, were temporarily suspended; all fees were declared due; and the college began notifying draft boards. Two weeks later, the school reopened and registered students on a "selective basis," requiring them to agree not to boycott or disrupt classes and to give prior notice of any demonstration. Approximately 1,000 went back to the college out of a former January enrollment of 1,900, and, although college officials say that they have not expelled or suspended anyone, they have delayed holding disciplinary hearings for some fifty of the demonstrators, including the president and vice president of the student government, who cannot return to school until their status is clarified.

—*Wide World.*

Armed Negro officers recruited from nearby towns patrol the campus of Mississippi Valley State College prior to the mass arrest of 894 students.

The New Trustee

INCREASING NUMBERS of Negroes, women, and persons under forty are appearing on boards of trustees of the nation's colleges and universities—representing a significant change since mid-1968, according to a study of 402 institutions by the Educational Testing Service of Princeton, New Jersey. Very few of the new trustees, however, are students or faculty members, and only a handful of them have voting privileges.

The new members "may well set the tone for the 1970s, adding an uncommonly liberal element to many governing boards," stated the report *The New College Trustee: Some Predictions for the 1970s.* (An earlier ETS survey characterized trustees as "quite homogeneous"—men in their fifties, white, Republican, and the majority earning more than $30,000 a year.)

Major changes were confined largely to the private colleges and universities where boards have the flexibility to select their own members. However, in public institutions, which are limited in action since their boards are publicly elected or appointed, change has not been as dramatic. Negroes, for example, were admitted to boards at 32 per cent of the independent universities surveyed but at only 11 per cent of the public universities.

The study hesitated to say that the trend toward atypical trustees would continue or escalate. Women, for instance, were so underrepresented at private institutions that the increase may have been prompted by a desire to "catch up." Moreover, in the absence of massive federal aid to colleges, the report said, "it will doubtless continue to be common practice . . . to appoint people who, through personal wealth or professional financial knowledge, can enhance the financial well-being of the institution." (The report is available from Educational Testing Service, Princeton, New Jersey, for $2.)

Open Admissions and Agnew

LAST MONTH, Vice President Spiro T. Agnew mounted his second attack on college open admissions and quota systems—policies that are increasingly gaining credence among university educators—because, he said, they deny Jefferson's concept of a "natural aristocracy" and threaten the quality of American education. Expanding on remarks he had made in February, the Vice President termed open admissions and quota systems "two methods by which unqualified students are being swept into college on the wave of the new socialism."

The best students should be screened,

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Mr. Agnew told a Republican audience in Iowa, through the "rigorous demands of intellectual competition" and by greater demands being placed upon their talents. Deprived but "qualified" young people should not be barred because of a lack of money.

For students who cannot meet present college entrance requirements, Agnew proposed more compensatory education, extra summer study, and special prep schools, all with government assistance, but all outside the university — in extensions of high school or in the two-year junior and community colleges.

"College, at one time considered a privilege, is considered to be a right today—and is valued less because of that," he said.

The Vice President, however, seems to be swimming against the tide. Last year, a nationwide study by Alexander M. Astin, research director for the American Council on Education, concluded, "The lowering of *admissions* standards does not necessarily result in the lowering of academic standards." Last month, the University of Michigan guaranteed funding for a 10 per cent quota of black students by 1973. Clifton R. Wharton, Jr., president of Michigan State University, has called for a "pluralistic university" that would admit more blacks and other minorities and would increase its involvement in solving society's problems. Michigan State will up its proportion of black freshmen to 8 per cent in the fall, he said. A recent report from University of Maryland faculty members argued for open admissions on the grounds that the present three-tiered system of higher education discriminates against minorities, because they are often funneled into community colleges owing to such "class-related standards as grades."

Educators increasingly are questioning whether traditional admissions standards can reflect or predict achievement in college. Last January, Bowdoin College dropped the Scholastic Aptitude Test scores as a factor for admissions, when a study showed that, of Bowdoin students who graduated cum laude, magna cum laude, or summa cum laude in the classes of 1968 and 1969, only 31 per cent had entrance scores above their class medians. And Brown University in a study of 2,100 students found that "risk" students graduate nearly as often as students scoring higher on aptitude tests, and do just as well in graduate school and later occupations. Colleges, the report said, can lower customary admissions credentials "without seriously affecting their standards" if they consider other factors, for example, counselor ratings of motivation and potential.

Corporate Ads in the Radical Press

THE U.S. Student Press Association recently outflanked a maneuver by General Electric and a college advertising service to compile a computerized analysis of college student newspapers dominated by radicals. General Electric said it was "concern[ed] about the growing domination of college newspapers by radical students," and that the "credibility of these newspapers among the general audience of college students could be questioned." The company asked a *Reader's Digest* subsidiary, the National Educational Advertising Services, Inc. (NEAS), which places national advertising in nearly a thousand campus newspapers, to do "an analysis of current college newspapers, including the extent to which they have become propaganda organs for radical student organizations."

The student press association heard of the request and became concerned that such an analysis, once fed into a computer, would be used as an advertising blacklist by corporations to punish student papers they considered radical. The press group got its key members to agree to boycott NEAS advertising if NEAS followed through. NEAS, after an animated discussion with the student press association, said it had "rejected" the request to perform the analysis.

Student Aid: For Which Class?

TO RECTIFY long-standing inequities and inconsistencies in programs providing federal aid to college students, President Nixon last month suggested a series of reforms that would provide more direct help to students from poor families. However, his critics were quick to charge that the effect of the reforms would be to take away aid now going to the sons and daughters of the middle class.

The President's proposed Higher Education Act of 1970 would also create a National Student Loan Association to provide banks and colleges with a source of additional money for federally guaranteed loans to students, a National Foundation for Higher Education that would promote reform by making grants for special projects and programs, and a "career education program" to help primarily community colleges and technical schools start new programs in technical and service vocational training.

The new student-aid program would give each student from a low-income family (those with an annual income of less than $10,000) enough aid in the form of grants and work-study opportunities so that he theoretically would have the same financial capability of going to college as a student from a family with an income of more than $10,000. The aid formula would work on a sliding scale so that the poorer the student's family, the more aid he would receive.

The President also suggested that the limit on college loans for students from middle-income families be raised from $1,500 to $2,500, but that the interest subsidies be removed so that, instead of paying 7 per cent, students would repay the loans at the current market price of 9½ per cent.

Funds would be abolished for most traditional student-aid programs, such as the fellowships under the National Defense Education Act; direct aid to universities themselves (which has helped hold down tuition) would also be discontinued or sharply reduced. These cutbacks brought charges from several critics, such as Allan W. Ostar, executive director of the American Association of State Colleges and Universities, that the effect of the President's reforms would be to subsidize the college education of the poor at the expense of the middle class and at the expense of the colleges themselves.

Vice President Spiro Agnew— "the new wave of socialism."

—Photos by Wide World.

Michigan State's Clifton Wharton— toward a "pluralistic university."

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A View from the Campus

Paul Woodring

Sexism on the Campus

WHENEVER today's militant feminists get together, the words "sexist" and "sexism" play a large part in the conversation. Although both are too new to be found in the dictionaries, the parallel with "racist" and "racism" makes their meanings clear enough. Sexism is the belief that men are superior to women and that the difference between the sexes justifies a sharp distinction in roles. A sexist is a man who holds such a belief and practices male domination of women. Of course, the meaning *could* be reversed with sexism used to mean female superiority, but this usage is rare even though many women secretly believe that men are just irresponsible little boys who must be protected and cajoled without letting them know that a woman is really making the decisions.

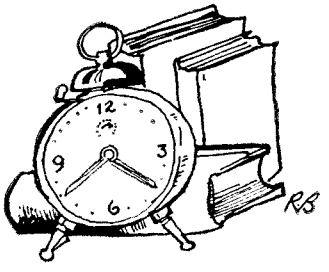
On the campus, there is growing evidence that women are about to launch an attack on their male oppressors and that college administrators soon will face demands from a new source. Seminars on the role of women, and more specifically on women's rights, have become popular in experimental colleges. In a recent conference on cluster colleges held at Santa Cruz the women present caucused for forty-five minutes to protest the fact that not a single woman appeared on the list of speakers and that evidence of male chauvinism was apparent in the remarks of some of the male speakers. In a subsequent seminar on the subject a considerable amount of pent-up emotion came to the surface, as it does whenever the topic is discussed. But the new feminists differ from the suffragettes of an earlier day in that while the suffragettes knew exactly what they wanted—the right to vote, to hold political office, and to own property—the current demand for an end to "male chauvinism" is a less precise goal and one that does not lend itself to legislative action. A second demand, for equality of opportunity in the professions, has a better chance.

In long perspective, the feminists have a strong case. Throughout much of history, and in many cultures, men have played the dominant role, while women have been subservient. Men have owned the property and exercised the governmental controls. Until well into the nineteenth century, women were denied access to higher education and hence to most of the learned professions. Men liked women in their place, and their place was the bedroom, the kitchen, or the nursery.

But this is the story of the past. In the United States, where the Nineteenth Amendment has now been in effect for a full half-century, there are few who question the right of women to vote, to hold office, and to own property. Men who resort to the ancient custom of wife-beating can be, and often are, hauled into court. Even if the wife suffers only "mental cruelty," she has grounds for divorce and can count on an alimony settlement that will keep the man in economic bondage for many years. Women now are admitted to all but a small and diminishing number of private colleges, and they have equal access to public schools and colleges, including graduate and professional schools, where they demonstrate their talents by winning their full share of academic honors—indeed, at the secondary school level about three-fourths of all high school valedictorians are girls. Women are admitted to nearly all the professions, and at least three major professions—teaching, social work, and nursing—employ more women than men.

In reply, the feminists point out that women get their share of positions in only the less well paid professions. The number of women in medicine, law, and engineering is very small, and those who are admitted receive incomes averaging less than half those of men in the same professions. The great majority of magazine editors and staff writers are men, while women of equal intelligence and similar education are used as researchers. In business, men hold the executive jobs, while women are preferred as secretaries, typists, and receptionists.

Although women get their full share of public school teaching positions, most of the administrative assignments go to men. At the college level only about 22 per cent of the teaching positions are held by women, and the percentage has declined in the past half-century. The feminists contend—and many other women agree—that even when women are appointed to academic posts they are promoted more slowly than men of equal talent. It is demonstrably true that they are rarely made department heads, and almost never appointed deans or presidents in coeducational colleges. Even in women's colleges the boards of trustees often prefer a man for president.



Although the reasons for these discrepancies are debatable, some facts are clear enough. There is no substantial, measurable difference between the two sexes in intelligence, academic talent, or scholarly potential. There is no evidence that members of one sex are more successful than members of the other as college teachers. Consequently, there would seem to be no justification for not giving about half the nation's professorships to women *if* the same number of women as of men desire them and are willing to undertake the necessary preparation.

But only about 11 per cent of all the Ph.D. degrees granted annually are taken by women, and the percentage has declined slightly since the Nineteenth Amendment was passed. Although this degree has been criticized as a preparation for college teaching, and admittedly falls short of being the ideal preparation for teaching undergraduates, it remains the degree demanded by employers. As long as women take fewer than their share of the degrees, they will get less than their share of the jobs. The fact that 22 per cent of all college teaching positions are held by women while only 11 per cent of all Ph.D. degrees are granted to women helps to explain why women are less likely to rise to the higher academic ranks.

Whether the differential in the number of academic doctorates reflects bias in the graduate schools, or is merely a natural consequence of the decision of the majority of women to devote their energies to family life rather than to careers, is not easily determined. Graduate schools are open to women, and nearly all departments enroll some of them, but many academic women are convinced that the cards are stacked against them. They cite instances in which assistantships and scholarships have been denied on the grounds that a woman is more likely than a man to drop out before receiving the degree, and less likely to make a lifetime career of academic work after completing it.

Men sometimes reply that it is logical to give the preference to men, because the pursuance of the doctoral

(*Continued on page* 90)

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Games Students Play

SIMULATION GAMES IN LEARNING, edited by E. O. Schild and Sarane Boocock (Sage Publications, 279 pp., $8.95); **LEARNING THROUGH GAMES, by Elliot Carlson** (Public Affairs Press, 183 pp., $4.50); **SIMULATION GAMES FOR THE SOCIAL STUDIES CLASSROOM, edited by William Nesbitt** (Foreign Policy Association, 63 pp., paperback, $1)

Reviewed by R. Garry Shirts

In the early 1960s, educational simulations were introduced as a technological innovation that would revolutionize the curriculum, make the disadvantaged love school, and cure up-tight classrooms. The games were more sophisticated than the spelling bees, role-playing situations, and word and math games that imaginative teachers have always used to add variety and interest to the routine of learning. Based on fairly complicated models of political, economic, historical, or social processes, the simulation games were developed by professors and social scientists from such places as Systems Development Corporation, Northwestern University, and the Business Management Training Division of Procter and Gamble.

In the simulations, participants take the roles of national leaders, corporation presidents, pressure-group members, etc., make decisions based on their assessment of a situation, and experience simulated consequences. Hopefully, the theory goes, a participant will feel the same environmental and institutional pressures in making decisions as his real counterpart would. Frequently, there is no winner in the conventional sense although there is competition. The outcome of the simulation is dependent upon the decisions made by the participants, and is determined by the structure of the model on which the simulation is based.

The three books discussed here reflect different facets of the simulation movement. The Schild-Boocock book is a collection of research studies and theoretical papers concerned with the impact, future, and parameters of simulations. Although several authors contributed to the book, it primarily reflects the work of the Johns Hopkins group of game researchers and designers, and particularly the thinking of James Coleman, who places great emphasis on the idea that games give the scholarly a chance to gain status among their peers through competition. Their games generally involve some sort of competition for satisfaction points, frequently use a board to arbitrate the playing, and involve interaction between individuals rather than groups. In some ways, their games are much closer to commercial games than the more systems-oriented simulations. The authors are strong advocates of the simulation games approach; their book contains virtually no serious criticism of the method. The book's thesis is that "Games themselves have a direct impact on intellectual learning, attitudes, and strategies, so that even brief playing sessions result in measurable effects." This conclusion, according to the authors, is based on evidence presented in Part II of their book: the results of four unreplicated studies.

It is difficult to understand how the authors arrived at such an optimistic and general conclusion on so little evidence. In at least two of the four research articles, the author of the evaluative study was also the author of the game. In each of the studies, there are the usual problems with the Hawthorne effect, the representativeness of the sample, control groups, and the question of when a statistically significant difference is an educationally significant difference, all of which bring into question the validity of the results. However, even if we were to accept the studies as representative and valid, the results are quite meager and would not justify their thesis.

Elliot Carlson reviews the game field for the layman. He describes a wide variety of business, political, and social simulations from the participant's viewpoint. Better than anyone else, he has captured the excitement, challenge, disappointment, and intensity of the games. Teachers and parents will find the book a valuable survey of this field.

The Foreign Policy Association booklet *Simulation Games for the Social Studies Classroom* is extremely worthwhile for teachers. In a very few pages, the author presents the essential ideas and controversies of the simulation movement. The fourth edition, released last February, contains an excellent bibliography for those interested in learning of game-building centers, research that has been conducted, or teaching applications. The book discusses the possibility of the teacher's designing his own simulations, provides an excellent description of some representative games, and looks realistically at the pros and cons of the method.

The number of studies that have attempted to evaluate the games has been relatively small, and the results

Games of War and Peace

THE INTER-NATIONAL SIMULATION (INS) is published by Science Research Associates and was developed by Harold Guetzkow of Northwestern University. It is appropriate for average high school students with a bright teacher, or an average teacher with bright students, as well as older groups.

In the INS, students are divided into six groups and told that they are the chief decision-makers for their nation. Each team is given a profile that tells them how many basic and military resources are available for their nation each period, how satisfied their constituents are with their standard of living and national security, and the rate at which their nation can generate consumer goods from basic resources. With this information, the decision-makers can enter into trade agreements with other nations, convert basic resources into military or consumer goods, go to war for spoils or defense, participate in the world organization, establish secret and open alliances, and use the world press for propaganda or "honest" communication.

Decisions are made on forms collected at intervals by the director and fed into a mathematical model. The model allows the administrator to determine the simulated consequences of the decisions in terms of gain or loss of basic resources, changes in military strength, the probability of revolution within each nation, etc. The game is open-ended in that it may continue for an indeterminate length of time and any number of alternative worlds is possible. For example, there can be wars, an international police force, control by one or two nations, peace on earth, or total chaos. The play of the INS is by far the richest of any international simulation available.

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vary widely from study to study. The only consistent finding is that students consider them challenging, interesting, and valuable. However, if one were forced to make such a judgment on the basis of the results obtained from research conducted to date, he would have to conclude that the games have not met even the more modest expectations of their developers. For people who have had experience with the games, such a conclusion is difficut to understand.

It seems to me that there are several possible reasons for the discrepancy between the research results and the expectations of knowledgeable persons. For one thing, it appears that the design of most of the research has been guided more by what is convenient, tidy, and available than by an honest attempt to determine the impact of the use of simulations. For what other reason would a person compare simulations with traditional didactic methods on their effectiveness in teaching students numerous facts and ideas as measured by an objective test? Books and lectures present carefully processed ideas and facts to the students in grade-A, enriched, homogenized form. The students, in turn, have been trained by many years of conditioning to accept this rich diet and to return it to the lecturer on demand.

In simulations, on the other hand, facts are frequently hidden in scenarios, messages from other participants, decision-making forms, statements by people in hot debate, and announcements from the directors or the simulated mass media. Other facts are specific to the game being played and have to be translated before they have any meaning in the real world, e. g., the nation of Gera has 7,000 basic resources. Furthermore, the games, which can take up to eight hours to play, are frequently built around only one or two social processes, such as log rolling, allocation of limited resources, or the effect of demand on price. And there is a great deal of time spent in essentially nonintellectual activities, such as writing messages, filling out forms, shuffling papers, organizing people, and dealing with the interpersonal aspects of the game. In electronic terms, there is a high signal-to-noise ratio.

Furthermore, we haven't learned how to capitalize on the game experience very well. Our energies have gone into developing, not using them. Postgame discussions are generally suggested as a way of "pulling the learnings" as the NTL (National Training Laboratory) people are fond of saying. But the very success of the games seems to operate against the possibility of meaningful discussions. The interactions between the participants generated by the simulations are frequently so involving that the participants are not interested in relating the experience of the simulation to the real world but in determining "who did what to whom."

In addition, the games are so different from what generally goes on in the traditional classroom that the experience frequently takes on the characteristics of a celebration, valued by teacher and student alike for its own sake, and not for any learning that the experience might produce. Schild and Boocock avoid the problem by treating the games as self-sufficient teaching devices. Such a position is indefensible. Aside from the need to relate the simulation experience to the real world, some sort of mechanism is needed to correct the misimpressions that the simulations can create. Indeed, for many this is a serious drawback of the simulation method. All games are vulnerable to charge of distortion through simplification, even though they are frequently more complex than the highly abstract textbook explanations of the process being simulated. But games are vulnerable in a way that textbooks aren't. Because the interaction between participants is obviously genuine, there is a temptation to conclude that the model, the facts, and everything about the game are also genuine. This tendency to trust the experience raises concerns that do not apply to any other type of teaching. For example, most students report that the experience of planning, announcing, threatening, and conducting wars is great fun. And, in some instances, game administrators have even sent out false messages or introduced incorrect information in order to start a war among the nations so that the participants would enjoy the game. Such an experience could be viewed as a valuable learning technique; it also could be viewed as a means of habituating students to the idea of war. Unfortunately, the reward of conducting a simulated war is much greater than the pain suffered from the simulated consequences. This fact, coupled with the tendency to see the experience as an accurate representation of reality, puts the international simulations in the category of very sophisticated and convincing war toys. Some sort of post-game activity is necessary to counteract this possibility.

There is a real danger that games about the black community, which are generally written by persons from the suburbs and are based on a series of unfounded clichés about what it is like to be black, not only encourage stereotyping but create an attitude of condescension toward blacks. More importantly they can give the students a false feeling that they actually know what it is like to be discriminated against or what it is like to be black. Such games shouldn't be played unless there is extensive input from the black community through talks, films, literature, personal confrontations, and discussions.

Simulations have not lived up to the early expectations of their developers, but it is not likely that they will be rejected in the manner of the programed learning effort. For one thing, there was a time lag between the panacean announcements made in the press and the availability of the simulations for general use that allowed the expectations of the users to mellow somewhat. Judging by the number of publishers that now offer or are planning to offer some sort of educational game, their use is on the increase. Indeed, there are few social science publishers who would consider publishing new materials without at least weighing the possibility of including one or more simulations. The elementary teachers, who probably appreciate simulations more than their subject matter-bound, relatively rigid counterparts in the grades above them, are hungering for simulations that are simple enough for their students to use. Students who have come in contact with them have consistently given them high grades; and no wonder, when one considers that a great deal of a student's time in school is spent in the passive, nonparticipating role of viewer and listener. After so long, the world of ideas can become ethereal, unreal, and unimportant: words about words with no referent in reality. Certainly part of the students' cry for relevance is a reaction against the viewer role. And the yearning of the counterculture movement to touch, feel, and go back to nature is in part a reaction against the artificial, audiovisual world into which students have been thrust. Simulations give them a chance to test their ideas out, to confirm their reality, to get a slightly different perspective on an idea or principle that they know only in the abstract.

Simulations have the potential of filling a serious void in the school curriculum. But unless an enormous amount of creative thought and work is put into the development of techniques for helping the teacher use them in the classroom, most of that potential will be unrealized.

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FROM BACKWATER TO MAINSTREAM: A Profile of Catholic Higher Education

by Andrew M. Greeley

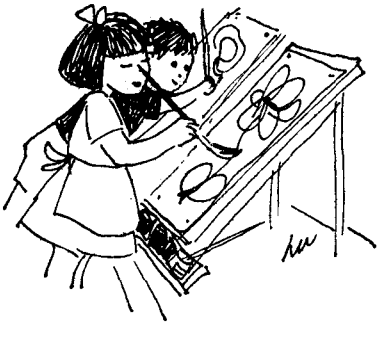
Carnegie Commission on Higher Education/McGraw-Hill, 172 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Robert Hassenger

NOT SO LONG AGO, an educator—somehow, one instinctively suspects a Jesuit—is said to have described a rival institution as "a small Catholic college, run by small Catholics, situated on a bluff and operating on the same principle." If the physical setting is ignored, such a portrait is, in the minds of many, an accurate one of the Catholic colleges and universities they know. What Father Greeley appears to be trying to establish in his book is either that a) this is a caricature; or, b) even if true, Catholic schools do not differ from other American colleges in this regard. Just which he intends is unclear.

It would be possible for him to disclaim either. The Carnegie Commission on Higher Education, intending to look into the entire higher educational enterprise, has subcontracted with various individuals and/or agencies to provide it with objective "profiles" of different manifestations of what Veblen termed "the higher learning" in America. Thus, E. Alden Dunham has recently released his report on the state colleges and regional universities (*Colleges of Forgotten Americans*); here, Greeley and his co-workers at the National Opinion Research Center (NORC) offer an overview of the roughly 350 colleges and universities affiliated to greater or lesser degree with the Roman Catholic Church, and that have enrolled about 6 per cent of this year's 7.1 million students. It is entirely appropriate that Greeley be given this task, for no group of researchers has produced more meaningful data on Catholic education at all levels than the staff of NORC. But, for those familiar with this past work, the present volume can only be a disappointment, for it relies overmuch on previous research, particularly that summarized in Greeley's *The Changing Catholic College* (Aldine, 1967). Indeed, whole passages are lifted from this book, often without explicit acknowledgment of their earlier appearance. And, although commission member David Riesman offers several of the throwaway *aperçus* we have come to expect of him, he has said such a great deal about Catholic higher education in *The Academic Revolution* —still the best source for both data and interpretation—that there is not much for him to add here.

Thus, if one has read the 1967 book —a report, be it noted, based on visits to thirty-six Catholic campuses —he has little to learn from the present volume. In the opening chapter, "Introduction and Historical Background," Greeley again relies heavily on the work of Philip Gleason. Chapters Two ("Atmosphere"), Four ("Goals and Functions"), Seven ("Problems"), and Eight ("A Tale of Four Schools") are familiar reading. In the fifth chapter, the "results" of Catholic higher education are presented, with reliance solely on the NORC research on career choices, academic performance, religious commitments, and political and social convictions of the class of 1961, with comparisons between Catholics who attended Catholic and non-Catholic colleges, and of both with non-Catholic college graduates. All this information has been in print before. Suffice it to say that Catholic college graduates compare favorably on all dimensions, and are more religious (as quantifiable) as well. The third chapter is a "statistical overview" of Catholic higher education, bringing up to 1967 the National Catholic Educational Association's research on who controls what kinds of Catholic colleges and universities, what types of personnel are employed, how much money they make, how many and what kinds of degrees are conferred, what types of students attend, and how resources are allocated. Chapter Six is an updating of the 1961 sample of Catholic college alumni, where it is shown that they continue to be religious, financially successful, as liberal on social questions as other college alumni (although less likely to have experimented with drugs), and to read (but less likely to attend concerts, galleries, or plays). They are considerably more loyal to their alma maters, however, and are more inclined to send their children there. Only in this chapter, and in his concluding "Prospects for the Future," where specific data on the financial problems of Catholic colleges are presented (resulting from Greeley's work with Howard Bobren, a commission staff associate), will those at all informed on Catholic higher education—or even a reader of Greeley's past work—learn from the volume. For a compact summary of where Catholic higher education is, in both a broad statistical sense, and according to the impressions of a perceptive—although sometimes selectively so, as in Greeley's labeling of some schools as first-rate, on the basis of one visit, and in the face of objective evidence to the contrary—observer, this is a useful volume. Presumably, it is what the Carnegie Commission wanted: a "portrait," not a "scenario."



But where *is* Catholic higher education headed? The colleges face not only a financial, but—since John XXIII's open window let in not only fresh air but a hurricane that has caught up everything most Catholics thought was securely nailed down—a spiritual crisis as well. Historically, Catholics have been no less conscious of their "backwater" social status than are blacks today. They established separate institutions of higher education precisely to enable them to acquire the skills that would allow them to swim in the "mainstream," at the same time providing them with a set of spiritual water wings that they might not be lost to the church there. (Although other parallels with American blacks have led some to advocate the perpetuation of "separate but equal" schools and colleges for Negroes, this position requires a determined myopia regarding the vast differences that far outweigh any similarities.)

Now, just because most Catholics *are* caught in the same currents as other Americans, the colleges and universities founded by their forebears find themselves faced with the paradoxical situation of a potential clientele that is less interested in their services. For one thing, making it in the broader society has led to a lessened concern for tradition and the packaged theology-philosophy that often seems to have little connection with the problems of contemporary life. Further, escalating educational costs make it far more expensive to attend Catholic colleges than those under public auspices. Because of their financial plight, Catholic (and other religiously affiliated) colleges face the dilemma of wanting to offer something distinctive, yet of avoiding the danger that their special ambience is so grounded in religious forms as to make them ineligible for desperately needed state and federal funds. Only the recent decision of the New York Board of Regents allowing three Catholic schools state assistance will make

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it possible for Fordham to continue its efforts at educational innovation. (The third of Greeley's "tales" is about Fordham, although he does not identify it by name, and evidence can be found there of the university's serious financial condition when the portrait was written.)

Yet, if the post-Council church can discover a new self with which even a majority of its members are comfortable, the reflection of this on the Catholic campus may be its trump card. At no time in history have more of the young sought answers to the question: "Beyond technocracy and affluence, what?" In their counterculture, in experimentation with drugs, Eastern thought, the *I Ching*, astrology, witchcraft, and other aspects of the occult, there is considerable evidence that they seek some integrating principles that will enable them to survive the maelstrom that is our time. Indeed, concurrently when more than half of the 1969 freshmen across the country are opting for a volunteer army (compared to a third in 1968), and a quarter for the legalization of marijuana (as against a fifth of the 1968 entrants), an overwhelming majority in the American Council on Education's survey indicated that their principal aim in college was to develop a philosophy of life.

Although such "experimental colleges" as Old Westbury, Hampshire, Evergreen State, and Sangamon State are being founded, innovation is always difficult, as W. B. Martin (*Conformity: Standards and Change in Higher Education*, 1969) has shown: The "one model box" has prevented meaningful changes from occurring in almost all colleges, even those expressly designed to be distinctive. Perhaps one or more of the above schools will be truly innovative, and will meet the needs of students who will spend most of their lives in the twenty-first century. But it would seem that Catholic colleges and universities, freed from the constraints of state legislatures and regents (of the above, only Hampshire is not part of a state system), are in an equally advantageous position to provide climates that foster personal and intellectual growth. If they can abandon the false professionalism that, as Greeley joins Robert Hutchins and Jacques Barzun in pointing out, now characterizes nearly all American colleges and universities, they may be able to draw on a distinctive set of traditions and values that will make sense to at least some of today's questing youth.

Robert Hassenger is a member of the Departments of Sociology and Education at Notre Dame.

A Little Bit of Chaos

Continued from page 73

Featherstone was the perfect publicist for the Plowden Report. His down-to-earth style and modesty matched the report's manner perfectly. By speaking in a low voice, Featherstone raised a storm of interest and triggered a hegira of American educators to England. Lillian Weber, who is now the Open Classroom expert for New York City's schools, and who was virtually alone in the schools in England in 1965, could hardly elbow her way past the study teams from twenty American cities when she returned in 1969.

The theoretical basis of the Open Classroom is found in the work of the Swiss child psychologist Jean Piaget. His work began to influence many other experimental psychologists in the 1950s when his studies were published, but not until recently has his work been interpreted and popularized in the mass media.

Piaget is best known for his finding that intelligence—adaptive thinking and action—develops in sequence and is related to age. However, the ages at which children can understand different concepts vary from child to child, depending on his native endowment and on the quality of the physical and social environments in which he is reared.

But Piaget's books—*The Origins of Intelligence in Children, The Psychology of Intelligence,* and *The Construction of Reality*—based on his research on how children learn, also proved that it is a waste of time to tell a child things that the child cannot experience through his senses. The child must be able to try things out to see what happens, manipulate objects and symbols, pose questions and seek their answers, reconcile what he finds at one time with what he finds at another, and test his findings against the perceptions of others his age. Activity essential to intellectual development includes social collaboration, group effort, and communication among children. Only after a good deal of experience is the child ready to move on to abstract conceptualizations. Piaget is critical of classrooms where the teacher is the dominant figure, where books and the teacher's talking are basic instructional media, and where large group instruction is the rule, and oral or written tests are used to validate the whole process. Clearly from his findings, traditional teaching techniques are ineffectual. But for children who must depend on the school environment as the richest they are to encounter, it can be downright damaging; denied a chance to grow, their minds may actually atrophy.

Can the Open Classroom approach transform American primary education as it is doing in England? To Lillian Weber, this is the basic question. As assistant professor of early childhood education at City College, she feels there is a ground swell of interest.

"When I started placing student teachers, after coming back from England, there wasn't one classroom in New York City that I could put a teacher into where she had the slightest chance of being able to apply the theories of how children learn that she was studying at the college." Now, as the result of three years of intensive effort, there are thirty-seven, mostly on the Upper West Side and in Harlem, and Mrs. Weber is swamped with requests for help in introducing these theories in more schools.

Considerable progress has also been made in Philadelphia, where the reform school administration of Mark Shedd got behind this approach as one element of its attempt to "turn on the system." Under the guidance of Lore Rasmussen, eighteen teachers are using the Open Classroom approach in five schools, and twenty more are trying it on their own.

On the national level, the Educational Development Center, a nonprofit curriculum-development agency in Newton, Mass., sponsors workshops, provides advisory and consultant services, and develops materials under grants from the Ford Foundation and the federal government's Follow Through program. To spearhead the movement in this country, EDC has brought over experienced British educators, such as Rosemary Williams, who directed the Westfield Infant School, portrayed so vividly by Joseph

WIT TWISTER #164

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

In lordly _ _ _ _ _ _ the lions prowl;
From _ _ _ _ _ _ churches glares the owl;
The _ _ _ _ _ _, humblest of them all,
Creates his own dew-spangled hall.

—A.S.

(*Answer on page 88*)

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Featherstone. Through these activities, EDC advises teachers in more than 100 classrooms in eight states.

Three questions are asked most often by educators and parents first exposed to Open Classrooms in operation. What problems loom largest? Do the children do as well on standardized tests? And what about cost? Do the additional training and the wealth of materials add greatly to the cost of schooling?

The problem cited most frequently is the fad psychology of educational reform. The trajectory was documented by Anthony Oettinger in *Run, Computer, Run.* An innovation comes roaring in on a wave of rhetoric, there is a bustle to get on the band wagon, things seem to be burgeoning, and then suddenly disenchantment occurs when reality falls short of the glowing press releases.

"The biggest threat is that the approach will catch on and spread like wildfire," insists Ann Cook, who has served widely as a consultant on Open Classroom projects. "Then it would fall into the hands of faddists who are unwilling to give it sufficient time to evolve and mature. Developing the necessary talent to make this work is time-consuming, and Americans are an impatient people."

For this reason, advocates of the approach want to win their battle classroom by classroom, rather than by convincing educational administrators to install the new approach through ukase. "Careful work on a small scale," Featherstone has written, "is the way to start reform worth having. . . . The proper locus of a revolution in the primary schools . . . is a teacher in a classroom full of children."

Another common problem is the tendency to confuse the self-conscious freedom of the Open Classroom with mere "chaos" and disregard of the children. Conventional educators observing an Open Classroom for the first time are often so fixated on the children's informality and spontaneity that they fail to note the diligent planning and individual diagnoses by the teachers and the intellectual and sensuous richness of the prepared environment. These latter qualities, however, are hard-won, and to "open" the classrooms without having developed these strengths is to invite mere mindlessness and frustration.

How do the children score on standardized tests? That question is regularly asked by parents and teachers, as if it gets to the heart of the matter with hard-nosed exactness. But Open Classroom theorists refuse to accept the assumption behind the question. They insist that our new understanding of how children learn and grow makes the present standardized tests obsolete.

"In England there is never any pressure to test in Infant Schools," explains Rosemary Williams, "but since there is pressure here, someone must come up with realistic tests. We've got Princeton's Educational Testing Service at work on tests that will measure original thinking, independency, and creativity—the kind of thing our program is out to develop."

The available evidence indicates that, even measured by the present tests, Open Classroom children progress normally in reading and arithmetic scores. But an increased *desire* to read and write is also evident, and children score higher, on the average, in math comprehension. This is startling, since traditional classrooms focus principally on reading and arithmetic the first two years, while Open Classrooms accord them equal status with such activities as painting and block building.

The question of cost also arises in many people's minds when they see the richness of materials and equipment in the classroom. And indeed there are considerable start-up expenses. David Armington of EDC estimates that to fill an Open Classroom with the most elaborate equipment available in a situation where money is no object costs $1,100 to $1,200, making an initial investment of $36 per child the first year. However, roughly half the equipment is highly durable and does not have to be replaced in subsequent years, and operating costs can be reduced by using parents and older children as aides. For educational value received, its advocates argue, the Open Classroom is a bargain—but, like good buys, it can often be least afforded by those who most need it.

In the present climate of American education, the Open Classroom approach sometimes seems like a flower too fragile to survive. The demands on the schools today are harsh and often narrow. Many black parents demand measurable reading achievement and other test scores to assure that they are no longer being given short shrift. At the same time, white parents are often concerned that the schools continue to give their children an advantage in status over someone else's children.

In such a climate, the Open Classroom seems precariously based on a kind of trust little evident in education today. Teachers must trust children's imagination, feelings, curiosity, and natural desire to explore and understand their world. They also must learn to trust themselves—to be willing to gamble that they can retain the children's interest and respect once they relinquish the external means of control: testing, threats, demerits, petty rules, and rituals. School administrators, in turn, must trust teachers enough to permit them to run a classroom that is not rigidly organized and controlled but, rather, is bustling, messy, flexible, and impulsive. Parents must trust school people to do well by their children, without the assurance provided by a classroom atmosphere recognizable from their own childhoods and validated, however emptily, by standardized tests.

Much recent experience suggests that the basis for trust such as this may not exist in American education at present. But perhaps the existence of classrooms where learning based on such trust is taking place will itself help create the beginnings of a new climate.

More on Infant Schools

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION about the British Infant Schools can be obtained from the following sources:

Educational Development Center, 55 Chapel Street, Newton, Massachusetts. EDC has a large number of free pamphlets available, including *Plan for Continuing Growth* by David Armington, which deals with the application of Infant School techniques in Follow Through programs; *Leicestershire Revisited* by William Hull; excerpts from the Plowden Report; and *Reading in Informal Classrooms* by Rosemary Williams.

Institute for Development of Educational Activities (I/D/E/A), Post Office Box 446, Melbourne, Florida 32901. I/D/E/A has published a $1 pamphlet, *The British Infant School*, which summarizes the findings of a group of American, British, and Israeli educators that visited a series of Open Classroom schools in England to look for ideas and practices which could be transplanted in the United States. In addition, I/D/E/A also will rent a seventeen-minute film on British Infant Schools at $10 for three days. Prints may be purchased for $120.

Reprints of Joseph Featherstone's articles are available through the *New Republic*, 1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

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History Begins at Home

Continued from page 75

less college-preparatory and more an education enterprise *sui generis*. Perhaps, in short, the "academic revolution" has worked rather too well in the case of history, and a little counterrevolution is in order.

Instead of aiming to produce more or better professionalized historians, which very few people ever become, we might try to educate better amateur historians, which everyone is, whether he likes it or not. History is not just concerned with the past, by which is understood "the distant past," and neither does the word "historic" apply only to important events, past or present. Both these popular definitions of history tend to remove it from an ordinary man's everyday concerns; they thereby make the study of history sound like a recondite and not very useful activity.

It makes much more sense simply to define "history" as "what happens." No event, then, is more historic than any other, though obviously they may differ in historical importance. This means that everyone who thinks about what happens is a historian. Every man is a historian, most of the time. If he cannot avoid it, he has only to choose whether his historical thought will be skillful, accurate, clear, precise, and useful, and whether it will make him more effective or powerful, in the sense of giving him greater control over what happens to himself. All men think about what happens; there are better and worse ways in which to go about it. With the right kind of training, a person should be able to learn how to do it better, and this should improve his competence in life. This is where school history could be useful and relevant.

A schoolteacher ought to be able to prove to his students that statements about history are dependable to the extent that they are based on evidence. Having done so, he should be able to train them how to formulate, evaluate, and use historical statements on the basis of the evidence available.

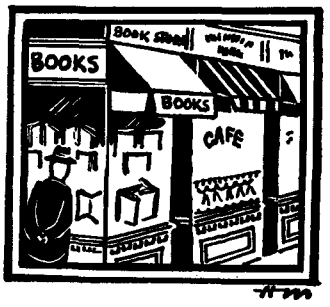
They will learn what kinds of statements are not, or cannot be, supported by evidence; conversely, they will recognize when there is not sufficient evidence to draw a valid conclusion, or not the right kinds of evidence to justify desired statements. These lessons will give them greater control over what they are told so that, for example, they won't be so easily fooled by salesmen, politicians, journalists, business associates, neighbors, friends, or themselves.

With this strategy, the assertion that historical understanding depends on a sense of the past that is usually lacking in the young and inexperienced might be restated. One way to put it is that a good sense of the past depends on a good sense of the present—a sense of how things do and do not happen—as well as on the imaginative capacity to penetrate a remote situation, and to see it in human terms.

Students of history will be only as good as their senses of the present, of how things happen. This means "of their own immediate present"; for even the "present" of "current affairs" is remote from them and requires considerable imagination and maturity to grasp in human terms. Therefore, students should be introduced to the study of history by introducing them to the empirical study of their own experiences, of their immediate, personal present. They can be trained to observe carefully how things happen around them, to establish what they know of what happens, and to recognize how much or how little they know at all. They can examine critically how they and others around them respond to events, situations, and each other on the basis of what each of them understands or thinks he understands (the distinction is important here). They can be taught how and how not to describe events and people, and why. Finally, when more remote history is studied, their senses of the past, or what is known about it, can be enhanced by their senses of more immediate and personal history.

Studying history with emphases on the utility of the empirical method and on the relevance of what is studied to one's own life raises certain problems with traditional textbook, survey-course curricula, which are usually oriented only toward conveying a conventional body of "facts," presumably for future reference, but actually only for passing examinations. Specifically, how can such courses be taught usefully and significantly for the students, and how can their accuracy and dependability be assured?

Perhaps we should teach students how to ask and answer questions in specified fields, rather than provide them with "the" answers and hope these can be memorized for future reference when (and if) the right questions arise. Students are more likely to remember a few dependable reference works and methods of research, particularly if their use was once habitual, than they are to retain a large number of facts that were first learned to get through an examination. This means that they should be taught how to use libraries and reference tools for answering questions; library training and the establishment of good libraries should be given much greater attention than ever before.



Exposure to library collections should provide students with opportunities for asking and answering questions for oneself and with a far more effective impression of the riches that the study of history holds for them than any textbook could do. In other words, teaching history as a way of independent inquiry, rather than as an inert body of facts to be memorized either for an examination or for vague (if at all explicit) general reasons, should go a long way toward making the materials of history at least potentially more useful and personally important than is the case with present curricula.

A second tactic is to proceed gradually, with frequent reviews, from the immediate, concrete, personal present of each student's life out into the more remote, abstract past that comprises the common heritage of all students. Each step further away from the present would be shown to explain, to clarify, its curricular predecessors; it would be defended as if to convince naturally and legitimately skeptical minds. Each larger, more distant period would be shown to be more difficult to study and comprehend than the previous ones, though the students would be carefully prepared for it by having worked with periods closer to their own.

The process of selection, of omitting insignificant data in order to emphasize others, would occur naturally as the historical roots of important subjects in each period are pursued into the next one; students would be aware of the increasing partiality of their concerns, and the reasons for it would be clear. On the other hand, the fact that some events, people, conditions, or institutions were once important and have in time become relatively unimportant should be portrayed strikingly.

The most valuable feature of this sequence, however, would be that it might protect both students and teachers from the seductive power of the drift of argument that is built into most curricula. By this method, the discipline of historical inquiry would have to be defended and justified at every step of the way; nothing would be taken for granted. Teachers would

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not grow complacently vague about the virtues of their subject so that, as has happened more than once in recent years, they become unable to articulate the reasons for historical study. Students would not be cozened or anesthetized so that they would never know why history is studied, nor would they wake up suddenly in late adolescence to demand "relevance."

Third, the same principle of proceeding naturally from the concrete, immediate, intelligible present to the abstract, remote, and difficult past should apply as well to individual courses, though with necessary differences. Since the general goal should be the study of a period in its own chronological order, a transition will have to be made from early courses, in which the students might simply follow their own curiosities back into the past, to a "sounding" approach, in which lines are cast back into the past and then followed up to the present, as might happen with studies of particular institutions, traditions, or people, to the conventional forward chronological study of entire periods.

The point is that the study of history should come as naturally as possible to each student. Clearly some schools are better equipped to allow independent study than others; but even those that are rigidly structured (and often understaffed) could afford to encourage classes (rather than individuals) to exercise much more initiative in directing courses. The specific tactic for "naturalizing" each course will have to be designed to fit each situation; but, whether the course goes forward or backward in time, the greatest possible freedom should be allowed for each student to study history his own way, the way he wants to, as long as he adheres to the critical and empirical standards the teacher has proved to be best.

As long as a course is intellectually rigorous, it will not suffer from a greater variety of directions and initiatives that a textbook-lock step imposes. The benefit to a student of allowing his study to follow his own inclinations and interests should be a primary value to be sought, and if a teacher feels that seriously errant inquiry results, he can discreetly and persuasively prove that point and help students to keep to the patterns that history itself proposes.

Ensuring the greatest possible accuracy of what is taught requires concentrating less on making students "learn" what a textbook presents as "facts" and more on providing the facts themselves in the form of direct evidence or primary sources. With the sources themselves, students can find out what is known about a given subject and can be taught how to ask and answer questions as amateur historians, which is what they will be for the rest of their lives. Again the library has a crucial role to play; it will have to supplement whatever primary sources students may own or be given with an extensive collection of its own, designed specifically for school use. There is little point in teaching them how to use textbooks except as reference works, since they will not be using them later except for such purposes. So official documents, personal statements, records, and statistical data will be the most important sources that the students will learn to interpret.

Next in importance should be journalistic evidence, upon which students likewise will be dependent in later life. The more usual history books—texts, encyclopedias, surveys, articles, and monographs—should be used either as examples of historical literature, with literary merit to commend them, or for reference purposes, as stated above. It has been mischievous to portray school texts as simplified historiography, when in fact they are difficult to write well or to read well. When good texts or surveys are read, and they should, they should be read carefully. Students should continually demand to know whether the author's assertions are supported by evidence, and, if not, whether they could be or have been elsewhere, and, if neither is the case, why he made them. Students must never be fooled, and it is finally up to the teacher to prevent this.

In short, a stronger emphasis on the epistemology of historical thought and writing should, combined with greater reliance on primary sources and greater skepticism and discretion in the selection and use of secondary sources, noticeably improve the accuracy of information that students receive and learn, and should provide a sounder base for any future historical studies.

Since much of the curriculum proposed turns on the "relevance" or "importance" to students, not only of history but of historical studies, teachers should be very clear about what these words mean. Both require a direct object; to speak of anything as being simply important or relevant without specifying its object is like hammering air. When historians speak of relevance or importance they are talking about historical influence—if the object is a human being, upon the way he lives, upon his situation, and the course of his life. There are, obviously, varying degrees of relevance or importance. This means that, to be honest, a lot of history is not relevant or important enough to be worth bothering students about, especially school students. Many of them (those with any character) will refuse to be bothered even if we try.

Nevertheless, adherence to a standard of relevance need not mean that we must teach only current events, or even the greatest of events, institutions, or men. Every teacher knows that a great deal of material that ostensibly is very dry must be covered, if only to approach what is more inspiring. In such cases, an emphasis on method or epistemology can often heighten interest, since historical method is always useful.

Another lever to use is analogy. Historians are semantically unpretentious; they speak the language of the people. Yet there is (or should be) a difference between how a scholar uses words and how a hack does it; the historian, as a result of his discipline, should use them clearly and precisely, with consistent meanings. Many of the words historians use in describing the past are also useful in describing the present, even one's personal present. If they are used consistently and precisely, useful analogies—even to one's own experience—are possible.

We have not assumed that history is ever simple, but we have asserted that some parts of historical *method* are simpler than others and, when combined with appropriate data, can pro-

vide better material for school courses. Undoubtedly some smart students will see that history itself is more complicated than their present equipment can handle, and they will say so; it is hoped, in such cases, that they will also be smart enough to be persuaded by their teachers that sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof and that, if they can learn to crawl well now, they will be able to walk well later.

Present curricula evade or ignore the issue of complexity in history, and this proposal confronts and deals with it. The emphasis on method guarantees the relevance and importance of what is studied, and the emphasis on scholarly techniques, while obviously

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not appealing to all students, should be useful to all because every man is a historian, and a good one does the same things that a scholar does, whether either knows it or not.

What has been advocated here is just a curricular reform, and no more. In the hands of good teachers, it will work splendidly and with great effect, as would any curriculum; with bad teachers it will fail, as would any curriculum. No mere curriculum can make a good teacher fail, or a really bad teacher succeed. Curricula are powerful, though, in influencing the quality of teaching of all those men and women who are neither great nor terrible teachers, which means nearly everybody in the profession. In their case, while personal characteristics will determine the quality of their teaching more than anything else, institutions will exercise an important help or hindrance. This curriculum tries to place teachers and students together in the presence of history, in the most natural and personal way possible, to eliminate the artificial barriers that inhibit humane conversation between adults and children, and to create situations in which the constructive demands of each on the other may evoke real education.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 84: prides, spired, spider.

Segregation Schools

Continued from page 77

been adopted as a symbol of resistance by people unwilling to go as far as Lee did after the Civil War as a racial moderate and an advocate of national unity.

The Lowndes school is, for all the shortcomings implied even in the existence of a twelve-grade school with thirteen teachers, a model of quality and propriety compared with most of its counterparts. The Atlanta *Journal* recently surveyed new private schools in Georgia and found that, of twenty-three that it checked, only two had accreditation, only six had occupancy permits from the state fire marshal indicating the buildings were safe, and four were serving lunches without food service permits from the state Health Department. A reporter who went into the woodlands of Lamar County, Georgia, this fall to inspect a one-teacher academy called Holy Bible Church School was turned away by a stocky, unshaven man with a revolver strapped to his hip. In 1966, when a public school official went to the school to obtain enrollment figures, men drew guns and told her not to get out of her car. The school, with about a dozen students, has no rest rooms, no drinking fountains, no waste disposal facilities, no fire protection, and no first aid facilities. But in the absence of regulations in Georgia, every community could have such schools.

Governor Lester Maddox of Georgia said more than a year ago he would like to see at least 100 new private schools in the state. He has personally assisted in the establishment of some. Twice he has gone to Coffee County to help promote an academy there; he encouraged local residents to defy desegregation guidelines to the point of boycotting public schools. In October, the county closed its public schools for a week after threats of violence over impending large-scale integration. The public schools soon lost almost 600 students, many of whom began attending a private school on a Church of God campground. The contagion in Coffee County is like the emotionalism that has produced many of the South's academies. Business firms donated equipment for the new school. Parents who had never contributed anything to the public schools offered their labor. Some local merchants were threatened with boycotts if they would not contribute to the school.

At a recent meeting of Georgia elementary school principals, many expressed concern that the private school phenomenon will undermine their funding. The Georgia Council of Churches passed a resolution calling for public support of immediate public school integration and saying: "We strongly deplore those private schools formed as efforts of persons bent on continuing segregation." The Louisiana Association of Classroom Teachers adopted a resolution opposing state aid for private schools, which the association no doubt rightly saw as a threat to public school funding. Secretary Robert Finch of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare recognized the problem when he said he is very apprehensive about the private school movement. "You won't get broad public support, of course, for the public educational system," he said.

The question of state aid to private schools in the region is far from settled, and it now is linked to national trends unrelated to race. For example, in Louisiana, where the Catholic population is large, Catholic efforts to obtain state aid for private schools were making strong headway before the academy phenomenon appeared. Although Catholic schools are not segregated and Catholic leaders have said they do not want to make common cause with segregationists, it seems likely that any new state-aid efforts in the Louisiana Legislature will attract support from segregation-minded legislators who otherwise might be in opposition. Some similar unsolicited and

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perhaps embarrassing alliances may arise nationally. Catholic leaders, segregationist Southerners, black separatists, and many liberals disturbed by public school bureaucracy in the big cities may find themselves seeking some of the same ends.

Government aid already has existed, in various forms, for the academies. In some states, they received state money through tuition-grant programs established a decade ago. State by state, however, the federal courts have invalidated the grant programs, finding them subterfuges for maintaining segregated education. Although these state efforts persist, last fall for the first time since the "massive-resistance" days no state programs for direct aid to private education were operable. But the segregation academies have property-tax exemption. In Mississippi, they receive free state textbooks. And private schools are eligible to benefit from several federal aid programs, unless they are challenged legally on grounds of discrimination.

Tax exemption granted by the U. S. Internal Revenue Service is one of the biggest benefits the schools receive. Corporate and private contributions are deductible from the contributors' incomes. No statement of nondiscrimination is required by the IRS. The Civil Rights Commission said in 1967 that these tax benefits may be a violation of Title VI of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, which prohibits the use of federal funds in programs tinged with racial discrimination. The commission also said the IRS policy may be a violation of the Internal Revenue Code of 1954, which requires that institutions receiving tax-exempt status be of general benefit to the public. Early in January, Secretary Robert Finch declared that he was supporting a move in the administration to deny tax exemption to schools established to avoid public school desegregation. Two weeks later, a three-judge federal court in Mississippi ordered IRS to stop issuing tax exemptions to new private schools in that state before determining that the schools were free of racial bias in their admissions policies. The decision, applying only in Mississippi, did not revoke the tax exemptions of schools already in existence; the judges indicated that a decision on these would await final determination of the case after its appeal.

No Southern state comprehensively regulates private schools. "There's no protection at all for the children," says Dr. Allen Smith, assistant state superintendent of schools in Georgia. "We've tried every year for the past several years to get legislation passed to control these schools, but the legislators are afraid of it for some reason."

School accreditation in the United States is left to six regional associations. The Southern Association of Colleges and Schools, in turn, delegates much of its accreditation work to state associations and commissions. Accreditation, accordingly, may mean one thing in North Carolina and another in Mississippi. Dr. Raymond Wilson, executive secretary of the Southern association's Commission on Secondary Education, says the association cannot deny accreditation to a school even if it has a known policy of segregation. This interpretation of the organization's authority seems to be a much narrower one than the association has applied in some other academic matters. Several years ago, it threatened to drop schools in North Carolina if they refused to allow certain controversial speakers to appear on campus. The same kind of discretion probably

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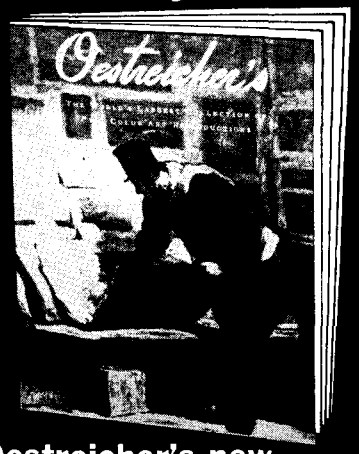

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could be applied in the case of segregated schools, but the Southern association is subject to strong pressures against such action.

What is taught in the classrooms of the academies varies widely. In many, teachers are giving instruction in much the same way they formerly did in public schools. Yet, their presence in schools founded upon racial discrimination and supported to a large extent by people antagonistic toward the country's progress in civil rights (and, frequently, simply antagonistic toward the Constitution, and toward the Christian precepts that many of the schools claim to embrace) inevitably must be a factor in what the children absorb. Even on the boards of schools unrelated to the Citizens Councils, right-wing influences frequently are strong, with members of the John Birch Society sometimes in leading positions.

Roy Pearson, president of the Prince Edward School Foundation in Virginia, wrote about the Prince Edward classrooms in a Citizens Councils publication in 1966: "We hold classroom devotional exercises. We hold patriotic exercises. We teach American Constitutional government. We teach the free enterprise system." These no doubt are taught in the way the Citizens Councils, which have led defiance of the law since their inception in the mid-1950s, would teach them.

Dr. T. E. Wannamaker has been the leading spokesman for the academy movement and probably will be the chief figure in establishing the new regional association. Collectivists, he has written, want a country "socially, economically, and racially leveled following indoctrination in our public schools." He quotes with approval a 1930 statement of conservative Southerners criticizing the concept of mass public education and suggesting a return to something like the tutorial academies of the pre-Civil War South. Public education was introduced in South Carolina, he says suggestively, by Reconstruction "carpetbaggers and scalawags," and it was "doomed to failure from its inception."

Public education hardly seems doomed to extinction in the South. But in a region that traditionally has given poor support to education, racist tempers and nineteenth-century primitivism once again threaten to weaken it. Federal-level inattention to the problem, state-level lack of concern about educational standards, and a local vulnerability to current quack nostrums about education all seem to be conspiring to return the South to another phase of "massive resistance" at the expense of hundreds of thousands of children.

View from Campus

Continued from page 80

degree requires a long period of sustained motivation, and a woman whose interests are divided between family rearing and scholarship is less likely than a man to make full use of the degree. It is true that any attractive woman who enters graduate school finds herself pursued by both male graduate students and young instructors who are looking for intelligent wives—indeed, a graduate school is the ideal hunting ground for a bright girl who wants to marry a man who is her intellectual equal. Many women who are no less intelligent than their husbands, and no less capable of pursuing careers, are willing to let their husbands assume the economic burdens in order that they may have time for homemaking and child rearing. Although some of these women experience frustrations as middle age approaches, the large number of intelligent women who choose, at an early age, not to compete for professional jobs—or whose careers are interrupted by periods of child rearing—helps explain the fact that more men move up into the higher academic ranks and administrative positions.

But these facts provide little comfort to the talented woman who decides against marriage in favor of a career—or who is married but refuses to let marriage interfere with her career—and who nevertheless finds herself passed over for promotion or for an administrative post just because she is a woman. Nevertheless, in many departments there is no bias against women whatever, and some departments have seemed to prefer women. An examination of the evidence should not discourage women from entering college teaching, because many will achieve full professorships; a woman's chances for promotion in a college or university are, and will continue to be, substantially better than they are in business, government, or other learned professions.

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Ionesco on Olympus

Continued from page 23

much of anything), his plays are not really political in any sense unless one chooses to dub them rightist only because he refuses to make them leftist. For Ionesco, theater transcends political and social problems to deal exclusively with a metaphor of the human condition in general, far from the doctrinaire arena. In contrast to the Brechtian or Sartrian "theater of education, of answers," as Ionesco has termed it, he opts for a "theater of questions. The poet is neither prophetic nor omniscient. He sees problems where others don't, but he offers no keys for possible solutions. Besides," he added dejectedly, "there are no solutions right now for the human condition. Socialism as well as liberalism has failed. Life is unlivable."

Ionesco is skeptical about the more recent trends in theater. He considers the current "revolt of directors against authors and the revolt of actors against directors" of merely technical interest, and rather elementary at that. "There can be no theater without a text." As for nudity, he considers the "outpouring of erotic neuroses . . . a little more daring than the Folies-Bergères" and no more than a passing phase. His own plans for the near future involve writing a modern version of *Macbeth* ("Why not borrow from the classics? Countless other playwrights have") and a new-found interest in directing. He has already directed some of his plays in Germany and Switzerland, and he is increasingly attracted by the challenge and responsibility of staging his own works.

The role of steadying his troubled soul falls mainly to the charming, diminutive Madame Ionesco, his childhood sweetheart, a sharply intelligent ex-philosophy student. She is his staunchest supporter and most severe critic, at once launching pad and life preserver—a vital influence. Despite the frequent controversies in which he finds himself, despite the many anxieties that gnaw at him, Ionesco remains a soft-spoken, gentle, unassuming man whose quizzical, rotund face reveals his humor as much as his obsessions. He is naturally witty in a completely spontaneous manner. When told last fall that Samuel Beckett had been awarded the Nobel Prize, Ionesco, delighted at the news, replied impishly: "We really deserved it." So far, no word from Beckett with *his* reaction to Ionesco's election to the Académie Française. But Ionesco, the poet haunted by thoughts of death, reacted with a healthy dose of self-mockery to his new status as an "immortal." "I no longer have to fear death now," he smiled. "In fact, I had always thought myself to be only half-mortal, or perhaps three-fourths mortal, but I felt that there was at least a small part of me, maybe only one one-hundredth, that was immortal . . . the best part."

"Excuse me, Michelangelo, but I've got to get at the pipes."

Cambodia

Continued from page 24

to have both nations respect the neutrality of Laos.

* * *

The right to know is as basic to the protection of a free society as the maintenance of a defense establishment. Yet the evidence mounts that the United States government is more concerned with manipulating public opinion than informing it. The problem is not that the government does not attach sufficient importance to public opinion. The problem is that the government has insufficient respect for its obligation to make the facts known as they develop. It has freely used security cover in cases where the security of error-prone officials rather than the security of the nation is the prime consideration. Why is the government not providing a full and accurate account of its policies? Is it because the policies are inexplicable or because they are indefensible?

A great deal is said about the need to uphold the right to self-determination of the people of Vietnam and Cambodia. There is at least an equal need to protect the right of self-determination of the American people. Self-determination is not just a matter of going to the polls once a year. The act of voting should be the culmination of a long process of which access to adequate information is a major part.

Nothing is more ominous today than the increasing shift of the ultimate power in this society from the American people to political and military policy-makers in government. The best way to begin to stop the drift is to identify it for what it is. —N.C.

Forgiveness

by Jeannette Nichols

It is
of no
use

earns
nothing

wears on its smooth breast
a silken fencing heart

is
too proud of itself

virtue is its lame sister
who never took chances

a cousin to power,
it costs

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C.O., 22, journalist, competent student leader, needs alternative service employment. Box V-942.

COMMUNITY THEATRE DIRECTOR—Experienced, seeks position, west, southwest. Box V-975.

PLEASANT WOMAN, excellent cook, homemaker, aide, wants sleep-in Manhattan employment. Box V-971.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

COUNSELORS top Maine boys' camp. Swimming (WSI), Archery, Nature, Golf. Beautiful surroundings. Interesting, challenging experience. Camp Wildwood, 336 Central Park West, NYC 10025, 212-UN 5-0925.

40,000 SUMMER JOBS—Resort Employment Directory furnishes descriptions, addresses, contacts, salaries. $2.00 postpaid ($2.25 First Class). Corion Publishers, P.O. Box 15676, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74115.

COUNSELORS: Established boys' camp, Berkshire Mountains, Massachusetts needs instructors over twenty years. Nature and pioneering, archery, riflery, small crafts, sailing, water skiing, scuba, dramatics, camp newspaper. Write: Camp Lenox, 37 Woodvalley Lane, Port Washington, N.Y. 11050.

HEADMASTER—Quaker Preparatory School, 600 Students in K-5—12, Philadelphia area, seeks creative educator-administrator to start fall 1970 or 1971. Prefer a Friend or someone closely attuned to the Friendly way. Box V-703.

BOOMING AUSTRALIA wants you—Application forms and new 1970 Australian Handbook describing government assisted passage, family and housing allowances, jobs, business, ranching, teaching, hunting, fishing, etc. $1.00. Buckeye, Box 1032DG, Fairborn, Ohio 45324.

WORLDWIDE POSITIONS AVAILABLE. Enjoy high pay, travel allowances, paid overtime. Write: Global Employment, Box 706P6, Orinda, California 94563.

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 942-R, Belmont, California 94002.

TEACHERS AND ADMINISTRATORS: For over 50 years The Abbott Teachers Agency has specialized in educational placement: Private and Public Schools; Junior-Senior Colleges. Brochure on request. 120 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02116.

TENNIS COUNSELORS, 20+, Maine girls' camp. Call collect 201-224-6979.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

CONSIDER THE INDEPENDENT SCHOOL: greater academic freedom, more involvement with able students, small classes. We can assist you in finding a position in a fine independent school. College seniors or experienced. National coverage, all races welcome. Placement Service, Independent Educational Services, 80 Nassau Street, Princeton, N.J. 08540 (a nonprofit corporation).

OVERSEAS JOBS—Europe, South America, Australia, Far East, etc. 2,000 openings all trades. Construction, Office, Engineering, Sales, etc. $700 to $3,000 month. Expenses paid. Free information. Write Overseas Jobs, International Airport, Box 536-U, Miami, Florida 33148.

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES—faculty needed for private independent schools, all states, all subjects and levels; also administrators, department heads, etc.; also business managers, fund raisers, housemothers, nurses, etc., beginners, experienced; initial details, no obligation. SCHOOL SERVICE BUREAU, Box 278C, Windsor, Connecticut 06095.

EXPERIENCED STENOS, TYPISTS! When you travel, work temporarily for Manpower Inc. Assignments available now in New York, San Francisco, Chicago, Boston and other major cities throughout the country. High hourly rates. See telephone directory in your city.

SEPTEMBER COLLEGE TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES. All fields. Nationwide. Master's or Doctorate essential. Write now for application. City-Suburban Teachers Agency, 500 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10036. Phone 212-546-8370.

JOBS! JOBS! and more JOBS! Overseas, U.S.A. Year-round and Summer Jobs (Students!). Jobs with Money, Challenge, Opportunity, Travel. All occupations and trades. For Information, write: JOBS, Box 475, SR-6, Lodi, California 95240.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Government assisted passage. 50,000 jobs. New 1970 government information and forms. $1.00. Special reports on employment, business, taxes, housing, education, ranching, farming, teaching, maps, etc. Austco, Box 3623-K, Long Beach, California 90803.

JOBS ABROAD. Year round and summer for young people. Over 15 countries, 9 paying job categories offered. Complete student programs available. For 34 page JOBS ABROAD magazine with applications send $1.00 to: ISTC, 866 U.N. Plaza, NYC, N.Y. 10017.

MONTESSORI DIRECTRESS needed, established school. Excellent salary, progressive university community. Contact: Connie May, 502 Reno, Iowa City, Iowa 52240.

ASSISTANT HEADMASTER, English Dept. Chairman, College Counseling or combination. Innovative, secondary school. Academic excellence, freedom, commitment to arts. J. Zimmerman, 11600 Magnolia Boulevard, North Hollywood, California 91601.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

TUNBRIDGE, VERMONT investment quality, 200 acres, 1830 brick house, barns, views, $45,000. Sargent & Westcott, Inc., Box 195, Woodstock, Vermont 05091. 802-457-1933.

COLONIAL, 1780's, attached shed and barn, 3 acres. 8 large rooms, (plus mud room, pantry, fully-equipped laundry, 2 baths), 7 fireplaces, wide board floors, original paneling. New furnace, artesian well, appliances. Fine condition throughout. In unusual, remote old village, zoned. Independent parent cooperative elementary school. Excellent cross-country skiing trails. Sale by owner $38,000 firm. Taxes $922. Box 659, Acworth, N.H. 03601.

NINE PLUS ACRES, 4 bedroom, 3½ bath Colonial, NYC commute, N.J. location. $72,000. Good financing. Box V-950.

NEW CITY—Playwright's 12 room retreat. 25 naturalistic acres. Pool. Tennis court. Studio. Guest cottage. $275,000. Kirchner, Robertson, Realtors, 914-EL 9-0550, 914-EL 8-4545.

For Sale/Rent

OUT-ISLAND BAHAMA 2 bedroom easy care breezy vacation home. Beach, snorkeling, etc. 2¾ acres. $29,500. Rental $225 weekly, 4 people. Box V-753.

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

VILLA RENTALS. Choice inspected holiday rentals Europe and Caribbean. Brochure: At Home Abroad, Inc., 136 East 57th, Suite 1901, NYC. 212-HA 1-9165.

VIRGIN ISLANDS. New beachfront condominium-homes that you can rent in the owners' absence. These 2 and 3 bedroom homes are fully equipped in every way. Minimum weekly stay. Brochure from Gordon-Thompson, Cowpet Bay Village, Box D, St. Thomas, V.I. 00801 or 809-774-3333.

HAWAII—Oceanfront beautiful Windward Oahu. Monthly, weekly, year-round. Box V-939.

ST. THOMAS, VIRGIN ISLANDS. Breezy, Secret Harbour mountaintop overlooking ocean. Private beach privileges. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. Completely equipped. Maid available. SR Box V-963.

SAN FRANCISCO BAY VIEW. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, fully furnished. September 1st, 1970 to March 1st, 1971. Mill Valley. $500 per month. SR Box V-978.

For Summer Rental

MAINE—New house, stone fireplace, 3 bedrooms, all electric kitchen. Secluded, dramatic open-ocean site. Box V-782.

SOUTHERN NOVA SCOTIA. 3 bedroom cottage, fully equipped. Overlooks Tusket River, Islands, and sea. July, August; $300, entire month only. Children welcome; references required. Box V-789.

GRACIOUS HOME on hilltop provides expansive view of Frenchmans Bay. Provides gracious splendor, large living room, dining room, 5 bedrooms on second floor with 4 baths. Also adequate space for live-in help. This is an outstanding value for a summer rental for $3,500.
ON THE OCEAN, near downtown Bar Harbor. Gracious, studio type living, 2 bedrooms (spacious), large living room with fireplace, new kitchenette and bath available for the summer of 1970. Contact Fred C. Lynam & Co., Realtor, Bar Harbor, Maine 04609.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD, Music Street, West Tisbury. Comfortable 3 bedrooms, 2 enclosed porches, fireplace, dishwasher. Key to private beach. June 15th-September 15th. $2,000. SR Box V-941.

MONTANA GLACIER PARK wilderness cabin. 150 acres, 2 bedrooms, bath, magnificent mountain view, river, store/mail 3 miles. $250 month, winter rates available. Box V-953.

WESTPORT, CONNECTICUT—Saugatuck Shores area. 150 feet from water, mooring rights. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, deck, appliances. Write W. S. Bahrenburg, c/o Saturday Review. Call 212-983-5567, nights and weekends 203-853-1519.

SOUTHERN VERMONT, near Jamaica. 3 bedroom Tech-built house, $225 month. Box V-483.

FIRE ISLAND—Corneille Estates near Bay. 3 bedroom. $1,700, June 24th-July 31st. 212-469-7590.

VERMONT CHALET, SUGARBUSH—Ultramodern 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, living, fireplaces, sundeck, fully equipped kitchen. Overlooking scenic Mad River. Swimming pool, 18 hole golf privileges. Fishing. Restaurant, cocktail lounge. $175 weekly. Special monthly rates. SR Box V-948.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Tennis playing families—Tennis Club Membership with the rental of a beachfront home in Edgartown. More than 30 private homes facing on South Beach, with sharing rights to a heated swimming, pool, bicycles, sailboats, and kayaks, and with full membership rights to the Mattakesett Tennis Club (6 Har-Tru Clay, 1 Uni-Turf). Weekly rentals. Families may take advantage of group rates during May, June to July 15th. All homes complete in every way—3 bedrooms, 3 baths, full appliances, and optional daily housekeeping. Another Stanmar Managed Property Program. For further information, contact Joan Hutchinson, Stanmar, Inc., Sudbury, Massachusetts 01776. 617-443-9922.

FARMHOUSE, extensive private beach, Maine island. $425 monthly. Box V-951.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Large architect's house. Fully equipped. June-July $1,800; July $1,200. 914-YO 2-3686.

STEUBEN, MAINE. On Bay. Furnished cottage. $100 weekly. Responsible tenants only. SR Box V-938.

CALIFORNIA—Beach. Ocean view. 2 bedroom, fireplace. 15 minutes to downtown L.A. July/August. $500 month. S.L. Patterson, 2821 Alma, Manhattan Beach, California 90266. 213-545-6817.

LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE, N.H.—Large, old 5 bedroom lakefront house. Mr. Owen, 202-293-3300/202-363-1134.

WESTON, VERMONT—New home, fireplace, view, large deck, 2 baths, all appliances. 1-617-839-5159.

NEAR CARMEL, CALIFORNIA—Ocean view, private beach. Comfortable 4 bedroom house, stone studio. $450 month, June-September. SR Box V-926.

BERKSHIRES, NEAR TANGLEWOOD—6 room cottage, 3 double bedrooms, 2 baths, fireplace. Swimmable pond, wood. Season. Box V-972.

HOUSE WANTED

SINGLE WOMAN wants to rent/caretake furnished home Berkeley Hills, California. One year beginning around July-August. Rent to $250. 415-841-7178. Box V-925.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

ADVENTURES-IN-LIVING. For your vacation, are you interested in EXCHANGING your home for one in Florida, California, Cape Cod, etc. Write for details. P.O. Box 278, Winnetka, Illinois 60093.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square. Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420. Summer rentals available.

For Rent—Furnished

MANHATTAN—June to November: large living room, spacious bedroom, fireplaces, 2 baths, study. Near N.Y.U. Convenient transportation. Prefer mature couple. $285 month. Box V-954.

MAIN STREET, STOCKBRIDGE, Massachusetts. Two spacious rooms, Victorian house. Tanglewood season, $800. Box 323, Stockbridge.

MANHATTAN. West 90's. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, balcony, river view. Sublet starting September, 1-2 years. Large family only. 212-666-3246.

For Summer Rental

SAN FRANCISCO, Russian Hill. 4 rooms, balcony, roof garden, sunny, bay view. July-October. $240 monthly. SR Box V-790.

APARTMENTS WANTED

MANHATTAN—1½ room unfurnished studio wanted by businesswoman. To $175 monthly. Box T-929.

RESPONSIBLE YOUNG COUPLE, grad students, need Manhattan apartment immediate use. One or two bedrooms. To $300. Box V-982.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

VERMONT LAND—Restored early American homes. Write me your requirements. Franklin G. Hovey, Box 392, St. Johnsbury, Vermont 05819.

MAINE—Wooded acreage, starting at $40 per acre—also all forms of real estate. FRANKLIN REALTY CO., 44 Main Street, Farmington, Maine 04938. Tel. Office 207-778-2852 (Mr. Barrows).

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks Barron, Broker, Hyde Park, Vermont. 802-888-4285.

PRIVATE ISLAND with causeway is the delightful setting for this year-around 4 bedroom, 2 bath, executive's retreat. Double boathouse. Furnished and ready for occupancy on 20,000 acre Smith Mountain Lake. $75,000. Lemon & Lambdon, Inc., Realtors, 301 Elm Avenue, Roanoke, Virginia 24016.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

HIGH HOURLY PROFIT—Own business with one serviceman. Quickly learned. Easy to do. Operate from home. Few hundred dollars builds your own nationally advertised business while continuing present job. Investigate immediately before your territory is taken. Free booklet explains everything. Send today. Then decide. Duraclean, CO-515, Duraclean Building, Deerfield, Illinois 60015.

CAMPS

CAMP BLUE HERON, Port Loring, Ontario. 3 and 6 week sessions in ecological studies, canoe tripping and fun. Antioch and Cornell trained leadership. Licensed bird bander. Stresses informality and individualized programs. Coed, ages 8-14. Address 4200 Harris Hill Road, Buffalo, N.Y. 14221.

INTERNATIONAL RANGER CAMPS—Set in breathtaking French Swiss Alps and scenic Denmark—Accredited American Camp Association. Coed 8-15. All activities, languages, excursions. $200 per 3 weeks. Write: Hans S. Spengler, 330 East 49th Street, NYC 10017.

THE SUMMER OF A LIFETIME for students currently in the 8th, 9th or 10th grade: four weeks' audio-lingual instruction in French, German, Hebrew, Italian or Spanish followed by a 3-to 4-week homestay in a foreign land. The Experiment has proved that learning a language can be fun—and "living" it in the country where it is spoken exciting. Write: Language Camp, The Experiment in International Living, West Hill, Putney, Vermont 05346. Please indicate age and year in school.

CAMP CONSULTANTS: Since 1939 we have helped parents in selecting the right Private Camps and Summer Schools. No charge at any time. Visit, telephone or write in detail. The Advisory Service, 500 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10036. 212-PE 6-1660.

STUDENT EXPEDITIONS—Summer 1970. Safari in Africa, Hunt-Ride in Ireland, Canoe the Danube or Explore the Amazon. Small select groups, professional leaders. Robinson Crusoe Abroad, Box 02, 360 West 22nd Street, NYC 10011. 212-873-1260.

JUDGMENT RIDGE—Unique camp on thousand acres Vermont mountains. Boys/Girls 8/16. Managed by ex-Peace Corps staff. Unpressured. Unlimited riding if desired ($65 extra). 26 horses . . . beginning to advanced programs. Swimming, guitar, creative arts, pottery, sports, farming, construction. Individualized programs, regular to pioneer. A.C.A. accredited. 100 camper limit. No poison ivy. RN resident. $650, $375 half season. Vershire, Vermont 05079. Telephone 802-685-4547.

UNDER SEA ACADEMY—Join a marine archeological expedition. Come help excavate an ancient sunken ship. Our professional staff will teach you how. Live aboard ship and on our land base in Bahamas and Florida Keys. Teenage and adult programs. Send for brochure: 1060-S Wildlife Road, New Kensington, Pennsylvania 15068. Phone 412-335-8844.

THREE WOODLAND CAMPS. Boys 7 to 15. Established 1908. June 25th through August 19th. Enrollment limited to sixty boys per camp. Camper counselor ratio three to one. Balanced flexible program includes time to enjoy being a boy. Write Winona, Bridgton, Maine 04009.

MIDWEST PRIVATE CAMPS. Send for 1970 directory of accredited professional camps. Enclose 25¢ for handling. Write: 1945 Bosworth Lane, Northfield, Illinois 60093.

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CAMPS

(Continued from page 95)

OVERWEIGHT BOYS AND GIRLS 8-18. Enjoy a summer of fun while losing weight at the original non-medical slim down camps. Complete sports programs. Re-education in eating habits. Usual weight loss 20-45 lbs. Winter follow-up program. For booklet, write Stanley for girls or Camp Tahoe for boys, Box 701, Hurleyville, New York 12747. Phone 212-947-7749.

HAS YOUR TEENAGER OUTGROWN "CAMP?" Vagabond Ranch, Granby, Colorado, provides ranch/travel adventures, boys 13-17. 24th summer. Girls' travel program: Pacific Coast, Alaska. Charles D. Pavek, Washington, Connecticut 06793.

TALENT WITH MUSCLES: Fantastic athletic program in fine arts camp? *Write! Find out!* Coed 6-18. Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 25, New Jersey 08318.

LONGACRES RIDING CAMP for girls. Learn to ride, jump, show; 70 camp owned horses. Learn horse care and stable management; swimming, sports, art. Ride the most at Longacres with our exclusive "extra" system. *Informal, flexible program for all ages, 7-17.* Family owned and operated, we invite you to join us in a summer of friendship, fun and achievement. For brochure write: Mrs. Linda S. Kranz, Grover Road, East Aurora, N.Y. 14052.

TEENAGE SEMINAR ON WHEELS—The Wel-Met Camps have just added an important new program to its roster of creative vacations for teenagers. From August 9th to September 1st, high school students will be examining social problems facing New York and, at the same time, having a ball in recreational activities. Program will begin with one week of seminars at camp and will be followed by two weeks in a camping tour of New York State. We will be discussing and examining problems of ecology, poverty and housing and meeting young people in various parts of the state. The all inclusive fee is $285. Inquiries should be directed as quickly as possible to Mr. Fred Newdom at Wel-Met Camps, 50 Madison Avenue, NYC 10010, telephone: 212-889-3450. Member American Camping Association, National Jewish Welfare Board.

SUMMER RIDING PROGRAM in Vermont. Intensified schooling, showing, hunting. Mad River Stables, Moretown, Vermont 05660. 802-223-6919.

TRAVEL AND HIKE through Western states. Learn with small group and tutors. Teenage boys. June-August. Write David Bucknam, 1401 Fairfax, Denver, 80220 for details.

RETIREMENT LIVING

RETIREMENT LIVING AT ITS FINEST at Crestview Center in the heart of the residential metropolitan Toledo (Ohio) area. A specially-developed community where retired people share the security of health services, the comfort of never being alone, the assurance of protection against inflation, the independence of coming and going as they please. Life lease or a new monthly fee plan available. For complete information, write Mr. Maurice Seiple, Director of Development, Crestview Center, Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

RETIRE TO an inexpensive life of chess, music, the cultural arts and intellectual endeavors. For details: American Chess Society, 240 West 73rd Street, New York, New York 10023.

VACATIONS

WESTERN ADVENTURE on authentic ranch. Fun for all ages. Operating stock ranch 50 miles north of Yellowstone Park. Riding, fishing, pack trips. All ranch activities. Paul Christensen, 63 Ranch, Box R676, Livingston, Montana 59047.

OLYMPIC PENINSULA: delightful lakeside cottages. Brochure: Rain Forest Resort, Quinault, Washington 98575.

JACKSON HOLE COUNTRY. Dude ranch bordering Grand Teton National Park. Riding, fishing, hiking. Secluded! Flying V Ranch, Box 69, Kelly, Jackson Hole, Wyoming 83011.

JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE. Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut, 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

VACATIONS

HOLDEN VILLAGE. Wilderness mountain community. $75 weekly includes faculty, arts, fishing, guides, therapy pool, saunas, meals, stimulating conversation. Chelan, Washington 98816.

TUCKER-HILL LODGE, Waitsfield, Vermont 05673. Tel. 802-496-3983. Rooms, superb food, swimming, tennis, golf, relaxation.

PLYMOUTH ROCK—Take one home from our beach, a stone's throw from the original. 94 deluxe rooms, heated pool. Golf, restaurants nearby. AAA. Open all year. Governor Bradford Motor Inn, Plymouth, Massachusetts 02360.

WAGONS HO—COVERED WAGON VACATIONS succeeded in attracting and pleasing the SR crowd without really trying. Now we're trying for more of you. Live the pioneer life on an authentic wagon train. Ride saddle horse, wagon, stagecoach along 60 miles of an original prairie trail. Experience varied scenery, campfire programs, solitude or camaraderie, fossil hunting, Indian raids, nights with rain pattering on canvas of your wagon, pleasant weather of low humidity, fun. Everything provided for trips of 1 to 6 days. Exceptional, high caliber crew. Owners operate. Top references from across the U.S.A., from many walks of life. Remarkable repeat and referral rate. This entrancing experience of being transported back into history takes place out of sight and sound of modern life—yet only a few miles from Interstate 70, between Kansas City and Denver. Saturday Review comes to Wagons Ho—why not you? Write Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hefner, Box 146SR, Quinter, Kansas 67752. Telephone 913-754-3347.

OLD TIME CHARM—MODERN COMFORTS. Near all activities. Good, warm salt water bathing. Central mid Cape location. Moderate rates include exceptionally good meals. TV lounge, recreation room. Open June 20th. Send for illustrated color folder. Richard Swan, Queen Anne Inn, Dept. 6, Chatham, Cape Cod, Massachusetts 02633.

DIVI DIVI—no double talk, it's the name of the newest Dutch treat, the DIVI DIVI Beach Hotel, Aruba, Netherlands West Indies. Pick a unique private casita with beachfront patio or a luxurious terraced room in the main building. Full resort facilities for your every pleasure on its 1,000 ft. sugar and sand beach. See your travel agent or for color brochure contact Utell International, 160 Central Park South, New York, N.Y. 10019. 212-PL 7-2981.

HOUSEBOAT HOLIDAYS. Explore Rideau Lakes, Kingston to Ottawa. Safari Marina, Rideau Ferry, Ontario.

DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine.

PUERTO RICO beachfront apartment. Ultramodern condominium Luquillo. 30 minutes airport. Fully equipped. Accommodates 6. Cinemascopic view. Monthly, weekly. Summer rates. Mr. Ocasio, 212-CI 5-0700 or Mr. Teddy, 809-785-8635, Puerto Rico.

VERMONT'S FOREMOST VACATION VALUE. Famous for fine food. Fun for all ages. Conservative rates include meals. Color folder. John Quinlan, Box 87S, Cedar Grove Hotel, Lake Bomoseen, Vermont 05732.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Secluded country inn, lovely old estate. Pine woods, gardens, orchards. Near beautiful Cove Beach. 20 rooms. Meals. 617-693-2298. Lambert's Cove Inn, RFD, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts 02568.

DISTINCTIVE COTTAGE COLONY in the Green Mountains. Spacious, landscaped grounds. Exceptional quality food. Modified A.P. Pool. Lawn sports. Golf nearby. AAA, ALA, MOBIL, American Express. Mid-May—Mid-October. The Adams, Dept. 2, Brandon, Vermont 05733.

RESORT LUXURY in North Woods lodge and motel. Excellent meals, cocktails. Swimming pool, golf. On picturesque Arnold Trail. Private airstrip adjacent. Sky Lodge, Moose River, Maine.

STUDENT EUROPEAN CAMPING TOURS, all age levels, *coeducational, group or semi-independent tours.* Scholarships available. 22 days, $395, P.O. Box 2688, Winter Haven, Florida 33880.

PROSPECT HOUSE RESORT HOTEL-Golf Club. Panoramic, cool lakeside setting near Rutland (opposite Alexander Woollcott's Island). Pleasurable dining, unique cocktail lounge. GOLF, fishing, safe beach, boating. *Riding, tennis, dancing, movies, antiquing, special events.* $80-120 weekly. The Charles Bakers, Hosts. Reservations suggested. Write for Folder. Box 900, Lake Bomoseen, Vermont.

VACATIONS

LINEKIN BAY SAILING RESORT. Fleet of sailboats, two masted schooner, heated pool, water skiing. Write for folder. Boothbay Harbor, Maine.

PUERTO RICO Beach House—3 bedrooms, Costa Azul at Luquillo. Convenient to San Juan, Rain Forest, Fajardo Peninsula. For rent weekly. Edward Pinney, 610 West End Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10024.

OVERLOOKING THE BLUE PACIFIC in San Francisco. Residential area. Seal Rock Inn Motel, 545 Point Lobos Avenue, 94121. Write for rates.

ONLY 2 HOURS from Boston—90 acre estate. Enchanting combination of sweetly scented pine groves and majestic ocean cliffs. View 7 miles to sea 3 directions. Dinner—Cocktails—Pool—Golf. Nearby Beaches, Theatre, etc. *May into October.* Ogonquit 5, Maine 03907. The Cliff House & Motels.

AUTHENTIC TYROLEAN VILLAGE in White Mountains. New $800,000 Alpine Inn, Motel, Family Chalet accommodations. Heated pool. Free golf nearby. Fishing, tennis, dancing. Dining rooms, cocktail lounges. Open year 'round. Mittersill Alpine Inn, Franconia, N.H. 03580. A Treadway Resort.

WINDJAMMER VACATION—Sail from Rockland, Maine to picturesque islands and harbors in Penobscot Bay. $135 weekly. Brochure. Schooner RICHARD ROBBINS, West Bath, Maine. Phone 207-443-3805.

CASUAL PLACE FOR PARTICULAR PEOPLE—*Country* Inn, Guest Cottages on Berkshire Hills' largest natural lake. Finest New England Bed, Board, Brew. 250 acres, shore to woodland trails. Special June rates. Boulders on Lake Waramaug, New Preston, Connecticut 06777.

CROWN POINT, "The Everything Hotel." Plan your next vacation at the "everything" hotel; from $30.00 single to $55.00 double per day M.A.P. Crown Point Hotel, Tobago, W.I.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open most all year. Folder tells all. Don and Kathie Murray, Box R, Jackson, New Hampshire 03846.

CAPE COD at its BEST. Directly on the ocean. Fabulous view on three sides. A combination of country, privacy, convenience. Private beach, mammoth pool, nightly dancing. Near golf, deep-sea fishing. Many deluxe rooms. $27 up per person daily (double occupancy) includes breakfast, dinner. June 20th-Labor Day. Cape Codder Hotel, Box CC-3, Falmouth, Massachusetts 02541.

SEASHORE RESORT—one of the world's greatest. On picturesque, landscaped acres. 18 hole championship golf course. Heated swimming pools. Championship tennis. May through October. Write The Wentworth, Dept. 23, Portsmouth, N.H. 03801.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $74 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

GASCON RANCH, Rociada, New Mexico. Southwestern hospitality midst Alpine surroundings.

ISLAND NEAR SARASOTA—Sort of "South Seas-ish." Luxury motels, beautiful beaches. Chamber of Commerce, Box 188-S, Longboat Key, Florida 33548.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center. Magnificent beach, majestic cliffs, camera fans' dream. Many activities. Artists' colony, summer theatre, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants. For information write Information Bureau, Dept. 15, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

TRAPP FAMILY LODGE on magnificent Vermont mountain estate. Color brochure. Box 11, Stowe, Vermont 05672.

WHITE CLOUD MOUNTAINS neighbor guest ranch. Fishing, swimming, horses, gracious dining. Patricia Young, Robinson Bar Ranch, Clayton, Idaho. 208-838-2354.

NANTUCKET, Island of Enchantment, 30 miles at sea, less than one hour by air from New York or Boston. Sandy beaches, warm water swimming, surfing, golf, your *favorite sports, varied evening entertainment.* Well-equipped boat basin. Modern accommodations. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, 25D Federal Street, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554.

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VACATIONS

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine 04683.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

THE SEASIDE, unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida 33577. Year 'round resort on private Gulf beach.

ENVIRONMENTALLY EUPHORIC . . . A cool, clean ten miles at sea· serene island, quiet fourteen-guest inn. $13-$19 M.A.P. June-September. The Golden Gull, Box S, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

JAMAICA, NORTH COAST AREA. Two new specially built Villas on sea, also swimming pool. No housekeeping worries. Adults only. Contact "Resort Villas," P.O. Box 299, Kingston, Jamaica, W.I.

TIRED? Come to the tropical fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

COLONIAL ATMOSPHERE RESORT on lake in mountain area. Sandy beach, par 3 golf. Woodbound Inn, Box 190, Jaffrey, New Hampshire 03452.

CAPE WINDS BY-THE-SEA. Beautiful inn for 20 adults or groups on Cape Cod. Patios, all private baths. Colonial atmosphere. Continental breakfast. West Harwich, Massachusetts 02671.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $10-$16; 4 persons, $16-$20. Reserve by mail or phone.

WILD LOONS CALL from Indian Lake's clear mountain waters, Adirondacks. American Plan, families, adults. Rustic, informal. Sailing, horses. Timberlock, Sabael, N.Y. 12864.

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FLORIDA KEYS—ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

CHRISTMAS FARM INN. 25th year. A small Colonial inn in the White Mountains with a friendly atmosphere, spectacular views, swimming pool, sports. Excellent meals, nicely served. AAA. Doris and Dick Welch, Owner-Hosts. Jackson, N.H. 03846. Tel. 603-383-4313.

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VACATIONS

NATURE'S TRANQUILIZER: A serene island, a small hotel and miles of winding trails through softwood forests to majestic cliffs where the sounds of birds, deep throated reef buoys and the wind in the trees awaken one's soul. Brochure. The Island Inn, Box R, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852.

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THORN HILL LODGE. Charming country inn on quiet hillside facing Mt. Washington, Swimming pool, lawn sports. $75 up weekly including all meals. D. Darville, Jackson, N.H. 03846.

VERMONT—The Beckoning Country: Beauty, history, covered bridges, mountains, lakes, fishing, boating, auctions, antiques. Most charming, immaculate, well-maintained inn. Elevator, sprinkler, swimming pool, chip & putt greens. Exceptional food, beverages, air conditioning. Tel. 802-247-5766. Or write Brandon Inn, A Vermont Resort, Box 8, Brandon, Vermont 05733.

ALASKAN ADVENTURE, Hope, Alaska 99605. Wilderness trail rides, June, July. Brochure.

CAMPERS! ROUGH IT (GENTLY), without crowding in campsites. Savor peaceful beauty of wooded island, unspoiled lake, Eastern Ontario. Cottages, $45. Duane Barnes, Ompah, Ontario.

CIVILIZED FAMILY VACATIONS and 2nd Honeymoons. Vermont's unique resort on Lake Champlain. Color brochure. Tyler Place, Highgate Springs 66, Vermont 05460.

ON A CLEAR BLUE LAKE, pine bordered. Enjoy this family, nonhousekeeping cottage colony. Fireplaces. Chalet rooms. Delicious meals. Water skiing, canoe trips, tennis, lobster bakes, sauna, entertainment. Pets allowed. AAA recommended. Color folder. Chute Homestead, Box S, Naples, Maine 04055.

TAKE A YOGA VACATION in the beautiful Poconos. Write for brochure: Yoga, RD3, Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania 18360.

PARADOR MARTORELL, inn by world famous Luquillo Beach. Box 0, Luquillo, P.R.

THE DANA PLACE. Luxurious mountain retreat. Distinctive cuisine, housekeeping condominiums, swimming, tennis. Route 16, Mt. Washington/Pinkham Notch, Jackson, N.H. Tel: 603-383-6822.

ST. CROIX—Two bedroom house, $500 month. Efficiency apartment, $300. Charles Hoyt Smith, Millbrook, N.Y. 12545.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, actively, lazily, musically at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts 01240, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send all, yes.

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VACATIONS

ENCHANTING LAKESIDE VACATION, deep woods, two connected lakes, boating, tennis, shuffleboard, badminton, croquet, ping-pong, Hi-Fi concerts (indoors-outdoors), packed lunches, hiking, etc. Rustic lodge, cottages and honeymoon cabins. Moderate, informal, relaxed. Near Tanglewood. CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts 01238.

HACIENDA SAN MIGUEL CONTLA, 400 year old hacienda located on the slopes of snow covered Mt. Ixtacihuatl. Riding, hiking, Spanish classes. Write Cristina Cador, Hacienda San Miguel Contla, El Verde, Puebla, Mexico.

SWAN'S ISLAND, MAINE—Joyce's Cottages, lobster village. Write, state number in party and dates required.

SOUTHERN VERMONT COTTAGE—Secluded, fireplace, bath. Woods, stream. $60 week. Box V-956.

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FARM in Shenandoah Valley. Secluded. Quiet. H. Richman, Rt 2, Box 85A, Mt. Jackson, Virginia 22842.

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THE HEDGES, Cape May, N.J. Guesthouse, lovely rooms with TV, air conditioning. Parking. 609-884-3353.

1778 INN—POCONOS. Forest walks, streams; delicious meals; no pressure. Spring weekend specials. Box 127, Swiftwater, Pennsylvania 18370.

WORLD FELLOWSHIP CENTERS in the Catskills and White Mountains offer a unique vacation experience of recreation and mental stimulation. Through dialogue among people of different backgrounds, films and speakers, a global view and wholistic approach to life emerge. For information, write World Fellowship, Conway, N.H. 03818 or Kerhonkson, N.Y. 12446.

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GERMANY — FRANCE — SCHILLER COLLEGE — see "STUDIES ABROAD." Language, Literature, Art, Theatre, Music, East-West studies.

FILM SEMINAR IN LONDON for graduate students, July 6th to August 15th, 1970. Will feature British film directors, writers, educators and government officials in lectures and conversations. Field trips to studios, archives, museums, and libraries. Six graduate credits. Auditors accepted. Enrollment limited to adults. Dr. Raymond Fielding, School of Communications and Theater, Temple University, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19122. 215-787-8427.

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(Continued on page 98)

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SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

(Continued from page 97)

AEGINA ARTS CENTRE in Greece—painting, poetry, archeology, literature, theatre and music festival. July or August. Tuition $200. Write: Aegina Arts Centre, 25 East Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois 60604.

ITALY-ROME-TARQUINIA. Archeology field and other rewarding college credit courses. $950 all-inclusive. June 10th-July 24th. Limited openings. Trinity College/ Rome Campus, Hartford, Connecticut 06106.

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MASS COMMUNICATIONS SEMINAR in Mexico for graduate students, June 14th to July 27th, 1970. Lectures by leaders of Mexican media, foreign press associates, wire services, government press operations. Field trips to newspapers, magazines, radio, television and film studios. Six graduate credits. Auditors accepted. Enrollment limited to adults. Dr. Bruce Underwood, School of Communications and Theater, Temple University, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19122. 215-787-8347.

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GERMANY — FRANCE — SCHILLER COLLEGE — Academic year programs in Heidelberg, Berlin, Paris, for upperclassmen, and Bonnigheim Castle for underclassmen. M.A. curriculum in Heidelberg; language, East-West studies and Theatre Arts in Berlin. Stimulating European Travel. American credit system. Selection of Summer Sessions 6-8 weeks: France, Germany. Write Schiller College U.S. Office, 429 N.W.. 48th Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73118 (Phone 405-842-5979), or 7121 Kleiningersheim, Germany.

"AMERICAN EDUCATION IN SWISS TRANQUILLITY." 9th Grade through B.A. In Alpine setting above Lake Geneva: (1) Leysin American School: 4 year university preparatory high school, semester system; Advanced Placement. College Testing Center; full guidance program, small classes, high academic standards; affiliated with but on separate campus from (2) American College of Switzerland: member AJCA; B.A. and A.A./A.Sc degree programs; quarter system; liberal arts college stressing humanities, languages, arts, international business administration. Both schools: Coed, progressive American administration and faculty (native language professors). Curriculum-related tours, winter sports. Excellent transfer record to U.S. universities. College VA benefits. Applications now being accepted for all terms. Write Registrar (respective institution): 1854T, Leysin, Switzerland or U.S. Representative; 330 East 49th Street, New York 10017.

CHANCE OF A LIFETIME . . . For two weeks or a year enjoy hobbyist, professional painting, crafts, Spanish; writing, history; MFA program. Theatre, field trips, fiestas, sunshine. Room, bath, board from $4. Prospectus? Stirling Dickinson, Director, Instituto Allende, San Miguel Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

COLLEGE STUDENTS: Study aboard ship and complete field research in port. Applications accepted now for accredited Fall, Spring 1970-'71 semesters. Fall semesters emphasize Mediterranean-Latin American studies; spring semesters, Asian-African studies. Write: World Campus Afloat, Dept. SR, Chapman College, Orange, California 92666.

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FILM SCHOOL—Cinema and still photography; poetry, synthesized music offered independently and as related motifs. Complete facilities in unique milieu. Praestegaard, Kettrup pr., Fjerritslev 9690, Denmark.

AMERICAN COLLEGE LUXEMBOURG—Junior college liberal arts A.A. degree. Supervised boarding. Coeducational. Low student-staff ratio. European tours. Staff qualifications exceed U.S. norms. 24 Dernier Sol, Luxembourg or 5601 North Federal Highway, Boca Raton, Florida 33432.

TRAVEL

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OBERAMMERGAU-EUROPE TOURS. Exceptional values. Seventeen departures. Color brochure. Box 346S, Kings Park, N.Y. 11754.

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WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE — $1.75. Rates, schedules. 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21ZFQ Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

"CASTLE-HOTELS," "FLEA MARKETS" guidebooks. 450 castles, monasteries, palaces offering accommodations. 250 illustrations, maps 16 countries. "Europe's Flea Markets"—80 markets, 10 countries, maps. $2.95 each. Both $5.50. Robert Long, 634s Bellmore Avenue, East Meadow, N.Y. 11554.

RIDE, SAIL, CYCLE or take trains with nine teenagers and a leader who appreciates castles, black bread and big toes. Thirty to sixty days in Europe, U.S.S.R. or Japan from $235. Free brochure HS. Metropolitan New York Council AYH, 535 West End Avenue, NYC. 212-799-5810.

AIR CYCLE — European motorcycle delivery. All makes/ accessories. Dept. G, 51 Bank Street, NYC, N.Y. 10014.

LONDON, ENGLAND. Fashionable Royal Borough of Kensington, central and quiet; good middle-class accommodation with light housekeeping facilities, all with private bathrooms, central heating, phones, and all hotel services. 2 room Family Suite from $15 daily; Double $12; Single $7. Licensed bar and restaurant, friendly, informal atmosphere. Clearlake Aparthotel, 19 Prince of Wales Terrace, London W.8.

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TOUR EUROPE BY JET—Spend 22 days visiting Copenhagen, Berlin, Madrid, Rome, Venice, Lucerne, Paris, London, Ireland and Sweden. Full price from New York $799.60 includes air fare on scheduled airlines to, through and from Europe, carefully selected hotels (all rooms with private bath), baggage handling, tips, transfers, service charges, sightseeing, multilingual guides, most meals and full-time professional tour manager. **TEACHERS—EARN A TRIP FREE.** Get 15 student reservations and go along as chaperone FREE; ⅔ off with 10 students, ⅓ off with 5 students. American International Travel, Dept. S, 612 Church Street, Evanston, Illinois 60201 or phone collect 312-491-1740.

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THE CARIBBEAN. Your own schooner; live shipmates, crew. Great grub, grog, ports of call. Skin-dive, navigate, explore; limbo till dawn. 10 days, $245. Windjammer, Dept. 122, Box 120, Miami Beach, Florida 33139.

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TRAVEL

GREAT WRITERS TOUR visits sites of literary significance in Ireland, Scotland, England. Itinerary advisor, Louis Untermeyer. Escorted—prominent lecturers. Departure July 14th. Complete price $985.** **MUSIC FESTIVALS OF EUROPE**—Enjoy major music festivals with distinguished musician, Robert Lawrence. Departures June 30th and August 13th. Complete price $1,280.** Vision Travel, Inc., 29 East 61st Street, New York, N.Y. 10021. **Price 21 day tour includes air transportation from New York.

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CIEE STUDENT TRAVEL SERVICES 1970. Save on European travel with low-cost transatlantic transportation; intra-European student charter flights; the International Student Identity Card. Enroll in an introductory course at a European university. Write for information on study, travel and work programs abroad. Council on International Educational Exchange, Dept. G-9, 777 U.N. Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10017.

CHARTER FLIGHT HANDBOOK. 1,100 organizations named. Particulars free. TIB, P.O. Box 105s, Kings Park, N.Y. 11754.

TIMBUCTU—17 days all inclusive tour New York/ Timbuctu, the fabulous Sahara capitol. $565 land portion. Departures first Monday every month. Write for brochure. African Explorers, Department SR, Professional Building, Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859.

A YEN TO TRAVEL? Let us help you plan where and how to go, where to stay, what to do. Over twenty years making flight arrangements worldwide, hotel accommodations, tours, cruises, for numerous Metropolitan New York pleasure and business travelers. Never a Service Charge! Contact: SABINA KOPF, Select Reservations, 113 West 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. Phone 212-LO 4-8317.

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NIGERIA VIA EUROPE. From $840 NYC. World University sponsored. Particulars: P.O. Box 4800-K, Tucson, Arizona 85717.

BACHELOR BASH! Tokyo-Taipei-Hongkong-Manila. Men only. September 25th-October 10th. Brochure. Holiday House Travel, 916 East John, Seattle, Washington 98102.

CANYONLANDS NATIONAL PARK. The place to get away to. Tag-A-Long Tours, Box 1206H, Moab, Utah 84532.

CARIBBEAN ISLAND. Charm and attractions of nature and local color which draw and hold interesting people. Tasty food, friendly service, simple accommodations. Beach, reef fish, boats, birds, bar. Skin diving equipment. Flamingo Beach Club, Bonaire 2, Netherlands Antilles, or Utell International, 160 Central Park South, New York 10019.

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CINEMATOGRAPHY NEW ENGLAND. Teen summer bicycle/camping trip. 4 weeks, $285. Group makes its own color movie while exploring Vermont. Group decides subject of movie. Information. MNYC, American Youth Hostels, Rochester, Vermont 05767.

SAIL TO THE ISLANDS of Maine on Gloucester Schooner, "ADVENTURE." An unusual, informal, fun filled vacation, $150 weekly, all inclusive. Brochure. Capt. Jim Sharp, Box 696-G, Camden, Maine 04843.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1884

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Excellent of its kind	159 166 170 198 200 210 60 85 103
B. Pure, not blemished	110 125 146 158 174 180 199 203 212
C. Vainglorious boasting or bragging	15 22 44 50 73 90 96 112 121 128 142
D. Everything from soup to nuts (2 wds.)	163 173 188 6 47 59 95 113
E. A lessening in worth, quality, etc.	131 147 175 190 209 13 46 58 94 139
F. Capital of Morocco	183 27 196 38 55
G. Salary or fees	57 26 126 145 161 36 70 82 91
H. Red flannels, perhaps (2 wds.)	129 153 155 165 30 160 9 18 40
I. Heaving, pulsing	115 136 140 168 185 195 204 7 127 171
J. Giveaway (comp.)	10 14 89 154 68 108
K. Early targets of ILGWU	122 21 29 42 65 88 99 191 206 20
L. Exhausting; priceless; coup	178 182 16 24 33 43 63
M. A natural unsplit straw for hats	5 12 25 86 92

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Cleopatra speaks of her "hand that kings/Have lipp'd, and trembled——." ("Antony and Cleopatra")	120 135 150 157 17 187 102
O. Tending to cold-shoulder	211 116 143 149 194 35
P. After *The:* Haydn oratorio	66 74 79 98 2 192 34
Q. Lacking much spirit or interest (comp.)	78 104 4 117 123 208 45 71 93 100 133
R. British colonial agent in New England who denounced the Massachusetts Bay charter (first name)	37 107 32 52 109 119
S. Last name, WORD R	48 67 3 134 164 61 184 151
T. Saint——: Christian martyr, bishop of Antioch (d., c. 107)	62 137 152 176 77 81 205 101
U. Manage, conduct	189 87 141 197 114 1 75 80 106
V. Yellow variety of quartz	69 201 169 181 105
W. Salubrious	56 118 179 53 162 64 148 23 39
X. Waste away in body	31 41 72 83 97 124 167 193
Y. Arrangement at intervals	8 207 138 177 111 51 202
Z. Rebuke severely	28 19 130 54 11 186 132 76
Z¹ Produce; bear	49 144 156 84 172

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

						1 U		2 P	3 S	4 Q	5 M		6 D	7 I	8 Y	9 H				
10 J	11 Z	12 M		13 E	14 J	15 C	16 L	17 N	18 H	19 Z	20 K		21 K	22 C	23 W	24 L	25 M			
	26 G	27 F	28 Z	29 K		30 H	31 X	32 R	33 L	34 P	35 O		36 G	37 R	38 F	39 W	40 H			
	41 X	42 K	43 L	44 C	45 Q	46 E	47 D	48 S	49 Z¹		50 C	51 Y		52 R	53 W	54 Z				
55 F	56 W	57 G	58 E	59 D		60 A	61 S	62 T	63 L	64 W	65 K	66 P		67 S	68 J	69 V	70 G			
71 Q		72 X		73 C	74 P	75 U	76 Z		77 T	78 Q	79 P	80 U		81 T	82 G	83 X	84 Z¹			
85 A	86 M	87 U	88 K		89 J	90 C	91 G	92 M	93 Q	94 E		95 D	96 C	97 X	98 P	99 K	100 Q			
101 T		102 N	103 A	104 Q	105 V	106 U	107 R		108 J	109 R	110 B	111 Y	112 C		113 D	114 U	115 I			
116 O	117 Q	118 W	119 R		120 N	121 C	122 K	123 Q	124 X		125 B	126 G	127 I	128 C	129 H	130 Z				
131 E	132 Z	133 Q	134 S	135 N	136 I	137 T		138 Y	139 E	140 I		141 U	142 C	143 O	144 Z¹	145 G	146 B			
147 E		148 W	149 O	150 N	151 S		152 T	153 H		154 J	155 H	156 Z¹	157 N		158 B	159 A	160 H			
161 G	162 W		163 D	164 S		165 H	166 A	167 X		168 I	169 V		170 A	171 I	172 Z¹		173 D			
174 B	175 E	176 T	177 Y	178 L		179 W	180 B		181 V	182 L	183 F	184 S	185 I	186 Z	187 N	188 D				
189 U	190 E		191 K	192 P	193 X	194 O		195 I	196 F	197 U	198 A	199 B		200 A	201 V		202 Y			
203 B	204 I		205 T	206 K		207 Y	208 Q	209 E	210 A	211 O	212 B									

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 18 of this issue.

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UNDER TODAY'S HEADLINE THERE'S A THREAD OF HOPE

An often elusive thread.
Yet bright as
sunrise,
and like it,
pushing
back the dark.
Hope in print.
Emerging clearly,
goldenly,
when the blooming of
rare talent
in a child of the slums
is told.
Or, almost buried in
the horror and
filth of battle,
it signals a
gleaming hint of
peace.
Under the headlines,
and before them,
and after them—
the thread of
hope
that turns history
into human history.
In making paper
out of paper
we save the threads.
We cleanse them,
renew them.
Wash away the
old ink,
the old clay
and binders
and resins.
We keep the threads.
More stable,
more tractable,
refined, reusable.
Fibers rescued
and rewoven
into paper.
To carry the words of
hope.
Bergstrom Papers,
Neenah, Wisconsin.

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From Concrete Forests A Thread of Hope

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We're here to tell you that Canada has a multitude of attractions for people who wouldn't be caught dead baiting a hook.

We have Montréal, and its Place des Arts; a unique bicultural centre for theatre and concert life in French Canada.

Winnipeg, with its Arts Centre and its world-renowned Winnipeg Ballet Company. (The "Royal Winnipeg" tours extensively. Plan to hit Winnipeg at the right time and you'll be able to see this talented group perform on its home ground). There's Toronto and its giant O'Keefe Centre where new Broadway shows often first see the light of day. Vancouver, with its Queen Elizabeth Theatre. Halifax, Nova Scotia, and its Neptune Theatre, now recognized as one of the top five professional resident repertory companies in North America. There's the Stratford (Ontario) Shakespearean Festival, and the Shaw Festival at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

After its summer season, the Stratford Company will take up winter residence at our proud new National Arts Centre in Ottawa. So if you miss Shakespeare in Stratford, Ontario this summer, you can brush up on him this winter in Ottawa.

You see our fishing season closes, but our Great Indoors *never* does.

"Rose Latulippe" is a perennial favourite with Royal Winnipeg Ballet Theatre audiences. See "Yen-Lo", one of the "Judges of Hell" (Ming Dynasty 1368-1644) in Toronto's Royal Ontario Museum. Other openings? Other shows? Just mail the coupon or see your travel agent.

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